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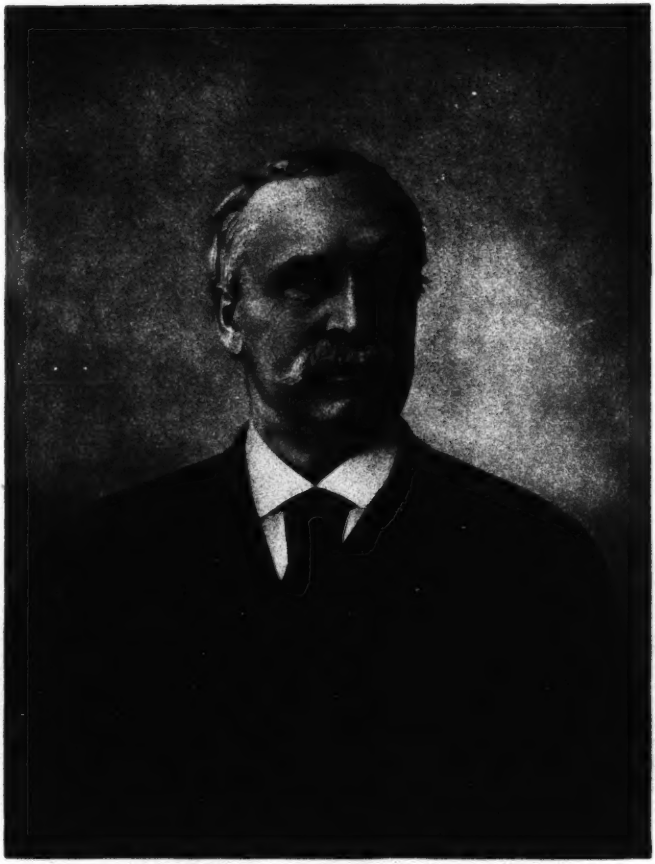
MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY VILLARD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I



Henry Villard

MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY VILLARD

Journalist and Financier

1835–1900

124333

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I, 1835–1862

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1904

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PREFACE

THE circumstances of the composition of this Autobiography of the late Henry Villard are set forth in his own words on page 373 of Volume II. The events of his youth in his native land before coming to the United States he chose to describe in his mother tongue. This portion of his memoirs his family edited and published for private distribution two years after his death, under the title, "Heinrich Hilgard-Villard: Jugend-Erinnerungen, 1835–1853" (New York, 1902). A brief abstract of this charming and highly interesting narrative constitutes the Introduction of the present volumes.

Seven of the eight books written in English are in the first person. Unable, by reason of his rapidly failing health, to finish the memoirs upon the scale of the ante-bellum period, Mr. Villard devoted his last summer to a compendium of the period from 1863 to 1900 written in the third person (Book VIII). He originally intended to make a record for his family, with possible publicity that others might profit by the lessons of his life. As he proceeded and arrived at his experiences in the Civil War, he began, as he explains, to feel the ardor of the historian, and, using the Official Records of both sides in the greatest of American conflicts, he described the various campaigns in which he took part, or was especially interested, with great elaboration and obviously for the public eye. The importance of his observations in the field and of his laborious researches determined the inclusion of these studies, notwithstanding their bulk, in the present publication. A detailed exhibition of his relations to the development of the far Northwestern States may some day also find its way into print.

A work occupying so many years in preparation amid fre-

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quent and protracted interruptions — conceived, moreover, and expressed in two languages together with a change of person — must needs be lacking in unity and proportion, but is not, it is believed, correspondingly deficient in interest. Great pains have been taken to control facts, names, and dates; yet there must be errors and inconsistencies which have been overlooked in so wide and populous a tract of human action.

No revision of the text herewith published could remove all traces of the author's German origin; nor could such editing have been warranted. The man speaks for himself. His character shines through his manifold large undertakings, his achievements and disappointments, as also in his love of his native and adopted countries, his championship of every cause which made for political and social uplifting, and his delight in doing good. But his philanthropy is only faintly portrayed by his own hand; of its full extent he alone was aware.

THORWOOD, November, 1903.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME I

PAGE

INTRODUCTION (1835–1853) 1

BOOK I.—FIRST EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

CHAPTER I.—NEW YORK AND WESTWARD HO (1853–1854) .. 11

CHAPTER II.—WITH KINSFOLK IN ILLINOIS (1854–1855) 28

CHAPTER III.—LEGAL EXPERIMENTS (1855–1856) 36

CHAPTER IV.—THROUGH POLITICS TO JOURNALISM (1856–1857) 48

CHAPTER V.—CORRESPONDENT AND SCHOOL-TEACHER (1857–1858) 68

BOOK II.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: BULL RUN

CHAPTER VI.—THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES (1858) 89

CHAPTER VII.—THE PIKE'S PEAK GOLD FEVER (1858–1859) . 98

CHAPTER VIII.—AT CHERRY CREEK (1859) 115

CHAPTER IX.—FROM THE ROCKIES TO THE MIDDLE WEST (1859–1860) 127

CHAPTER X.—WITH LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD (1860–1861) .. 140

CHAPTER XI.—AT WASHINGTON IN SUMTER DAYS (1861) 153

CHAPTER XII.—FORMATION OF THE FEDERAL ARMY (1861) .. 176

CHAPTER XIII.—BLACKBURN'S FORD AND BULL RUN (1861) .. 183

BOOK III.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: SHILOH

CHAPTER XIV.—KENTUCKY IN THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 1861 203

CHAPTER XV.—THE OCCUPATION OF NASHVILLE (1862) 218

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.—The Battle of Shiloh (1862) 235

CHAPTER XVII.—The Siege of Corinth (1862) 263

CHAPTER XVIII.—Buell's Retreat to the Ohio (1862) 282

CHAPTER XIX.—The Perryville Campaign (1862) 306

BOOK IV.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: FREDERICKSBURG

CHAPTER XX.—In Washington Once More (1862) 335

CHAPTER XXI.—With Burnside before Fredericksburg (1862) 344

CHAPTER XXII.—The Battle of Fredericksburg (1862) ... 353

CHAPTER XXIII.—Carrying the News to Washington (1862) 385

ILLUSTRATIONS

Henry Villard, aged 51 ..... *Frontispiece*
From a photograph by W. Höffert, Berlin.

Henry Villard, aged about 13 ..... *to face* page 6
From a daguerreotype. (He stands at the left of the group, which includes also his mother, his sister Emma, and his uncle, Robert Hilgard.)

MAPS

The Rheinpfalz (Palatinate) ..... *to face* page 1

First Battle of Bull Run ..... *to face* page 183

Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh ..... *to face* page 235

Perryville ..... *to face* page 311

Fredericksburg ..... *to face* page 353

CHRONOLOGY OF HENRY VILLARD

1835. April 10. Born at Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria.
1839. Home in Zweibrücken.
1849–50. At school in Phalsbourg, Lorraine.
1850–52. At the gymnasium in Speyer.
1852–53. Studies at Munich and Würzburg.
1853. August (September ?). Sails from Hamburg for America.—October 18. Lands in New York.—November 18. Western wanderings begun.
1854. Christmas. At Belleville, Illinois.
1855. At Belleville and Peoria, Illinois.
1856–57. Edits *Volksblatt* at Racine, Wisconsin.
1857–58. Teaches a district school at Jonestown, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.
1858. Reports Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois.
1859. Visits Denver and Cherry Creek, Colorado.
1860–61. Reporter for the Associated Press at Springfield, Illinois.
1861. February. Accompanies Lincoln and Presidential party to New York.—Founds news syndicate in Washington, and becomes telegraphic correspondent there of the New York *Herald*.—July 21. Witnesses first battle of Bull Run.—Sent by the *Herald* to Kentucky.
1862. Visits Fort Donelson immediately after its capture by General Grant (February 16).—Enters Nashville before General Buell.—Reaches Pittsburg Landing at close of first day's fighting, April 6; witnesses that of the second day, and the subsequent occupation of Corinth, May 30.—Witnesses Perryville campaign and battle, October 8.—Becomes Washington war correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*.—Witnesses battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, and brings the first tidings to Washington.
1863. Sent to Port Royal by the *Tribune*, and witnesses Dupont's engagement of the Charleston forts from on board the *New Ironsides*, April 7.—First visit to Boston.—Sent to Murfreesboro' by the *Tribune* to report Rosecrans's operations.—Disabled by fever, and misses the battle of Chickamauga (September 19, 20).
1864. Organizes news agency in Washington, and joins Grant's army in the Wilderness in May, and brings to Washington the first tidings of the battles there.—Witnesses explosion of the mine at Petersburg, July 30.—To Europe; reunion with his father.—Winter in Munich.

1865. April 15. Lands in Boston.—Becomes Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*.

1866. January 3. Marries Fanny Garrison.—To Europe in July, as correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in the Franco-Prussian War.—Winter in Munich.

1867. In March to Paris as correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* at the World's Fair.

1868–70. Home in Boston.—Secretary of the American Social Science Association.

1870–71. To Germany, with mortgage-bank plan.

1871–72. First employment as expert in American railroad affairs.

1872–73. Serious illness in Heidelberg.

1873. Joins committees of bondholders of Oregon & California R. R. Co. and of Kansas Pacific R. R. Co.

1874. Their delegate to the United States.

1875. Opens Oregon immigration bureau in New York.

1876. First visit to Oregon.—President of Oregon & California R. R. Co. and of Oregon Steamship Co.—A receiver of the Kansas Pacific.

1877. Desperate illness in San Francisco.

1878. Dislodged by Jay Gould from Kansas Pacific receivership.

1879. Victorious over Gould.—Buys out creditors of the Oregon Steamship Co. and the Oregon Steam Navigation Co.—Conceives the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co.

1880. Contract for division of traffic with Northern Pacific R. R. Co.—Founds Oregon Improvement Co.—Buys the two Oregon railroads.

1881. Gains control of the Northern Pacific R. R. by the "blind pool."—Elected its president, and founds the Oregon & Transcontinental Co.—Buys the New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*.

1882–83. Extends the main line of Northern Pacific and builds branches.

1883. Organizes St. Paul & Northern Pacific Co.—Builds St. Paul & Manitoba R. R.—Procures the writing of a 'History of the Northern Pacific Railroad.'—Leads international excursion to witness completion of the Northern Pacific.—Involved in collapse of the road.—Resigns presidency of the Oregon & Transcontinental, Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., and Northern Pacific.

1884–86. To Germany.

1885. Resigns presidency of the Oregon & California R. R.

1886. To New York as representative of the Deutsche Bank.—Saves the Oregon & Transcontinental.

1887–88. Re-enters the Northern Pacific board.

1889. Founds Edison General Electric Co.—Final retirement from Oregon Railway & Navigation Co.—Chairman of finance committee of the Northern Pacific.

1890. Founds the North American Co. to absorb the Oregon & Trans-

continental.— Loses his son Hilgard.— To Germany.— Interview with Chancellor Caprivi.— Visit to Bismarck.

1891. Last official tour of the Northern Pacific.

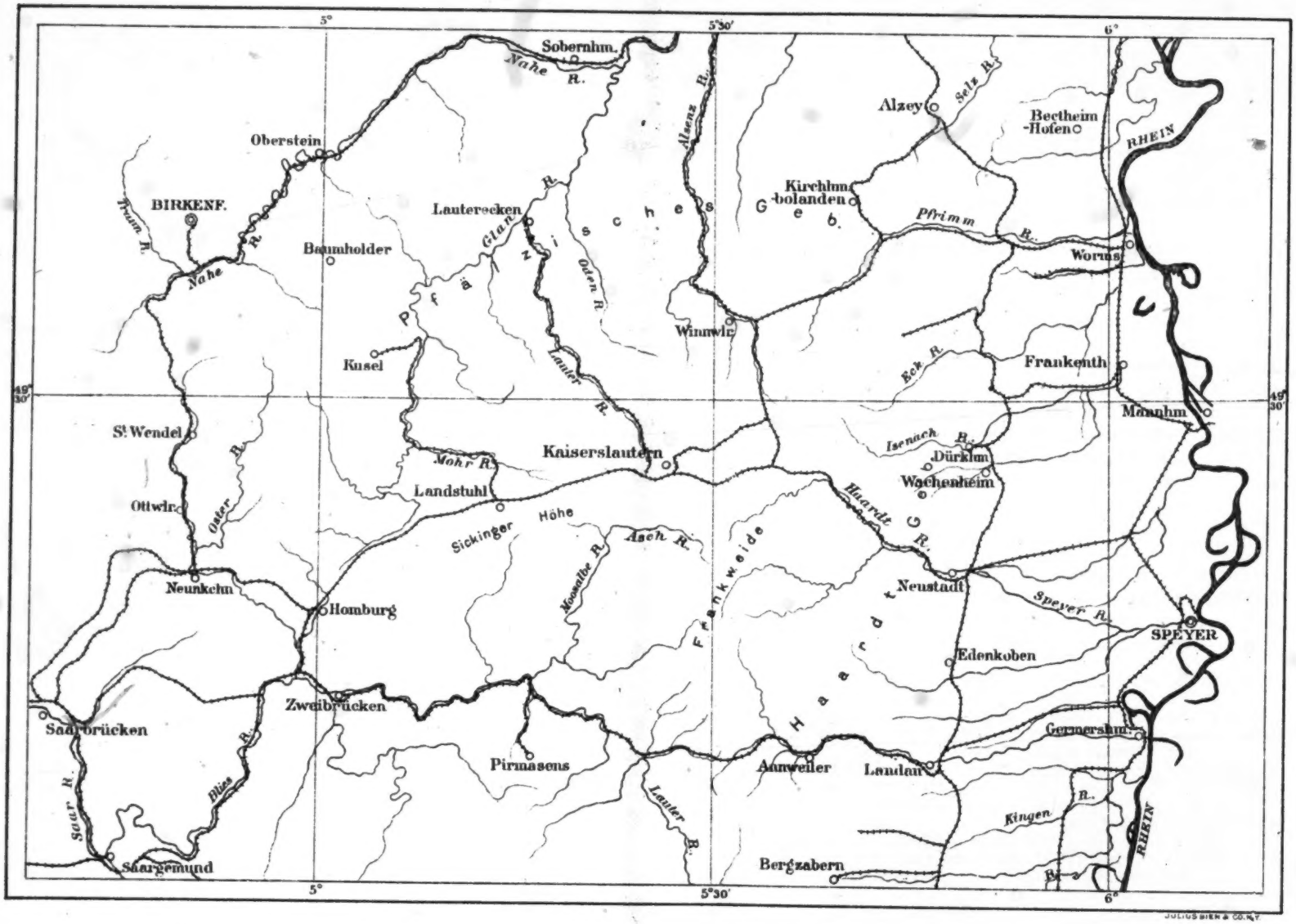
1893. Retires from the Northern Pacific and North American boards.

1893–94. Tour of the Mediterranean and sojourn in Europe.

1898. To Europe for the last time.

1899. Last tour over the Northern Pacific.— Visit to Alaska.

1900. Dies November 12.


5°
5°30'
6°
49°30'
Sobernhm.
Nahe R.
Oberstein
BIRKENF.
Trum R.
Nahe R.
Baumholder
Lauterecken
Glan R.
Alsenz R.
Alzey
Selz R.
Bechtheim
-Hofen
RHEIN
Kirchhm
-bolanden
Pfrimm R.
Worms
Winnwlr.
Kusel
Lauter R.
Eck R.
Frankenth
Mannhm
St. Wendel
Kaiserslautern
Isenach R.
Dürkhm
Wachenheim
Mohr R.
Landstuhl
Ottwln.
Oster R.
Sickinger Höhe
Hagardt G. R.
Asch R.
Neunkchn
Homburg
Neustadt
Speyer R.
SPEYER
Edenkoben
Zweibrücken
Saarbrücken
Pirmasens
Annweiler
Landau
Germersheim
Blies R.
Saar R.
Saargemund
Bergzabern
Kingen R.
RHEIN
Pfalzische Gebirge
Frankweide
Haardt G.

INTRODUCTION

Ancestry: Early Youth in Germany.—1835–1853

HENRY VILLARD was born on April 10, 1835, in Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria, in the home of his maternal grandparents, which now bears a municipal tablet commemorating the event. His baptismal name was Ferdinand Heinrich Gustav Hilgard. His branch of the Hilgard family, whose surname occurs widely in South German village nomenclature, was of Nassau stock.[1] His first known ancestor, Johann Hilgard, was a landowner and a member of the Reformed Church. His descendants of the fourth, fifth, and sixth generations filled pastorates in various parts of what is now Rhenish Prussia. One of them, Gerhard Samuel Hilgard, wrote in 1792 'A Defence of the Revealed Christian Religion,' which he dedicated and presented to King Frederick William II. His son, Jacob Hilgard, was tutor to the heir of the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg, and afterwards associate pastor at Bacharach on the Rhine, where he married a daughter of the pastor, Theodor Erasmus Engelmann, a

[1] The line, briefly tabulated, is as follows:

Johann[1] Hilgard (deceased before 1626) and Doris Zwenk.

Philipp[2] Hilgard (1603–1634) and Christine Caesar; married in 1626.

Johann Gottfried[3] Hilgard (born in 1628) and Anna Katharina Caps; married in 1654.

Johann Heinrich[4] Hilgard (born in 1669) and Luise Margarete Mauel; married in 1701.

Gerhard Samuel[5] Hilgard (1717–1810).

Jacob[6] Hilgard (1752–1813) and Maria Dorothea Engelmann (1760–1845); married in 1782.

Georg Friedrich (Fritz)[7] Hilgard (1784–1859) and Lotte Henrich (1780–1818); married in 1806.

Gustav Leonhard[8] Hilgard (1807–1867) and Lisette Pfeiffer (1811–1859), parents of "Henry Villard"; married June 11, 1833.

recluse, but a man of great learning. After Jacob's marriage, the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg gave him the pastorate of Marnheim, a village on the military road to Mainz. At the time of his occupancy this was considered a very lucrative charge, but the exposed position of Marnheim led to its being plundered freely by both contestants in the wars growing out of the French Revolution. Both Jacob Hilgard and his wife believed in the doctrines of the Revolution, and he was so outspoken in favor of them that he was driven by mob violence into exile for four years.

Henry Villard's grandfather was Jacob's son Friedrich. His education suffered considerably because of the unrest of the times and the consequent impoverishment of the family. An uncle sent him to the gymnasium at Idstein in Nassau, and helped him to become a notary in Nancy. Later he was made burgomaster in Kirchheimbolanden, a village near Marnheim, mayor of Speyer, and incumbent of other important Government offices. A man of very solid character and of unusual beauty of person, he was first married to Charlotte Henrich, the daughter of a rich banker whose descendants still carry on his banking business in Neustadt on the Haardt.

Their first-born was Gustav Leonhard Hilgard, who in turn became father of Henry Villard. Gustav, the most talented of the five sons born to Friedrich Hilgard by his first marriage, was somewhat hot-blooded and masterful, with beautiful light-blue eyes and curly, dark-brown hair. Educated at the gymnasium in Speyer, he afterwards studied at the universities of Munich, Heidelberg and Würzburg, at all of which an inheritance received from his mother, who died in 1818, enabled him to live handsomely and to lend a helping hand to needy fellow-students. In 1828 he passed a brilliant examination, and went with his brother Theodor to Paris to attend law lectures at the Collège de France. Returning to the Palatinate, he was appointed to a small legal position at Zweibrücken, and later was transferred to Fran-

kenthal, where he filled a somewhat higher position. Early an admirer of Katharina Antonia Elisabeth (commonly called Lisette) Pfeiffer, he formally asked for her hand in 1830. The marriage was delayed for nearly three and one-half years because of the difference in religion of the pair, Lisette being a Catholic. Finally the consent of the Church was obtained and the home was set up in Frankenthal. Lisette, a charming personality with blue eyes, blond hair and delicate features, was the daughter of a veteran—Franz Pfeiffer—of the wars against France from 1790 until 1801, during which time he fought in the army of the Prince of Condé. For his services, and in recognition of three serious wounds, he was invested in 1816 with the order of St. Louis, which ennobled him and entitled him to a pension. When his military career ended, Franz Pfeiffer entered the civil service, becoming in 1817 director of the Government salt monopoly in Speyer. He married in 1809 Marie Anna Berchtold. As Henry Villard spent most of his boyhood in Pfeiffer's house, this genial, extraordinarily handsome, and kind-hearted grandfather played an important part in the boy's life.

Gustav Hilgard experienced the usual changes of station which then came frequently to those in the legal employ of the Government. In 1839 he settled in Zweibrücken, and remained there until 1856, when he was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the kingdom of Bavaria at Munich. Zweibrücken was therefore the true scene of Henry Villard's boyhood, although he made many visits—sometimes staying a year—to his grandparents in Speyer. The boy early proved himself a natural leader in games and in the broils between the children of the city's aristocracy and those of the working classes. His remarkable imagination early displayed itself, as did a thirst for knightly romance, for puppet theatres and theatricals. He soon showed, despite his aristocratic tendencies, that he shared the republican instincts which manifested themselves throughout the Hil-

gard family, except in the case of his father. Indeed, a large political family migration had taken place in 1833 and 1835 to Belleville, Illinois, a town a few miles from St. Louis, embracing his great-uncle Theodor Erasmus Hilgard, who resigned a judgeship, because he "deemed it a priceless advantage to make my [his] children freemen."

In 1848 the French Revolution upset the whole of South Germany, and incidentally had a marked influence upon the career of Henry Hilgard, although he was then but thirteen years of age. The expectation of an immediate invasion by the forces of the new French Republic threw the entire town of Zweibrücken, like the rest of Rhenish Bavaria, into a state of feverish excitement. In the gymnasium, which Henry had entered with difficulty, and prematurely, as soon turned out, studies could hardly be thought of, and politics was the sole theme of conversation. The right of public meeting was soon granted by the monarchy to the people, and the addresses of the Revolutionary orators, together with the recruiting of a militia force of five hundred men, furnished the youth of the town with endless excitement. The proceedings of the Frankfort Parliament interested Henry so greatly that he finally obtained his father's permission to visit Robert C. Hilgard, a step-uncle (but little older than himself), then entering mercantile life in Frankfort. He spent a week with this young relative, seeing the sights of the city and listening to the speakers at the sessions of the Parliament. By this time Henry's political sympathies were profoundly democratic, and, with boyish enthusiasm, he returned to his home wearing a "Hecker hat" with a red feather. The rector of the gymnasium was so incensed at this as to give him, on his return, a choice between the hat and expulsion. This incident did not improve Henry's relations with his father, who continued to be loyal to the Government and bitterly hostile to the Revolutionary movement with which his brothers sympathized most keenly. The demoralization of Henry's studies, for which

he was plainly not ripe, led to parental threats of apprenticing him to a trade.

In May, 1849, the Revolution began in earnest with the establishment of a provisional government for Rhenish Bavaria at the town of Kaiserslautern. Since it demanded the adhesion of all officials, Henry's father went into a brief exile. By June the gymnasium was at a standstill, and Henry was free to roam the streets and watch the beginnings of war. Before this occurred, he and his classmates conspired to omit, in the repetition of the customary daily prayer, the passage about the welfare of "His in-Christ-anointed Majesty, our most gracious Lord and King." As fortune would have it, the city pastor, Dr. Krieger, who was the religious instructor, called upon Henry when the class next assembled. The latter repeated the prayer without reference to the King. Taken sharply to task, the boy still refused to pray for the sovereign, saying that it would be disloyal to the rightful provisional Government. His classmates stood by him. "This," cried the pastor, "is open rebellion and contempt of religion, of his Majesty the King and of myself. I will instruct you no longer." And he flung out of the room, never to return.

A Prussian army under the command of Prince William of Prussia, afterwards Emperor William of Germany, speedily ended the existence of the new republic. The youngsters of Zweibrücken, Henry among them, had no more thrilling adventure than the spending of a night on a reconnoissance with the militia of the town. This body, much decreased in numbers, later saw brief active service, in which one of the older students of the gymnasium lost his life. With the restoration of the old order, the gymnasium was reopened. The head of the school, the rector, at once sentenced Henry Hilgard for insubordination and rebellion. The punishment was a refusal to advance him with his class, which meant the loss of a year's studies. This added greatly to his father's dis-

satisfaction, and led to a renewal of the threat of an apprenticeship.

As a compromise, Henry succeeded, with the aid of his mother, in obtaining his father's consent to his spending a year at a French semi-military college in Phalsbourg in Lorraine, to which sons of prominent families were frequently sent. In order to obtain some knowledge of French he went to Phalsbourg in September, 1849, a month in advance of the opening of the school. Here he was fortunate in obtaining daily tuition from no less a personage than Alexandre Chatrian, already a story-writer, but not yet famous. When the school began, the life was found to be very rigorous, the study hours long, those for recreation few, the food insufficient, and the morale of the boys as a whole poor. Despite the fact that he found only one or two congenial friends, Henry enjoyed the life and profited by it, especially physically, growing a foot in height and changing from a weakling to a handsome, vigorous and shapely lad. A visit to his home at Easter in 1850 impressed his parents with his improvement so favorably that his father decided to send him in the fall to Speyer to his grandmother's (Franz Pfeiffer had died suddenly in 1847, almost in Henry's presence), in order to allow him to complete his schooling at the gymnasium in that city.

In September, 1850, Henry passed a brilliant examination at Phalsbourg, visited his mother in Switzerland, and was settled in Speyer in his new home, in which he continued to live until his graduation in 1852. As a scholar he took no high rank, but by this time a strong taste for German literature asserted itself, and a desire to write, which became more and more pronounced as time went on. As a boy he was devoted to dancing and horseback riding. He was much in company with his classmates, and, belonging to a forbidden students' society, became involved in several escapades, one of which was punished with a day's arrest and confinement on bread and water.

This sentence increased his popularity with those of his own age, and evoked nothing more than a cutting reprimand from his father.

A serious difference with his father was brought about by Henry's career at the universities of Munich and Würzburg, at which he studied in 1852 and 1853. Letters and art were uppermost in his mind when it came to the choice of a profession, but his father failed to see that, as the Germans put it, "the desire of the heart is the voice of fate," and advocated a technical training. He accompanied his son to Munich and had him matriculated at the Polytechnicum. After two months of hard work Henry found his tasks there positively repugnant. Instead of advising his father, he then made the mistake of having himself transferred to the University, and devoted himself to lectures by the poet Geibel and by the æsthete and critic Moritz Carriere. The expense of this change of studies, as well as membership in the Franconia, a fashionable student corps, soon ran him into debt, while the corps life itself, with all its attractions, such as duelling, balls, and "Kneip-Abende," cost him many valuable hours that should have been devoted to his university work. When his father discovered, by accident, the change in his son's mode of life and studies, he ordered him home at once. After much cogitation and much warranted anger, he sent his penitent son to the quieter University of Würzburg, and committed him to a study of the law. Here the subject of this sketch lived quietly and worked hard for some months, but again the old desire for literature and æsthetics, for the study of which he could never gain his father's consent, revived. Gradually the law became more and more distasteful, and his situation was made the more difficult by the necessity of paying off his Munich creditors, who were so ready to trust him when he was a member of the Franconia.

In this emergency he bethought himself of well-to-do relatives at Wachenheim on the Haardt, who loaned him

the sum of several hundred gulden, but informed him that they would not keep the loan a secret from his father. Rather than proceed to Zweibrücken and throw himself upon the clemency of a parent who had never treated him otherwise than sternly, and who had insisted upon forcing his son into impossible grooves, Henry decided upon migration to a foreign country. It was his intention to work hard there and to show his parents and sisters that he could make an honorable career for himself by his own endeavors, and this he later thought could be furthered by a change of name. How well he succeeded in his efforts is set forth in the following chapters from his own hand. After trying to obtain temporary employment in Dresden and Hamburg, and declining an opportunity to become an officer in the Austrian army, he took passage on the bark *Nordamerika* for New York, sailing from Hamburg. He landed in America on October 18, 1853, after a tedious and stormy voyage, with but a scanty wardrobe and an empty purse, ignorant of the English language, and without a friend to turn to in the American metropolis.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK ONE

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA

CHAPTER I

New York and Westward Ho.—1853–4

MY landing upon American soil took place under anything but auspicious circumstances. I was utterly destitute of money, had but a limited supply of wearing apparel, and that not suited to the approaching cold season, and I literally did not know a single person in New York or elsewhere in the Eastern States to whom I could apply for help and counsel. To crown all, I could not speak a word of English.

It was natural that this consciousness of my condition should weigh upon my spirits. I felt, indeed, greatly oppressed, and spent the first day in gloomy thoughts at the Hotel Constanz. A travelling companion who had tried to persuade me to accompany him to California noticed my depression, and guessed its cause from what he had drawn out of me on the voyage about my antecedents and plans. He generously offered to lend me twenty dollars, which I accepted, of course, with joy. As my weekly board-bill was to be only five dollars, I felt quite relieved from immediate anxiety, and sufficiently at ease in mind to look the future straight in the face. I resolved to seek some sort of employment without delay, but, at the same time, I could not feel at all sure of success, and determined to make an appeal for help to my relatives in the West. At home I had become acquainted with several of them—my great-uncle, Theodor Adolf Engelmann, the brother of my step-grandmother, and Johann Scheel, who married

one of her sisters. But I did not remember their addresses. I knew, however, that another distant relative, Dr. George Engelmann, was a physician in good practice in St. Louis, and so I ventured to address a letter to him, enclosing another for my father's brother Theodor, with a request to forward it. Next I took counsel with the landlord regarding employment, got a number of addresses, including that of the Bavarian consul and the German Emigrant Aid Society, from him and from advertisements in the two German daily papers for help in various occupations, and, thus equipped, began my search for something to do by which I could earn my daily bread.

In the pursuit of my object I saw much of New York. The city had then only about three hundred thousand inhabitants, but, unless my memory deceives me, its leading business streets presented as striking and stunning a picture of intense commercial activity as to-day. The sidewalks on Broadway were certainly very crowded with people, and the street proper jammed full of vehicles of every description. But, of course, the city had comparatively small dimensions. Fourteenth Street was the limit of animated street-life. Beyond it the rows of buildings began to thin out, and above Twenty-third Street things still had an open-country appearance. The Fifth Avenue Hotel was not then built. Between the City Hall and Canal Street there were still whole streets exclusively occupied by private residences. The best and most frequented hotels seemed to be located south of Canal Street. I remember very clearly being struck with astonishment at the sight of the lounging habits of their guests, visible through the great windows of the reading- and smoking-rooms on the ground floor. Whole rows of elevated legs were presented to the passers-by on Broadway. The black servants in several of them astonished me also.

The most renowned hotel was then the Astor House. Several of my fellow-boarders had, like myself, read at home descriptions of its grandeur, and we were all very

anxious to see it, as one of the wonders of the age. So we agreed to take a meal there for that purpose, as it was only a few minutes' walk from our own hotel. No one of us knew any English, but that did not deter us, as we supposed that in such an establishment of world-wide fame all the languages of Europe would naturally be spoken. We made our way up-stairs to the office and boldly made our wishes known in our native tongue, but discovered promptly that we were not understood. One of us then tried French, saying: "Nous voulons dîner." The last word was understood by the official in charge, who called a boy and motioned to us to follow him, which we did. We were taken into the dining-room, which did not, however, as far as either size or decoration was concerned, much impress those of us who had seen large Continental hotels. After we had taken seats at a table, each of us was handed a bill-of-fare; but, being English, it was no clearer than Sanskrit to us. We tried both German and French with the waiter, without making the least impression. The head waiter was attracted by our loud efforts to make ourselves understood, and, although equally ignorant of our language, managed to comprehend the situation and, by signs, let us know that we should be taken care of. We were duly served, but, instead of having one course after another, according to the Continental practice, a medley of dishes was put before us, consisting of several kinds of meat and as many vegetables, all at once, followed by a miscellaneous assortment of pudding, pies, cakes, fruit, nuts, cheese, and other things. We were so taken aback that we did not enjoy anything, but were glad, under circumstances so embarrassing, to finish the novel repast at the earliest possible moment. We withdrew in disgust, paid seventy-five cents each, and made our exit from the great building as hungry as we had entered it.

Our landlord was Max Weber, an ex-officer of the Baden army, who had emigrated in consequence of his participa-

tion in the revolutionary outbreak of 1849. He afterwards rose to prominence in the War of the Rebellion. Among his regular boarders were several political exiles. These two circumstances made the "Constanzer Hof" a favorite resort of the German refugees then still numerous in New York. Almost every evening there was a gathering of them in the tap-room, where there were noisy political discussions in true German beer-house style. They dwelt upon the Fatherland as well as the United States, and I listened to them with intense interest. That the talk about Germany was very bitter and angry was not surprising to me, in view of the high tide of reaction that had set in; but it astonished and puzzled me to hear likewise violent denunciations of the United States as a sham land of liberty, of its institutions as republican only in form, of the material attractions for European immigrants as a humbug—with other like expressions of grievous disappointment. Among the loudest declaimers in this strain was an individual called Professor Boehm, who supported himself as a writer for the local German press, and who spoke with a deep, gruff voice and snappish sort of delivery. He seemed surcharged with bitterness against the American Republic, and broke out into roaring diatribes against it on the slightest provocation. His prejudices amounted to a kind of monomania, and they were known all over New York. It was considered an amusement to hear him hold forth, and devices were resorted to, such as purposely opposing his views, in order to provoke outbursts on his part. This man did not know a single American, hardly ever saw anything of New York beyond the two or three streets through which his daily round took him, had never been outside of the city, and yet railed continually against everything American. This was an extreme case, but the minds of nearly all the refugees whom I heard express themselves were affected the same way. I need hardly say that, not knowing any better, I was much discouraged by their unfavorable judgment

of the country. It acted as a damper to my sanguine expectations of a rapid and highly successful career.

The northern part of William Street, in which the Hotel Constanz was situated, was, in those days, a succession of hotels, boarding-houses, and beer-houses, and hence a centre of attraction for my countrymen. At the upper end of the street stood the Hotel Shakspere, then kept by one Fickler, a fat, jovial Boniface, who had, however, followed at home the more honorable profession of barrister and politician. He had taken a leading part in the Baden revolt, as a member of the revolutionary executive committee. His hostelry was much larger than ours, and was also a popular rendezvous for South Germans, who crowded it on Sundays to overflowing. But the character of the house was low, and it harbored adventurers of both sexes and of all nationalities. Some of the other William Street places represented a still lower grade of entertainment, being nothing less than vulgar concert-halls with suspicious-looking female attendants. Among the inmates of our house, too, some unsavory scandals broke out, and I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable in such surroundings and longed to get away from them. For two weeks I followed eagerly and faithfully every clew in my hunt for employment, but without the least result. The Bavarian consul had an average of twenty applicants for each of the few positions he heard of in the course of a year. I could have had a clerkship with mercantile wholesale and retail firms if I had had a commercial training and known English. My inability, too, to give references prevented me from getting the unfilled places from employers upon whom my earnest appeals and readiness to do any work made an impression. My disqualifications narrowed the circle of possibilities around me every day. Under the impulse of the rapid decrease of my small fund, I tried to get a place as helper in a drug-store or restaurant, and finally even as a waiter in a beer-hall. But my "greenness" or recent arrival in

the country, and maybe my perhaps too genteel appearance, were against me. I received, indeed, my first lesson in the advantages which immigrants accustomed to manual labor enjoy over all classes in this country.

While I did not feel at all sure of being made welcome by my relatives, I still had a faint hope of an encouraging reply to my letter. But it had nearly become extinguished when, one evening in the third week of my stay, on entering the hotel in a very discouraged mood, the office-clerk handed me a letter post-marked Belleville, Illinois. It was the expected answer. For some time I did not dare to open it, lest its contents should prove disappointing. It turned out to be a letter from my great-uncle Theodor, couched in cautious language, and telling me, in response to the intimation of my intention to visit Belleville, that my relatives did not desire to see me until they clearly understood the reason why I came to America. As an offset to this rebuff, I unfolded from the letter a draft for fifty dollars.

The next day I made up my mind what to do. Having repaid the twenty dollars I had borrowed, I resolved to try and reach the West with the remainder. As it was already the latter part of November, and as I had nothing but an overcoat in the way of winter clothing, I invested one-third of the balance in a cheap, but warm suit. Thus equipped, I left New York on November 19, with eighteen dollars in my pocket and all my other possessions in a large hand-bag. I had decided to go via Philadelphia and Pittsburg to Cincinnati. My reason for choosing this city as my destination was solely the fact, gathered from my guide-book, that it had a large German population, including a considerable percentage of Bavarians.

There was no direct railway connection between New York and Philadelphia at that time. I took the principal route of travel, by boat to Perth Amboy and thence by rail to Camden on the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia. The boat and train were crowded with emigrants, among

them many Germans. We reached Camden after dark, and found the ferry-boat literally swarming with emigrant-runners, who at once beset us with their solicitations. Knowing the risk one was exposed to in trusting them, I felt called upon to warn the ignorant peasants among my countrymen against them. This made me at once the target for their foul abuse and threats. Nothing daunted, I tried, after landing on the other side, to save a party of South Germans from being carried off by three of the ruffians. They seized the baggage and loaded it without permission on their wagons, so as to compel the owners of it to follow. As the runners were Germans, I boldly denounced them before the crowd and called on them to desist. Thereupon all three suddenly fell upon me, swearing loudly, and, before I could defend myself, I was knocked down and probably should have fared very badly but for the intervention of a German-speaking official. My assailants, however, got away with their prey. The official kindly showed me the way to the inn where I intended to spend a day before continuing my journey West.

I wished to stop at this inn for a special reason. I had learned in New York that it was kept by a refugee, formerly a lawyer in my native town, a classmate of my father's, and a friend of long standing of all our family. He had been a member of the German Parliament, and the head of the provisional government that ruled over Rhenish Bavaria for two months in the summer of 1849, and was under sentence of death for that offence. I remembered him as a very good-natured and witty fellow, rather too much given to conviviality, but a gentleman withal. I expected to receive a hearty welcome and to have a good time with him. A disagreeable surprise awaited me. I found him entirely changed. He received me in a cold and indifferent manner, showing no astonishment at my appearance before him, as I naturally expected he would. His face wore a stolid expression and disclosed a red-

dish hue, the sure sign of the habitual toper. I soon satisfied myself that the man had sunk low in every way, so that I was glad to be turned over to the solitary waiter. The inn was of a third-class character, small and insignificant in all its appointments. Under the circumstances, I was glad to be again under way the next day, having seen as much as my time permitted of the City of Brotherly Love.

The condition of my purse compelled me to travel again by an emigrant-train, as I had done from New York. The sight that greeted my eyes on entering the cars was anything but comforting. The cars were low, narrow, and only half as long as the present ones. The interior, including the seats, was of plain wood. The passengers consisted of a number of families, more or less numerous and dirty, with children of all ages. Each had brought hand-baggage, cooking-utensils and bedding, and was trying to occupy as much room as possible, which led to angry disputes among them. Before starting, the cars reeked with tobacco-smoke and bad odors. I went through all the cars in search of the familiar sound of my native tongue, but I listened in vain, and found myself in the embarrassing predicament of not being able to converse with a single one of my travelling companions, who seemed to consist of native Americans and Irish immigrants.

We moved slower even than freight trains, out of whose way we had to get time and again, and it took us fully a day and a half to reach Pittsburg. At that time the passage of the Alleghany Mountains was still made, on what is now the main line of the Pennsylvania, by means of stationary engines, placed at intervals in the mountains, from which one car after another was pulled up by means of wire ropes. I think that in this way it took us over twelve hours to cross the range. I had to share a narrow seat with another person, so no comfort was to be had in the daytime and no rest at night. A still greater trial, however, was to be obliged to go almost without food dur-

ing the long journey. We passed the larger towns on the route during the night, when my inability to speak English made me afraid to leave the car, especially as I could not find out the length of the stops. For the same reason, I was afraid to leave the train in search of food in the daytime. Thus I had to depend for sustenance upon the apples and cake that were offered for sale in the cars here and there. Dirty and tired as I was, I greeted our arrival in Pittsburg as a deliverance from much misery.

But I had to fare still worse. I had bought a through ticket to Cincinnati, entitling me to a second-class passage down the Ohio on a certain steamboat-line from Pittsburg. Not knowing the time of the departure of the boats, I made at once for the landing-place. This I managed to find by inquiring my way in stores whose signs indicated the German origin of their owners. There were three boats of the same line loading. I could not find out which would leave first, although I discovered some countrymen among the deck-hands, whom I questioned on the subject. "Whichever will be loaded full first," was the reply. So I felt obliged to spend all day waiting and watching in one of the low German lodging and beer-houses frequented by the deck-hands who crowded the levee. Being no wiser by evening, I thought it best to spend the night there, repulsive as it was. I was given a bed in a room with two others, lay down with my clothes on and slept soundly. In the morning I was told that one of the boats had a sign up that it would leave at noon. After breakfast, I went on board in order to see what accommodations I should have as a second-class passenger. This I soon found out with the aid of a German deck-hand. To my great disgust, I ascertained that my ticket only permitted me to claim a place on the lower deck-quarter occupied by the deck-hands, including a sooty, bare, rough bunk. Made wise by my railroad experience, I laid in a good supply of bread and meat, and betook myself and my bag, with anything but a light heart, to the boat.

We steamed down the river promptly at the appointed time. It was a beautiful Indian summer day, warm and slightly hazy. The bluffs were still bright with the autumn hues of the foliage. The broad, winding river was alive with steam- and other craft. Farm-houses, hamlets and villages were constantly in sight. We stopped at several towns in the course of the afternoon, discharging and receiving passengers and freight. I sat all the afternoon and long after dark on deck near the bow of the boat, beholding and enjoying these varied sights. Finally, I became drowsy and sought the deck-passengers' quarters astern. I found not only all the bunks on both sides occupied by two or more sleepers each, but men, women, and children crowded so closely together on the deck that one could hardly help stepping on them. I tried first to sleep in a sitting position, but after a while I likewise stretched out on the floor with my bag for a pillow, and soon forgot my surroundings. The warmth from the steam-boilers kept those comfortable who, like myself, had no other covering than their overcoats.

I was up again at daybreak, feeling stiff and dirty. I looked about for some washing utensils, but failed to find any. I actually was unable to wash my face and hands during the whole journey, lasting nearly forty-eight hours, owing to the score, more or less, of protracted stops made by the boat. What with my filthy surroundings and the low company, I could not help again feeling much dispirited. Though the weather continued to be fine and the sights along the river even more attractive than the first day, my only thoughts and wishes were for my release from these repulsive experiences. This feeling was intensified by the impossibility of sleeping at all during the second night, owing to the fearful racket made by the landing of piles of freight and filling the empty space with firewood.

It was nearly noon of the second day when the *City of Pittsburg* reached the Cincinnati landing. The levee presented an imposing sight. At least twenty-five boats, stern-

and side-wheelers, were loading and discharging freight, and the bank was crowded with people, vehicles, and goods. Swarms of hotel-runners and omnibuses and carriages were waiting for passengers. Of course, the dirt-begrimed individuals emerging from the deck did not attract the runners. I had the address of a hotel kept by a Rhenish Bavarian whom I had known as a policeman in Zweibrücken, but my appearance seemed so discreditable to me that I was ashamed to go directly there. Moreover, my money was reduced to three dollars, and I had to be satisfied with the cheapest possible quarters. Discovering a number of emigrant boarding-houses on the street along the levee, I selected one kept by an Alsatian, who agreed to furnish me with board and lodging for the even then low price of $2.50 a week. The "Hôtel de Strasbourg" consisted of a bar-room in front, on the first floor, and behind it a room large enough to serve for both cooking and eating purposes. The second floor consisted of a loft, divided by thin board partitions into sleeping quarters. I was assigned to one containing three single beds, of which I happily remained the sole occupant during my whole stay. Altogether, it was the worst-looking tavern I had ever seen, but it at least gave me immediately a chance to clean up, for which I longed, and the food proved to be as good as that I had often had at peasant-houses in the vicinity of Phalsbourg.

Cincinnati even then laid claim to the title of Queen City of the West, and seemed to me to deserve it. It had already over two hundred thousand inhabitants. It occupied as fine a natural site as could well be found, rising gradually from the river to the hills that picturesquely enclosed it like an amphitheatre. It was regularly laid out in streets running parallel with and at right angles to the river. The streets adjoining the Ohio were solidly built up with business edifices, and those farther away with private residences. The buildings were mostly plain, but the whole presented a substantial and comfortable appearance. The

upper part of the city was separated from the lower by the Miami Canal, nicknamed the "Rhine" from the fact that the quarter to the north of it was almost exclusively occupied by Germans, who even then formed fully one-third of the inhabitants. My first walk about the city naturally was in that direction.

I had no difficulty in finding the inn kept by the ex-policeman. He welcomed me with real heartiness, as he had served under my father and remembered our whole family well. He at once invited me to take up my abode with him, but, not feeling sure whether he meant to offer me hospitality or to wish to have me as a paying guest, I was afraid to accept. He told me of several Rhenish Bavarians whom I knew by name and who knew my family, and who were in the habit of enjoying a bottle of beer or wine regularly at his house. This was joyful news to me, for I felt sure of finding a suitable position with his and their help. I agreed to call again in the evening, in order to be introduced to my *Landsleute*. I continued my exploration of the city all day, and received such favorable impressions of it that I ardently wished matters would shape themselves so that I could remain there.

As a matter of fact, I stayed only a few days in Cincinnati, as I soon found that my entire ignorance of English and lack of a specific calling made the difficulty of finding employment among the German-Americans in that city very great. In my subsequent wanderings I was obliged to accept whatever work offered, whether light or hard, including manual labor; and altogether had a very trying experience during the winter following, as also during the greater part of 1854. I returned to the Queen City in March of that year, and for several months represented a firm of publishers as canvasser among the German-Americans. I then drifted from Ohio into Indiana, where I had my first experiences as a railroad man as part of the crew of a wood-train on the Indianapo-

lis & Madison Railroad. Every day this train went out into the country for twenty miles or so, loaded up with wood to be used as locomotive fuel, and then ran back to Indianapolis and unloaded in a woodshed. The work was light, the hours were easy, and the pay good, so that I enjoyed the experience (little dreaming what an important part railroads would play in my career) until prostrated by a serious attack of intermittent fever, with which I had already made acquaintance. This confined me to my bed for so long a period that my place on the wood-train was filled before I was able to return to work. After obtaining light employment in Indianapolis until I had fully recovered, I set out for Chicago, and arrived there at the end of October, 1854, a year after my arrival in the United States.

Leaving my trunk at the station, I walked all over the city. Chicago had then a population not exceeding thirty thousand people, though the inhabitants claimed that it was more. Then, as now, the best improved part was south of the Chicago River, while on the north side there were only a few short streets, and still fewer on the west side. Five-sixths of the buildings were cheap wooden structures. Hardly any of the streets were paved, and most of the sidewalks were of wood. Still, there was an air of stir and push about the town that indicated great vitality, and promised a rapid growth in the future. I felt sure that I had come to the right place.

In passing along State Street, even then one of the most important thoroughfares, I noticed under the sign of a boarding- and lodging-house the name Bernhard Norkin, that borne by the elder brother of a playmate of mine in Speyer. Out of curiosity, I entered and inquired for the landlord, and saw, when he appeared, that I was correct in my surmise. As he had left Speyer many years before, he did not recognize me, but welcomed me very heartily, and invited me, on being told that I was a new-comer, to stop at his hotel. I of course gladly agreed to do so,

and my trunk was sent for. He introduced me to his wife, a buxom, bright German woman. We had a very well-cooked German dinner together, and I congratulated myself on such an auspicious beginning in Chicago. But this feeling was considerably dampened when I discovered that, after all, I had only got into an ordinary emigrant boarding-house. The keeper of it employed a wagon and two runners, and, by means fair or foul, obtained all his patronage from the emigrant-trains arriving twice daily from the East. I subsequently saw for myself that the runners were not any more truthful or less urgent in their demands than their colleagues in New York. There was but one dining-room, in one corner of which the baggage of the guests was piled up, and a sleeping-hall directly above it, divided into two parts by a thin partition, for men and for women. Each compartment had eight beds, in one of which I had to sleep. Emigrants in those days were no more attractive in respect to cleanliness and otherwise than to-day; hence I was not very happy in my surroundings. But, as the host and hostess were really anxious to do all they could for me, and as I expected the former, who had been in Chicago for some years, to be very helpful to me in getting employment, I concluded to stay in spite of all drawbacks.

Norkin knew a number of Pfälzer, some of whom held influential positions. One of them was one of the publishers, and another one of the editors, of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, at that time and to-day the leading German paper in the city. Another was a successful physician, and still another a wine-merchant. I applied to them all for advice and assistance in finding a suitable occupation, but, though they freely gave me counsel, they proved to be of no real help. I also inserted an advertisement in the *Zeitung*, but received no responses to it. I called daily at various intelligence offices, and, moreover, made personal inquiries for work in all sorts of establishments. But the only openings I found were for waiters

in lager-beer saloons, which already abounded in the city, and for drivers of delivery-wagons. My host having assured me that he would board me all winter, if necessary, I did not avail myself of these unsatisfactory chances, although one week after another passed by in involuntary idleness. One morning, when I came down from my sleeping-room, the landlord sang out to me: "Here is some important news for you," and pointed to an advertisement in the *Zeitung*. It was an urgent request to me to send my address immediately to the signer of it, in Belleville, Illinois. The advertiser was Robert Hilgard, my step-uncle and schoolmate. Of course, I felt a great shock of surprise, for it looked as if Robert had come to America on purpose to find me. Norkin had not been told that I was not in communication with my family. He questioned me, and I had to admit the fact, whereupon he urged me to answer the summons immediately. I told him that I had resolved not to make known my whereabouts to my family till I could tell them that I was able to support myself independently; but he insisted that it was my duty to write to Belleville without delay, and he added smilingly that if I did not do so he would. I replied that I would think the matter over for a day or two. Finally, I sat down and wrote Robert briefly where I was, and said that my lot had not been an enjoyable one since landing on this side of the water. I said further that, although I had not been very successful, I was confident of getting along, and that he need not have any anxiety on that account. I begged him also to explain how he happened to be in America, and to give me the fullest possible news of my family.

A week elapsed without bringing an answer to my letter, until, on returning to my lodging-house on the eighth day, a figure rose from a chair, and I recognized at once the tall form and the well-cut, handsome face of Robert himself. He greeted me very cordially, and, without waiting for any questions from me, told me all I wanted to

know. He had been away from Belleville for a couple of days when my letter reached there. After reading it, he hesitated whether to write a reply or to make it in person, and advised first with my uncle and other relatives about it; the former authorizing him to offer me a home in his family. He decided finally to come, as he was afraid I might hesitate to accept. His strongest motive, however, was the solemn promise he had given to my mother, who had been a second mother to him, to make every effort to discover my whereabouts and to aid me in my upward struggles. This promise was not, indeed, his main motive in coming to this country a few months before. He had been wishing to go to America ever since he had finished his four years' apprenticeship at Frankfort, believing that his prospects in life would be much better over here. He had visited my parents shortly before leaving Germany, and thus could give the latest news of them and of my sisters. It was such as to move me inexpressibly, and I promised to write home at the earliest possible moment, and open communication with my loved ones after the long interval of more than a year.

Robert then brought up the subject of my immediate future. He urged me to go at once with him to Belleville, assuring me that our relatives were ready to extend a kindly welcome to me. At first I could not look upon his proposal in the same light that he did. At last he appealed to me in the name of my mother, who certainly would not be relieved of her anxieties about me if I continued to lead the precarious life I had led for a year, instead of being under the care and guidance of my relatives. This argument prevailed with me, and we agreed to start together for St. Louis on the following evening. The next day I showed Robert the city. In the evening I took leave of my host and hostess, to whom I expressed my sincere gratitude. We travelled all night, and reached St. Louis the following noon.

We went directly to the house of a maternal aunt of

Robert's, Mrs. Caroline Decker, one of the daughters of my great-great-uncle Friedrich Engelmann, a man already of advanced age when he emigrated with his large family from Rhenish Bavaria. She had married a German-American lawyer in St. Louis, who died, after a few years of happiness, and left her without means, but with a son and daughter to support and bring up. She resolutely started a boarding-house for the better class of Germans, and she was keeping it at the time. She made me feel at home at once. We remained there three days, seeing as much as we could of St. Louis and of some other relatives there. We then went by rail to Belleville, in St. Clair County, Illinois, only fourteen miles distant, stopping over night at the house of John Scheel, whom I knew, as he had visited us in Zweibrücken some years before. He had emigrated with Friedrich Engelmann, having been his assistant in the forestry service, and had married over here his youngest daughter Betty. He was a very active, shrewd man in a business way, and had succeeded in accumulating a moderate competency. He was very popular, and held at the time the lucrative office of Register of Deeds and Clerk of the Probate Court. He lived in a commodious house, enlivened by three small children. This very kind-hearted couple gave me a most cordial welcome, and invited me to remain with them as long as I liked. But Robert and I thought it best to drive to my uncle Theodor Hilgard's farm the next morning.

CHAPTER II

With Kinsfolk in Illinois.—1854–5

THE farm was situated five miles from Belleville in a rolling prairie region, and consisted of about one hundred acres of well-cultivated land. There was a rather small two-story frame house painted white, and with green shutters, with an extension—upon the crown of a hill, in the shade of some lofty trees, and commanding a fine view; also, a large barn and stable combined, and half a dozen other outbuildings used for various purposes. In front of the house was a large vineyard, and behind it a flower- and vegetable-garden. It being winter, the *ensemble* did not look as attractive as in the greenness of summer, yet was altogether pleasing.

My uncle Theodor and aunt, whom I had never seen, were awaiting our coming. The former received me rather stiffly, but the face of the latter fairly beamed upon me with kindness. My uncle was the next youngest of my father's brothers, and was then about forty-six years old. He was a thick-set man, rather under middle stature, with a strong, round head covered with curly hair, and a broad face framed by a full beard. Both hair and beard were already tinged with gray. His face had a set, stern expression in repose, but he had a pleasant smile, which showed that he was really very good-natured. My aunt won my heart at once. She was of good height, and, though already of matronly proportions, still had a graceful figure and movements. The shape of her head was beautiful and her hair still jet-black. Her brilliant, soft black eyes and gentle mouth imparted much light and sweetness to her face (though her features could not be called handsome),

and made her very winning. She was, too, just what she seemed to be—clever, vivacious, interested in everything, and overflowing with inexhaustible kindness. I felt attracted to her as to a second mother, and she treated me as a mother would, for which I have always felt profoundly grateful. My uncle was a highly educated man, but was often blunt in his speech and given to ridicule and sarcasm. He was exceedingly well-informed about American as well as European affairs, and was full of progressive and even radical ideas, and not indisposed to talk. It required but little intercourse with him to bring out his absolutely sterling character, which secured him the highest respect of friends and neighbors and the community at large.

The couple were blessed with eight fine, model children —four boys and four girls. The eldest of the boys was named Gustav, after my father; he was a year older than I, and was away studying to be an engineer. The other boys—Carl, Theodor, and Ernst—ranging from fourteen to ten, were sweet-tempered, confiding, lusty fellows, who took at once to their newly arrived cousin. The eldest daughter, Anna, was of my age, a handsome, well-formed girl, with the black hair and bewitching eyes of her mother. The second daughter was a fresh-looking blonde of a very quiet disposition, never happier than when she could serve others. The other two daughters were affectionate, blooming little girls of seven and eight, with whom I quickly established the most cordial relations.

Altogether, I found myself in a family circle again, the equal of which for perfect harmony and mutual affection it would have been hard to find anywhere. I now felt the softening, elevating influences of this sweet home-life, and a sense of inner peace and happiness awoke in me that I had not felt for years. My aunt begged me to do my duty without delay and write to my parents. It was well indeed that I had delayed doing so till I had drawn in the right inspiration from the domestic picture before

me. It took me days, however, to compose a letter that satisfied me. When it was done and sent off by mail, I felt the sense of relief that always comes with the final fulfilment of a long-delayed duty. Robert wrote likewise and at length, as I learned only after the lapse of many years; and my uncle and aunt sent letters to my father and mother after I had been a few weeks with them.

My uncle followed the practice of all successful Western farmers in doing every sort of work on his place himself. He had only one regular hand employed to help him, so that if he had not done so from choice, necessity would have compelled him to take a leading part in the farm routine. Though it was winter, there was enough to occupy him more or less, daily. There was also but one female servant in the house, so that much domestic labor devolved upon my aunt and the two eldest daughters in taking care of the large household. Naturally it became irksome to me to be idle while all the grown members of the family were continually busy. Moreover, without anything to do, time came to hang heavily on my hands; so I soon offered my services for any in-door or out-door work, and this offer evidently gave pleasure all round. I helped feed the horses, cattle, and swine. I chopped, sawed, and hauled wood. After snow-falls, I cleared paths all over the place. I assisted in shelling corn, threshing wheat, and even in the annual killing of fat hogs. I performed also a variety of kitchen, dining-room, and yard offices for the ladies. I enjoyed the work, and it was obvious that my willingness to do it strengthened the warm feeling of the whole family toward me. I also had a chance to participate several times in so-called log-raisings, a peculiar custom, brought down from the pioneer days, of mutual assistance among neighbors in setting up dwellings, barns, and stables of logs.

What with these occupations in the daytime, and reading, games, and music in the evening—my aunt and the eldest daughter were very musical—time passed very

quickly, and Christmas, 1854, was at hand before we knew it. The observance of it was in true German style, with a great tree which the whole family helped to decorate, and there were presents for everybody. What a contrast my enjoyment of the festival in such a home sphere offered to the loneliness and depression I had experienced during this hallowed season the year before! Until then I had seen none of the relatives but Robert, who stayed at the Engelmann farm about four miles away, and walked over once or twice a week to visit us. On Christmas Day, however, quite a number, old and young, as well as other friends from Belleville, appeared to celebrate the day with the family. The ice was broken for me, and after Christmas I began a round of calls with my uncle and aunt that extended all through January, and introduced me to dozens of pleasant families in the town and country.

My first call was at the Engelmann farm, where my great-great-uncle Friedrich had made his home after his arrival in Illinois. It presented a very modest appearance, consisting as it did of a small one-and-a-half-story frame building with a few outhouses. The farm extended over the slopes of several hills. The soil was not very good, having been chosen, if I remember rightly, mainly for its adaptability to fruit-growing, and on account of its southern exposure and sheltered position from the north winds. The interior of the dwelling was furnished in the simplest possible style, and had but little that could be called comfort. This home was occupied by Friedrich's wife Betty, who had been left a widow at a ripe old age a few years before, with her daughter Josephine and son Adolph. The old lady was a picture of venerableness, was well-preserved for her age, had a clear and active mind, and charming, benignant ways. But she was constantly depressed in spirits by the loss at sea the year before of her son Jacob, who was on his wedding-tour. Adolph I had seen when I visited Zweibrücken six years before. He was a most interesting person then, ow-

ing to certain romantic events in his career. When only eighteen, in 1846, he had enlisted for the war between the United States and Mexico, was made a lieutenant for gallantry, and returned with a severe wound that permanently crippled his left arm and secured him a pension for life. Notwithstanding this, he was carried away by youthful enthusiasm when the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out in 1848, while he was in Germany, and he went through it as a private soldier. He was a fine-looking youth, and had kept his striking personality.

It was my uncle's habit to drive into Belleville every Saturday morning and remain till evening. He spent the time in shopping, making calls, dining with relatives, and spending a social hour at one of the numerous beer-saloons, where, according to German custom, a number of his acquaintances met regularly. After the New Year I always went with him, and thus came to know the several families of relatives besides the Scheels. First among them in social position was Gustav Koerner. Trained as a jurist in Germany, and established as an attorney-at-law in Frankfort-on-the-Main, he was compelled to fly in consequence of his participation in the ill-judged political uprising in that city in 1833. He devoted himself to his profession in this country, and was associated with Theodor Engelmann, the oldest son of the *Forstmeister*. He had found it hard at first to obtain a satisfactory practice, but in time became very successful and was one of the best-known lawyers in Southern Illinois. From the beginning, he took a lively interest in politics. He affiliated with the Democratic party, which enjoyed a long ascendancy in Illinois. He rendered valuable service as a party manager and effective speaker both in English and in German, as a reward for which and as a representative of the German element he received much political preferment. He was elected to both houses of the Legislature, made a circuit judge, and subsequently a member of the Supreme Court, and, finally, Lieutenant-Governor and *ex officio* President

of the Senate. He was then holding that office. When the proslavery tendencies of his party became so pronounced under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, he assisted in the formation of the Republican party, and remained one of its leaders till after the Civil War. He was intimately acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, who honored him in 1862 with the mission to Madrid. He was now about forty-five years old, in his prime in every respect. He was a small, slight man, with a strong head, gray hair, and marked features, from whose expression the weakness of his eyes detracted much. He was somewhat distant on first acquaintance, and perhaps a little too self-assertive, but, withal, an amiable man and a very fine conversationalist. With my German conception of the dignity of official position, I looked upon him with awe. He was very happily married to one of the Engelmann daughters, Sophie. They had two sons and three daughters, all very bright and interesting. The elder son Theodor, a cadet at West Point, unfortunately died there during his second year. The two elder daughters, Marie and Augusta, were almost grown up, and promised to be very attractive. The family lived in a comfortable brick mansion, where they dispensed much hospitality.

Theodor Engelmann was no doubt the ablest of the Engelmann sons. With a sufficiency of practical sense to get on in life, he combined strongly idealistic tendencies and very warm feelings, which he preserved till the end of his protracted days. Besides being the law-partner of Koerner, he held the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court, which yielded him a considerable emolument in fees. Another relative was Molly, daughter of Theodor Erasmus Hilgard (then revisiting Germany), who presided over the home which her father had built for himself in West Belleville. She married an American, Sharon Tyndale, of a well-known Philadelphia family, who met with a terrible end. In 1871, while Secretary of State of Illinois and living at Springfield, the capital, he set out one night to

take the midnight train to St. Louis, and was found murdered on the street the next morning. No clue was ever obtained to the motive or the perpetrator of the deed, though every effort was made and the State offered a reward of ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Tyndale's three sisters, Rosa, Clara, and Theresa, presented the remarkable case of having married three brothers Tittmann, who, belonging to a distinguished family in Saxony settled in Dresden and Leipzig, went to America from political choice and necessity. Clara, the younger of the two, was a woman of unusual parts, which had, moreover, been carefully developed, and from an early age she was tireless in her endeavor to store her mind with miscellaneous knowledge. Her tastes were strongly linguistic and literary. She was constituted very differently from her sister Rosa, who was quite as intellectual and, at the same time, a picture of sweet womanhood. She must have been beautiful as a young girl.

Besides my relatives, there were a great many nice people living in Belleville and its immediate vicinity. The town had but six or seven thousand inhabitants, and had no special external attractions except that it contained an almost purely German community. I was told that the population included only a few hundred native Americans. We hardly ever heard any English spoken. The business signs were almost exclusively in German. But this very German character of the place and the adjacent settlements made Belleville peculiarly attractive to people of that nationality, of high as well as of low degree. There was a curious representation of the former living in and about the place—quite a sprinkling of noblemen and jurists, doctors, academic teachers, and other professional men, together with merchants of the best type. Most of them had come to America either as political refugees or as victims of the fickleness of fortune; but not a few had, like my uncles, emigrated from choice. All sorts of callings were followed by them in town, and quite a number tried to earn their living as farmers. The latter were known among their own

countrymen as "Latin peasants." The most prominent among them was Friedrich Hecker, the well-known exile, who also played no mean political part in this country. He lived about ten miles distant from Belleville. I heard a good deal of him, but never chanced to see him in those days. He and one other among the "Latin peasants" were alone successful as farmers. Even my uncle, as it afterward turned out, failed, notwithstanding the hardest kind of labor, to make both ends meet.

In the latter part of January, to my own great relief and joy as well as that of the others, letters arrived from my father to my uncle, and from my mother and sisters to me. The former expressed his gratitude very warmly to his brother for receiving me into his family, and indicated his willingness to provide for my support to a moderate extent until I could earn a regular living, offering, of course, to reimburse my uncle for any outlay for necessaries that he had incurred for me. I really had no right to expect anything else from him. My mother and sisters wrote in the most loving and encouraging manner. Their letters were full, too, of a great amount of interesting local news. What with the reopened relations with my dear ones and my pleasant surroundings, I felt once more very content and happy.

CHAPTER III

Legal Experiments.—1855–6

THOSE happy days could not last forever. On the contrary, I felt it to be my duty all the time to keep looking about for a suitable position. I consulted with my uncle and my other relatives regularly in regard to my hopes and wishes in that respect, and they were likewise on the lookout. As I could hardly expect anything but ordinary manual employment, I was anxious to find it outside and away from Belleville, as the social position of my relatives would have made it embarrassing to all. Week after week elapsed, however, without my obtaining anything to do. One Saturday, in the latter part of March, 1855, my cousin Scheel informed me that an American acquaintance of his, a Mr. Case, who held in Clinton County, Illinois, the same official position that Theodor Engelmann had—that is, Circuit Court Clerk and Recorder of Deeds—had requested him to find him a clerk to copy deeds in the records. He thought that I might serve the purpose. I had doubts as to my qualifications, inasmuch as, firstly, I had made but little progress in English, owing to my wholly German surroundings, and, secondly, because my handwriting was very bad. But he felt sure that I knew enough to enable me to copy instruments in writing. So we agreed that he should write and inquire about terms. Mr. Case replied that the copying would be paid for at the rate of twenty-five cents a page. I at once made a trial in Theodor Engelmann's office as to the time it would take me to write a page of one of the ponderous record-books, and found that I could write one in less than an hour. After further deliberation, it was decided that

I should accept the offer. Accordingly, on the morning of March 23, I left Belleville for Carlyle, the county-seat of Clinton County, on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, about fifty miles eastward, with a letter of introduction from Cousin Scheel to "Zophar Case, Esq.," in my pocket. I need not say that it was with a very heavy heart I left the haven of rest in which I had found a spiritual restoration, and said good-bye to the dear family to which I had become attached almost as to my own.

The train left me in what was more of a village than a town. In fact, there were not more than three dozen buildings in it, and they were scattered over a good deal of space. I was taken to the only hotel in the place, a shabby and even dilapidated-looking frame building, whose interior appointments, including furniture and everything else, were in keeping with the exterior. After dinner, I went to the court-house, a good-sized building in the Grecian-temple style at one time in vogue in the United States, to find my employer. His office was locked, and it was only on my third attempt to enter, after three o'clock, that I found him in. He was seated in an arm-chair, with his feet on the edge of a large coal-stove in the middle of the room. He wore a dirty slouch hat, which did not change its place although I removed mine on entering; likewise, a long, light-blue woollen coat, such as Western farmers are in the habit of wearing, a very dirty shirt without a tie, and vest and trousers of coarse cloth full of grease-spots. The trousers were tucked into the red tops of boots that seemed never to have been blacked.

Such was the appearance of my master to be. He did not utter a word until he had read my letters of introduction, and then only saying, "Oh, it is you," he rose, showing that he was a powerful six-footer, and added, "I will show you your work." He stepped to the large writing-table, pointed to some books standing upright upon it, and opened a large drawer filled with bundles of paper tied with red tape, which he explained were the documents to be

copied. I asked whether he wished me to begin at once, and he replied, "The sooner, the better," as the records were very much behindhand. I said that I was ready, whereupon he opened the books and explained in which the different classes of instruments were to be copied. He gave me pen and ink and then resumed his seat, leaving me to begin as best I could. I felt a little embarrassed and nervous, but first went through the book of deeds in order to see the method of copying, and, at the end of an hour, mustered up courage enough to begin writing. In the meantime, several persons came into the office to file instruments and to have a chat with the clerk. At half-past four, the latter left, telling me that I need not stay later than five o'clock, when I must lock the office and take the key with me. He added that the regular office-hours would be from nine till twelve and from one till five, and that he expected me to sweep the office at least three times a week. The last part of his instructions rather surprised me, as he had not referred to such duties in his correspondence about me. As I had long before got over my former prejudices against that kind of service, and knew that it was a very common thing for professional men in the West to sweep out their own offices, I was perfectly willing to comply. The office certainly needed sweeping badly. It really looked as if neither broom nor duster had been used in it for months.

In a few days I became perfectly familiar with my work. It called for no exercise of intelligence, but only careful coöperation between hands and eyes. It was, indeed, the merest mechanical drudgery. The only stimulus I felt was that my daily earnings depended on the number of pages I copied. During the first week I succeeded in copying only a single page in an hour, as it was absolutely necessary to avoid mistakes; corrections not being admissible in records. But I could copy seven pages a day in the second week, and finally even nine in seven hours' work. My master turned out to be an excessively uncouth, but at the same time a very good-natured man, full of that humor that finds vent

in the West in anecdotes and stories. He was laziness itself. After I had learned the full routine of the office, which included the reception of instruments for file and record, and of legal papers, and the fees therefor from the attorneys in the suits pending in the Circuit Court, he left everything to me, and he hardly did anything more than talk and joke with the people who called. But he offered me three dollars a week extra for taking charge of everything. The first month I managed to earn about forty dollars, and afterwards between fifty-five and sixty-five dollars a month.

Besides ensuring the means of self-support, my stay in Carlyle had the other great advantage for me that I was compelled to use the English language exclusively. While at my uncle's in Belleville, I hardly ever heard a word of English, for there was not a single American there. Now, with continued practice in speaking and systematic reading in the evening, I made rapid progress. After the lapse of six weeks, I had no difficulty in understanding ordinary conversation and in making myself understood. Having got so far, I made it a point to converse as much as possible, and for that purpose I tried to enter into social relations. There was not much choice in the town in that respect. The population did not exceed two hundred people, and consisted of a few merchants, the county officials, several doctors, not less than a dozen lawyers, who practised in the county circuit courts, and the usual complement of mechanics, with their respective families. The landlord's handsome daughter and two other young ladies constituted the greatest female attractions of the place. The former was very bright in conversation, and took particular pains to help me along in English, so that my calls on her were as good as lessons for me. The social centre of Carlyle was the house of Judge Sidney Breese, formerly United States Senator, then holding the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. There were no young people in his family, but I ventured to call on him, as Mr. Koer-

ner had given me a letter of introduction to him. His manner was rather cold and distant, and I could not get very near to him, though I saw him frequently in the courthouse. He was a man of great natural ability and was considered an eminent jurist. His figure was short and stout, with a large head, short red hair and round face, a good deal like Mr. Case; and he wore large gold spectacles. Upon the advent of warm weather he always wore a blue swallow-tail, brass-buttoned dress-coat, yellow nankeen trousers and vest, and a stove-pipe hat, presenting a truly comical appearance. Like nearly every other man, he had the nasty habit of tobacco-chewing.

I witnessed the monthly sittings of the probate courts and the semi-annual sessions of the Circuit Court, saw some curious illustrations of Western character, and listened for the first time to examples of forensic eloquence. There were among the attending lawyers men of evidently remarkable talent as speakers. I was astonished at the flood of words they managed to pour out. Sometimes the oratorical outbursts seemed to be indulged in on very slight provocation, and hence were rather ludicrous. What struck me particularly was the easy, informal way in which the proceedings were carried on. There was an abandon as regarded manners, too, that could not but shock me, accustomed as I was to the dignified ways of German courts. Several times some of the counsel were in a half-tipsy condition, and became colloquial in their arguments, as if they believed themselves to be in a bar-room. The term of the Circuit Court was held during a very hot spell in June. The judge presided without his coat and with unbuttoned shirt thrown wide open. He sat thus disarrayed, tipped back in his arm-chair, with his legs on the desk before him. The attorneys naturally followed his example and made themselves as cool as possible. One marked incident has remained fixed in my mind. While one of the most loquacious attorneys was making a fiery argument, he was interrupted by the judge, who called out to him: "Jim, you

had better keep cool in this hot weather and give me a bite of your tobacco." The pleader stopped, pulled out his plug and carried it to the judge, who took a hasty bite, whereupon the proceedings were resumed.

At the end of three months, my work became very slack. I had worked up the arrearages in recording, extending over nearly six months, and the new filings were so limited that I had only from three to five pages to copy daily. It became, indeed, more and more apparent from day to day that the regular work could yield me only a bare subsistence. I discussed the subject with Mr. Case, and he admitted that this was the fact. The prospect of a necessary change of occupation was thus presented to me. It was delayed for two months by my acting as temporary substitute for another county official who was compelled to go on a long journey. But, after this respite, about the middle of August, with the consent of my uncle, I returned to the farm.

I cannot say that I felt much regret when I turned my back on Carlyle. The life there had, after all, been too monotonous and unattractive, and there certainly was not the remotest chance for any sort of career for me in such a community. I left with sixty dollars in my pocket, my savings after I had provided myself with a modest outfit of summer clothing. I had already learned enough of affairs in this country to know that of all the professions the legal played the most important part, publicly and otherwise. This observation, together with my intimacy with members of the legal profession in Carlyle, made me conceive the notion that the best thing I could do would be to become a lawyer myself. The idea soon took deep root, and I communicated it, shortly after my return, to my uncle Theodor. He at once approved of it, but showed me that my plan could not be carried out without the consent of my father, as he would, of course, have to furnish me with means of support during my study of the law. He kindly offered to write to him in advocacy of my wishes, and it was arranged

that I should continue to be his guest until a reply to his letter was received. Accordingly I resumed my former ways, helping all I could on the farm, and varying farm life with visits to relatives and friends.

When my father's answer came, it brought a prompt and favorable acknowledgment of my proposition, and offered to allow me a certain sum annually, for two years, which would enable me to live modestly and devote myself entirely to study. I was overflowing with happiness and enthusiasm because of what I considered an assured and bright future. I saw myself in imagination a successful lawyer and rising politician. The next day we drove to Belleville to consult with Mr. Koerner as to the best course to pursue in preparation for the profession. He at first suggested that I should attend one of the several law schools in this country for a couple of years, and then enter the office of some prominent lawyer to learn the practice. When the question of ways and means was considered—that is, that my father had agreed to provide for me for but two years—it became clear that the only way open to me was the one usually followed in the West up to that time, to begin the study of theory and practice combined, under a practitioner. The conclusion was not satisfactory to me, but I had to accept it. Mr. Koerner offered to give me a desk in his office, but, with reference to my knowledge of English, advised me strongly to try to get a place with a native lawyer. He kindly promised to look about for me among his colleagues in Belleville and St. Louis. A few days later I received a note from him, informing me that he had succeeded in securing my admission into the office of a leading lawyer in Belleville, George Trumbull (a brother of Lyman Trumbull, who afterwards obtained such high distinction as United States Senator from Illinois), and said that I might enter at once. The question of a suitable boarding-place in Belleville was solved by Cousin Scheel's kind invitation to me to become an inmate of his spacious home.

Mr. Trumbull was a descendant of the well-known Connecticut family of that name. In appearance and by nature he was a typical New Englander—keen, nervously active, wholly absorbed in his calling, not even caring for politics, and more reticent than genial. He occupied a small one-story brick building on the public square as an office, having two small front and rear rooms. I was assigned to a desk in the former. At first I had no other duty to perform than to ascertain the wants of callers, if he were out. I was at liberty to devote all the rest of my time to the study of Blackstone, which he placed in my hands and which I attacked vigorously. After a few weeks, the conviction was forced upon me that circumstances worked so much against regularity in that office as to render it very difficult, if not impossible, for me to make much headway in the law. The location was convenient, not only for clients, but for idlers and gossips; Belleville, like most small towns, containing an abundance of them. Altogether too many "dropped in" upon Mr. Trumbull and myself. This annoyance increased steadily as the weather grew cold in the fall and our warm stove became a point of attraction. Then, again, Belleville proved more and more to be a poor place for one so eager as I to perfect myself in the use of the English language. It was as plain as day to me that a mastery of English was the essential condition of success in this country. I had even engaged an American common-school teacher to instruct me in the proper pronunciation of English vowels, consonants, syllables, and words, just as beginners learn spelling, for I saw that most of my employers had failed to acquire it. I labored diligently with the teacher from one to three hours a day, but the benefit I received from his instruction was neutralized by my great want of practice and lack of opportunity to hear or speak English and so get my ear accustomed to it.

Thus, by degrees, I made up my mind to talk with my relatives about the advisability of pursuing my studies at another place, away from the disadvantages referred to.

They consented to the change, after due consideration, and Mr. Koerner again kindly undertook to find what I wanted. About the middle of November it was settled that I should enter the office of a well-known law-firm, Manning & Merriman, in Peoria, Illinois, and I made my arrangements accordingly. I started for Peoria on November 20, and took, in St. Louis, one of the steamboats which regularly ran up the Illinois River. We made such slow progress, owing to numerous stoppages and obstructions because of low water, that we reached our destination only on the third day. Peoria was then, and I believe is now, a beautiful city, rising amphitheatrically from the west bank of the Illinois River, or rather lake into which the river widens at that point. It had about twenty thousand inhabitants in 1855 (over forty thousand now), and was laid out in the usual rectangular way. I stopped over night at a hotel, and next morning presented my letter of introduction to Messrs. Manning & Merriman. I was kindly received, and, after a brief colloquy, assigned to a desk in the office and instructed as to my duties. At first I was simply to copy legal papers drawn up by the principals. I was to receive no compensation, but had the privilege of "reading" in the office when I was not otherwise occupied. I soon got on very good terms with the two partners, and felt entirely at home in their office.

By chance I secured board and lodging in the house of the captain of the boat upon which I had arrived. He was absent most of the time, and his wife, who had the care of several small children, was anything but a good housekeeper, so that I did not fare very well, either as regards regularity or quality of meals. The house, too, was very cold, and, as the winter of 1855–6 was unusually severe, I suffered no little discomfort on that account. There was but one other boarder, a mercantile clerk, a few years my senior, who had recommended the place to me, as he was a relative of the only family in the town to which I had letters of introduction. He was a good-enough fellow, but

with very limited mental resources, and was also a strong churchman. He urged me every Sunday to attend divine service with him, but without success. I then first discovered, by a very common experience, that non-church-going is a great social obstacle in this country. From the moment the family to which I presented my letters of introduction found out that I was a free-thinker, they dropped me entirely. I made hardly any other acquaintances than those mentioned. My social isolation made me often feel very lonesome, especially when I thought of the pleasant circle in which I had lived during the previous winter.

Months went by, and the spring approached without my having made much progress in legal lore under the guardianship of Messrs. Manning & Merriman. My one fellow-student, David McCullough, had to confess the same fact as to himself. We agreed, too, entirely, as to the causes of our slow advance. We found the same difficulty that had troubled me in Mr. Trumbull's office: there was not enough privacy for study. Not only clients, but politicians, came to consult with Mr. Manning. It was very entertaining to listen to him, whether he talked law or politics, but also irresistibly diverting from our studies. With the greatest determination, it was impossible to fix one's mind upon the contents of Blackstone, Chitty, and Story, while so much loud talking and joking was going on about us. Thus, McCullough and I daily looked at each other with despair, sighed and then listened perforce, yet often willingly, for the adroit and humorous way in which Mr. Manning answered the questions of the clients as to what he charged for his professional advice, was always very amusing. As day after day passed by with the same discouraging result, the conviction that I could never finish my studies under such circumstances, and that I was, indeed, continually wasting most of my time, gradually forced itself upon me, just as it did in Belleville. McCullough shared this view, and we both arrived at the conclusion that we must make a change.

In the course of the winter, I conceived the idea of writing some letters for publication in the columns of the *Zeitung* that appeared daily and weekly in Belleville. I had retained all along my old faith in my ability to write well. The editor, Dr. Wenzel, a German-Bohemian and political refugee, a man of uncommon talents and acquirements, seemed to take quite a fancy to me, and I felt sure that he would be glad to publish any of my contributions. So I concocted two letters of a partly descriptive and partly philosophic-æsthetic character—at least I considered them such—and sent them to him. They were poor attempts, in imitation of Heine and Boerne, rather stilted and labored. Still, they were printed, and Dr. Wenzel complimented me upon them in his letters of acknowledgment. Unfortunately, I had indulged in some rather sarcastic remarks upon the "German philistinism" that was manifested in a great many ways in Belleville. Letters from my relatives soon informed me that my criticisms had stirred up a good deal of ill-feeling against me. My uncle was particularly sharp in his censure of the license of my pen. I certainly had no deliberate intention to offend anybody, but I had, no doubt, been guilty of a pertness that was unbecoming my years, and decidedly improper in view of the circumstances under which I had gone to Belleville, and the cordiality with which I had been received. This untoward production was my first formal attempt at journalism. To be frank about it, while its effect troubled me in no small degree, the attention it attracted rather flattered my vanity.

This incident helped to mature the resolution that the drawbacks to my law-reading were evolving in me. I reasoned myself into the assumption that it would be futile to expect that such studies as I should be able to pursue in the office would make a good lawyer of me in a short or a long time. Mr. Koerner was right, after all, in his original advice to me to spend two years at a law school, had my father's allowance permitted it. Would it not be creditable, then, I asked myself, to try and earn enough in addition

to enable me to go to a law school? Would such a resolute and independent course not also be the best means of dispelling the prejudices that my article had revived against me? Such was my argument, and theoretically I was no doubt right. But the real test would, after all, be the proof of my ability to make the money needed.

While I was casting about in my mind as to ways and means regarding it, I came upon what seemed to be a proper solution. I read in the daily papers long and glowing advertisements of a new work, a 'History [or Encyclopædia] of American Literature.' The value of the work was endorsed strongly by literary men of national reputation. It was to be published in three large volumes for five dollars each, and sold by subscription. The advertising firm, well-known Chicago booksellers, invited enterprising young men of good address to enter into communication with them, and offered to assign certain parts of the country exclusively to persons considered suitable canvassers, and otherwise to make the most liberal arrangements with them.

I thought, here is the right thing for me. Why should it be difficult to sell any number of copies of so well recommended a book, especially when there would be no competition in the sale of it? Why should it not be possible, with a strong will and proper push, to dispose of enough copies in a few months to earn enough to go, perhaps, to the Harvard Law School in the fall? The scheme took complete possession of me. I felt too impatient merely to write to the Chicago firm, and, towards the end of February, 1856, got a week's leave of absence, packed my trunk, and went by train to Chicago.

CHAPTER IV

Through Politics to Journalism.—1856–7

ON applying at the store of the booksellers, at that time the leading firm in the trade in the Northwest, I was taken to the partner in charge of the subscription department. He was a gentleman in speech and manner. He took my measure at once as a youthful enthusiast with a lively imagination and but little judgment. He did not at all urge me on, but spoke very disinterestedly of the uncertainties of the canvassing business; but he failed to sober me. I told him rather proudly that I had been in the business before and knew what special capacities it required, and that I possessed them. He said, finally, that as I insisted upon it, he would be glad to let me make a trial. There would not be much risk in it for me, as I need buy only one copy of the work at a discount. He would assign me to an entirely unexplored and very promising field, the city of Milwaukee. I was to be allowed a commission of thirty-three per cent. on all subscriptions obtained. Being provided with a full equipment of subscription-books and circulars, I lost no time in starting for the scene of my future operations.

Milwaukee has always been an almost German city. In 1856, the preponderance of the German element was even greater than at present; in fact, its Americanization, which has in the meantime progressed very rapidly, had then hardly begun. It was known among German-Americans as "Deutsch-Athen," and, comparatively speaking, deserved the name. There was a large number of educated and accomplished men among my countrymen, and in them the love of music and histrionic art was very marked. Under

the leadership of Hans Balatka, who still wields the baton in Chicago, good orchestral and vocal music was more liberally provided for than in any other city in the West. There was also a very good German theatre. Another attraction was the Hotel Weltstein, the best German inn in the United States. It was named after the proprietor, who had belonged to a learned profession in the fatherland, and was a most intelligent, well-informed, and entertaining host, though too fond of a glass of good wine. He was killed twenty-five years afterwards by a fall from a window. He kept his house very neat and clean, furnished an excellent table, and his charges were reasonable.

I obtained quarters there and quickly became acquainted with a number of the leading Germans, who were either regular guests or who had the habit of enjoying a social glass there. I felt at first encouraged by the fact that my work would be mostly among my own countrymen. But I soon found out that it was, on the contrary, a disadvantage, for most of those I approached knew nothing of American literature and did not care much for it. They had not been in the country long enough for that, and, moreover, their purely German surroundings naturally kept their interest in American affairs at a low point. I was made to feel, before long, that they had not become sufficiently emancipated from their feelings of caste not to look down upon me, more or less, as a book-peddler. I strove very hard to obtain subscribers, and regularly set out every morning and devoted all the day to going about from store to store and office to office. I have a lively recollection of a very heavy snow-storm that raged for several days, and was followed by a bitter cold spell which made canvassing very irksome physically. By degrees, the meagre fruits of my efforts caused my sanguine hopes to vanish, and made me uneasy as to the final outcome. At the end of three weeks, I had sold only thirty-five copies in all, twenty-seven to Americans and eight to Germans. I believe that I am correct in saying that only one out of every twelve attempts

to sell was successful. I need not mention that that meant all sorts of experiences for me, mostly of a disagreeable character. I had, as a rule, to drink continually of the cup of humiliation. I had the satisfaction of having tried my best, and enjoyed, upon the whole, a good time, socially. Of course, this did not suffice, as I had failed in my real object, which was to make money. The net pecuniary result was that I spent, all in all, five more dollars than I received during the three weeks, though I really had exhausted the field from which I expected so much.

I returned to Chicago much disheartened, and at a loss what to do. I ought to have said ere this that my confidence in the success of the venture had been so great that, before starting for Milwaukee, I had written to Messrs. Manning & Merriman that I had decided to give up the law temporarily, in order to engage in a most promising business that had unexpectedly come in my way.

I was fortunate enough to find what promised to be a suitable place in the office of a firm of real-estate agents, within a few days, by answering a "want" advertisement. The firm name was Staples & Sims, and they had a fine office at the corner of Dearborn and Clark Streets, fronting on Court-House Square. Staples was a retired merchant and capitalist, Sims a Scotch doctor who had not been able to find a satisfactory practice. It was a queer combination and did not last very long, as it turned out. The firm tried to do a commission business—that is, sell other people's real estate on commission. My special function was to attract German customers, and, accordingly, my name appeared under that of the firm, as salesman, in the advertisements in the German papers. My salary was fifty dollars a month and a small interest in the commission business secured by me. There was also a French clerk, as a bait to French buyers and sellers, who besides acted as draughtsman. I was very much set up when I secured the place, and in this hopeful frame of mind I completed my twenty-first year on April 10, 1856.

It was at this time that I received my first lesson in practical politics, so to speak, in this country. I had long before become a regular reader of newspapers, and fully understood the political questions of the day. The deliberate attempts of the Democrats in the South, aided by the bulk of their Northern sympathizers, to secure an extension of the territory open to slavery, in connection with the organization of Kansas as a Territory, was the all-absorbing and all-exciting topic. The formation of a new party out of the elements opposed to the admission of slavery into Kansas and Nebraska had already begun. Free soil was fast becoming a leading issue, not only in national and State, but even in local elections. It was also made the dividing line in the Chicago municipal election that spring. Of course, I had no right to vote, but that did not prevent me from enlisting as a violent partisan on the anti-Democratic side. The contest was fought directly over slavery. The Democratic nominee for Mayor was Thomas Dyer, and the leader of the opposition Frank C. Sherman. The canvass was made by both sides in the usual way, through public meetings, processions, and a most violent newspaper war. I engaged in it with heart and soul. Every evening I attended a meeting, used my voice as loudly as anybody in cheering and shouting, and joined in a torch-light procession. On election day, I acted as ticket-distributor, and had then my first sight of violent scenes and rioting at the polls. The "right" and "wrong" seemed to be so clearly defined that I could not understand how any intelligent mind could be at all in doubt. That the ignorant, priest-ridden Irish should support the Democratic candidates was comprehensible, but it aroused my disgust and indignation that there were Germans on the Democratic ticket, a German newspaper and prominent Germans who actually supported it. I looked upon them as contemptible apostates. I was confident, too, that the unholy combination would be overwhelmingly defeated. My unutterable humiliation and grief may be imagined, therefore,

when the Democrats obtained a decisive victory. Influenced by the predictions of the dire, irremediable evils that would befall the country if the Democrats carried the day, I felt wofully depressed in spirit. It seemed to me almost as if the world would come to an end. It took me weeks to forget this grievous disappointment. A certain compensation for it lay in the extensive acquaintance which I secured through my political début.

My connection with Messrs. Staples & Sims continued only till the end of May. They were new to the business, having embarked in it only a few months before they engaged me, and they failed to secure the expected custom. They had also entertained extravagant expectations, which remained unfulfilled, of obtaining German customers through me. At the time mentioned, they proposed to change the terms of my engagement so that I should not be paid a salary, but only be allowed commissions on business secured by me. As I had so far not derived more than twenty-five dollars in this way, I could not possibly accept, and therefore left them.

The loss of my place did not at all trouble me, for I had conceived and was full of a scheme from the realization of which I expected much honor and great profit. It will be remembered that, at that time, both the proslavery and antislavery parties respectively were engaged in promoting with all their might emigration into the disputed Territory of Kansas. In the North as well as in the South, from the New England States to the Mississippi, a lively agitation was going on for the formation of "Kansas emigration societies." Quite a number of such had already been formed and were sending settlers into Kansas. The newspapers announced almost daily the arrival of more or less numerous parties on their way West. My project was nothing less than the forming of a society among the young Germans throughout the Northwest to secure a large tract of land in Kansas and settle the members upon it. The colony was to be, like the other Northern settlements, a

vanguard of liberty, and to fight for free soil, if necessary.[1] Of course, I aspired to be the head of the organization. I wrote out a regular plan for it, and, as soon as I was free from office duties, I proceeded to push it. I had no difficulty in interesting in it quite a number of young men, "Turners" and members of political clubs. There was enough enthusiasm among us, but no capital. No one of us could do more than pay a moderate weekly contribution into the treasury. At my suggestion, it was resolved to try and interest local capitalists in our undertaking, and the task devolved upon me. I called upon a number of well-known and wealthy antislavery men, and obtained a dozen subscriptions ranging from fifty to a hundred dollars. Of course, this was not sufficient capital. It then occurred to me that we could far more readily obtain this in the large Eastern cities, which accordingly I persuaded my associates to authorize me to visit for the purpose of soliciting further subscriptions. I made them also instruct me to go to Washington, with a view to getting a donation of land for our purposes from Congress or the Government. I need not say that this feature of the venturesome enterprise was attributable to the fact that I had not the remotest idea of the insuperable difficulties of obtaining any sort of bounty from the Federal authorities.

I went direct from Chicago via Baltimore to the national capital. I had obtained letters of introduction from local political leaders to United States Senators and several members of the House from Illinois. The letters did not endorse my scheme, but said that I would explain what I wanted, simply vouching for my reliability. I devoted one day to sight-seeing before presenting them. Aside from the stately public buildings, Washington presented, thirty years ago, the appearance of a shabby, lifeless Southern town. The former dwarfed the masses of mean buildings

[1] He "came very near joining one of the companies of Sharp's riflemen that were being formed all over the North in order to save that Territory to freedom."

around them, making them look shabbier and more insignificant. Intense July heat had set in, and hardly anybody was to be seen on the immense streets. The large colored population, exhibiting characteristics indicative of slavery, was a negatively interesting feature to me. But my general impression of the place was very unsatisfactory.

I had little difficulty in getting at the Illinois Senators, Lyman Trumbull and Stephen A. Douglas, and saw them both. Trumbull was a new member and had not made much of a reputation, while Douglas was at that time the most prominent political character before the American public, owing to his growing opposition to the extreme proslavery demands of his party, so that I considered the chance to see and talk with him quite a feather in my cap. Mr. Trumbull had heard of me as a former student in his brother's office; he knew my relatives, and so gave me a kindly reception. I found him very much like his brother, though of more commanding presence. I submitted our printed colonization plan to him. After reading it through, he asked what he was expected to do about it. Thereupon I dwelt as eloquently as I could upon our wishes for either executive or legislative aid from the Government. I saw a smile steal over his face, which produced a feeling of embarrassment in me; but I went through with my argument. "Young friend," the Senator answered, "I regret that you have incurred the trouble and expense of coming to Washington, for your mission is absolutely hopeless. What you seek is contrary to law and usage, and especially ill-advised in the face of the pending party struggle, in and out of Congress, over Kansas." He could but counsel me to abandon at once all contemplated attempts and to return home. This was a cold-water douche indeed, and I left him very crestfallen.

Nevertheless, during the day, I resolved to try my luck with Senator Douglas. Going to his hotel the next morning, I found more than a dozen callers ahead of me, and it was fully two hours before I stood before the "Little

Giant," as he was already dubbed by his party. The phrase was well suited to him. He was very small, not over four and a half feet high, and there was a noticeable disproportion between the long trunk of his body and his short legs. His chest was broad and indicated great strength of lungs. It took but a glance at his face and head to convince one that they belonged to no ordinary man. No beard hid any part of his remarkable, swarthy features. His mouth, nose, and chin were all large and clearly expressive of much boldness and power of will. The broad, high forehead proclaimed itself the shield of a great brain. The head, covered with an abundance of flowing black hair just beginning to show a tinge of gray, impressed one with its massiveness and leonine expression. His brows were shaggy, his eyes a brilliant black. He glanced at the letters I handed to him, and asked, with his deep, sonorous voice, that never failed to tell upon popular audiences, what he could do for me. I handed him our prospectus, when he remarked: "Can you tell me its substance? My time is so limited that I cannot read it." I tried to explain, but I had hardly alluded to our object when he cut me short, saying: "Never mind, I understand it all, but I can do nothing for you. Similar requests are addressed to me almost daily by societies formed in the interest of the South, and, even if legal difficulties were not in the way, it would never do for me to favor either side in the national controversy, for political reasons." With this brief and emphatic reply I had to be satisfied, and took my leave. It seemed useless to continue my efforts among the members of the House to whom I had recommendations, and hence I took the first train for Philadelphia.

I spent a whole week in the "City of Brotherly Love" in pursuit of my purpose. I had only one letter of introduction, to William D. Kelley, who was even then playing a leading part in the formation of the opposition to the proslavery Democracy into a new party, and who afterwards achieved national distinction as a member of Con-

gress representing the same Philadelphia district for over a generation. He received me very kindly, but did not hold out much encouragement as to local success in my mission. He went so far as to go around with me personally to wealthy political sympathizers. They were nearly all business men; among them was Mr. Drexel, the senior member of the great banking-firm of Drexel & Co. Several of them, and especially Mr. Drexel, examined me closely as to the details of my project, and particularly regarding the precise uses which we proposed to make of the capital I was trying to raise. I was much embarrassed by being unable to answer some of their questions. My plan did not cover the point whether the subscribers would get something like shares in the company in return for their money, or whether they were expected simply to make gifts. The truth was, that my business knowledge had not been sufficient to make me qualified to elaborate the scheme on a joint-stock basis, and that what I really wanted was outright donations. I remember very distinctly how confounded I was by Mr. Drexel's remark: "Supposing that your enterprise were really laudable enough to deserve pecuniary help from me and others, why should you and your associates alone have all the benefits reaped from such assistance?" I got out of the quandary as best I could by stating that the subscribers who desired it could, of course, have their contributions treated by the company as loans. But, as I was utterly unprepared to give any guarantees or to show that the proper legal forms had been provided for in that respect, I not only failed to obtain subscriptions, but evidently became an object of suspicion.

Depressed and humiliated, I proceeded to New York. I put up at the Prescott House, a well-known and well-kept German hotel, mainly patronized by the Germans of the better classes from all parts of the United States and from the old country. One of the first persons I saw among the guests was "Colonel" Blenker, who had acquired considerable notoriety, during the rising in the Palatinate in

1849, as the commander of a so-called "free corps," an independent battalion of young ultra-radicals, who proved, however, more determined in the display of red emblems than on the battle-field. I became acquainted with him at the table d'hôte. He was tall, well-built, with fine manners, but his features, so far as they were not covered by his full beard, had the coloring of a confirmed toper. He was a very loud talker, and, when he did not brag of his martial achievements, could not say enough in denunciation of the United States, where his merits hitherto had not been recognized. I soon found out that the cause of his disgust with the country was the fact that he was obliged to eke out a precarious living as a small market-farmer in Rockland County, New York. He supplied the hotel with vegetables and fruit, and, strange to say, took his pay mostly in dinners and wine. He subsequently played quite a part on the Northern side during the War of the Rebellion.

I had a letter to Dr. Hexamer, a German physician of very high professional and social standing, and also a leader of the local German wing of the newly-formed Republican party. Had he lived, he would doubtless have had a brilliant career, but he was consumptive and had then but a short time to live, as he told me himself. He was one of the kindest and most delightful men in every way that I ever met, ready at once to help my scheme, with which he was much impressed. He introduced me personally to Friedrich Kapp, which proved the beginning of a lifelong intimacy. Kapp was engaged in the practice of law, so he seemed to be just the man I needed to put my project into legal shape. He was very willing, too, to give me the benefit of his advice. He agreed with my Philadelphia critics that I and my associates could not expect the public to place a large sum of money unconditionally in our hands, to be used as we saw fit. He advised me strongly to abandon all efforts to raise money under my original plan, and proposed to me to organize a joint-stock company. However, even a brief discussion of the details of the methods to be fol-

lowed in acting on his proposition was sufficient, little as I then knew of business affairs, to satisfy me that, in the first place, having no acquaintance, no influence, and no means with which to meet the preliminary expenses, it would be utterly impossible for me to effect such an organization. Secondly, even if I succeeded in forming a company, I could not expect to realize my ambitious dream of controlling it, as I had nothing to contribute towards its capital.

Thus I was compelled to come to the conclusion that my scheme would have to be dropped. I was not inclined, however, to accept it at once, and my mind only gradually worked up to the recognition of that disagreeable necessity. But my reluctance was due as much to lack of conviction as to the recognition of the awkward position in which the miscarriage of my plans would inevitably place me—for had I not collected considerable money in Chicago, which was then spent for travelling expenses?

Meantime, I enjoyed an interesting political experience. Deep excitement over the memorable Presidential election of that year was felt throughout the country. The nomination of John C. Frémont as the candidate for the White House and the opponent of the further extension of slavery had, more than all others, produced intense enthusiasm, in which I shared. Hexamer and Kapp were very active in organizing German Republican clubs in New York and the adjoining cities. I accompanied them regularly to the meetings held for the purpose. Their propaganda was not as widely successful as they thought it would be, for the mass of our countrymen showed a stubborn adhesion (born of ignorance and their traditional voting for the Democratic ticket) to the Democratic party. I was also a regular frequenter of the Republican headquarters, which were established at Clinton Hall on Broadway, nearly opposite Clinton Place. The chairman of the Republican Central Committee was Simeon Draper, a well-known real-estate dealer. I remember well the admiration I felt every time

I saw his commanding figure and heard his stentorian voice. I was also present when a serenade was given to "John and Jessie" (Colonel Frémont's wife, *née* Benton), who occupied a house on Clinton Place, and I had the good fortune to shake hands with them both on that occasion.

I thus loitered in New York for several weeks before returning to Chicago to explain to my associates the reasons for my failure. Most of them were slow to accept my statement that I had tried my best but failed, owing to the nature of our scheme, and criticised my staying in the East longer than was necessary. In settling my account, there was strong opposition to allowing me all that I claimed for travelling expenses, in consideration of which I reduced my claim considerably, though I had charged for only part of my stay in New York. The result of it all was that I resigned and that the "land association" thereupon collapsed.

This sorry ending reduced me again to pecuniary embarrassment. I had not felt justified in drawing the monthly allowance from my father, after leaving Peoria. Thus I found myself with less than thirty dollars in my possession. I had intended to return to New York, feeling sure that, with the aid of my new acquaintances, I could find an acceptable position, but this was now out of the question. At this juncture, I learned accidentally of an opening that seemed to me especially attractive. The Republicans of Racine, Wisconsin, on the direct railroad line between Chicago and Milwaukee, were anxious to win over to their party the large German vote in their city, and for that purpose planned to buy the Democratic German paper and convert it into a Republican organ. They had asked the editors of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* to recommend a suitable person to take charge of the concern, and I had heard of the matter through one of them. I was convinced that I was sufficiently familiar with current politics, and that, as for the rest of the needed qualifications, the natural ability which I claimed for myself, together with the energy and enthusiasm that I should bring to the new occupation, would

enable me to acquire them speedily. I saw a direct road to literary and political distinction before me. Accordingly, I lost no time in pursuing that great chance. I persuaded my informant to give me a letter of introduction to the Republican Executive Committee of Racine, and took the next train for that place. This was about the end of August, 1856.

Racine was then, and, I am told, still is, a beautiful town. It is situated right on the shore of Lake Michigan, of which it commands a grand view. There was one long, broad street, lined on both sides with business buildings. The residence part consisted of fine shaded avenues intersecting each other at right angles, with numerous attractive homes. The city was the seat of the county authorities, and of a well-frequented college which always enjoyed a good reputation among Western educational institutions. It contained about twelve thousand inhabitants, one-third of whom were Germans. The county population was also largely German. My first impressions of the place were so favorable as to make me doubly anxious to secure the acceptance of my services. The chairman of the Republican Committee, a bright young lawyer, received me with evident pleasure. I felt much relieved on learning from him that I had no competitor. He at once called a meeting of the committee and presented me to them. They asked no questions at all and engaged me on the spot, with expressions of great satisfaction. The committee had a secret option from the publisher of the German paper to buy it at a certain price, and they resolved to proceed at once to raise the necessary money and exercise it. I was to have eighteen dollars a week salary—princely pay, as it seemed to me—and the sole editorial and business management on behalf of the new owners. The chairman at once set out with me to find a suitable boarding-place, and I obtained a very satisfactory one in a genteel private family, for the low price of five dollars a week for a nice room and all my meals. Thus, literally, in less than twenty-four hours

after leaving Chicago, I was at anchor in what appeared to be a permanent haven of rest and promise. A feeling of security and hopefulness came over me which I had not experienced to the same degree since I landed on American soil. As it took the committee several days to close the purchase, I had sufficient leisure to see the town and vicinity thoroughly and to make acquaintances. I was charmed with all I saw and heard.

This happiness was somewhat dimmed when the committee had concluded their bargain and I took possession of the weekly *Volksblatt* printing-office for them and ascertained the exact condition of the paper. The man who had sold it was a printer by trade, and had, with one assistant, edited and printed the paper. The supply of type was limited and nearly worn out. There was only an old-style hand-press, on which six hundred copies could be printed in a working-day of twelve hours. The appearance of the paper was indeed wretched, and its contents no better. It had been edited mainly with the aid of scissors, but the selections plainly indicated absence of both taste and judgment. There was very little editorial matter, and what there was consisted of commonplace stuff expressed in ungrammatical language. Indeed, the author of it, who was not at all an educated man, confessed that he never had attempted to write out anything, but that it was his regular practice to put such thoughts as he had directly into type. Under the circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that the subscription-list always remained small. There were nominally about three hundred and eighty names on the books, but a close examination proved that many of the rural subscribers had either not paid at all for years, or paid in farming produce—butter, eggs, chickens, potatoes, corn, and the like. Further inquiries also showed that the subscribers were almost entirely made up of shopkeepers, saloon-keepers, mechanics, and farmers, and that two German doctors were the only representatives of the higher education among them. That with such readers there was not

much chance for "literary distinction" was plain enough. As the paper was to raise boldly, between two issues, the Republican instead of the Democratic flag in its columns, the effect of this somersault upon the subscribers remained to be seen. It was clear that, as a preventive of numerous desertions among them, the contents of the paper ought to be very much improved; but the poor material equipment rendered this out of the question.

Still, I resolved to try my best. New as I was to the calling, the first weeks were full of hard work and nervous anxiety. I believe that I wrote and re-wrote the editorials in the first number issued under my control half a dozen times, until I could persuade myself that they would pass muster. I worked literally night and day, succeeding, I can say without self-flattery, in producing very respectable papers. There were at the time only three other German Republican papers published in Wisconsin, as against a score of Democratic, but they all complimented my work. The Democratic organs, as was to be expected, raised a great outcry against the political conversion of the *Volksblatt*, and at once began to abuse me as its originator, with much wrath and unanimity of feeling. The change in the politics of the paper provoked also a declaration, by about a score of old subscribers, published in a Milwaukee German paper, that the "treason" of the paper was due to the mercenariness and bad faith of the publisher, who had no right to sell it, as leading Democrats had originally supplied the capital. This added fuel to the flame, and made the war I waged in my columns against political opponents hotter from week to week. More than half of the subscribers stopped their paper; but I did not mind this, as the local managers of the campaign ordered as large an edition as we could print with our facilities, till after the election.

I was not expected to do anything except, through the newspaper, to persuade the local German voters to go with the Republican party. But I was too earnest, and too full

of the intense excitement that took possession of the whole Union during the memorable Presidential contest of that year, to confine my activity to writing. I volunteered to organize a German wing of the local Republican club, and, although this was no easy task, owing to the stolid allegiance of my countrymen to the other party, I succeeded in working up a membership of nearly fifty from the smallest beginnings. We held frequent meetings, which gave me the long-desired opportunity to practise public speaking. I readily got over the first embarrassment, common to all beginners in that art, and acquired considerable fluency. I even addressed some gatherings of German voters especially brought together to listen to me. I was so much encouraged that I even ventured on two occasions on the bold experiment of speaking in English before general meetings of the Republican club. I was well prepared, and, as a double precaution against failure, spoke but briefly. It helped me very much to have the opportunity to listen to a number of prominent politicians and fine speakers from other States who came to Racine to address mass-meetings. There were also some very good speakers among the local leaders, whom I heard regularly in the club. The most prominent among them was Judge Doolittle, afterwards United States Senator.

Notwithstanding these political preoccupations, I found time to form a regular connection, as Western political correspondent, with the *Neue Zeit*, a weekly of the highest aspirations, founded by an enterprising German publisher in New York. It numbered among its contributors all the leading German-American writers, as well as eminent literati and journalists in the old country. It was edited with great care, and every number was replete with fine articles on politics, literature, science, music, and other subjects. I had become acquainted with its editors in New York, and had an ambitious longing to be permitted to write for it. Shortly after reaching Racine, I prepared a long letter on the general political situation in the North-

west. I spent much time and labor on it and sent it to the editors at a venture. To my intense joy, there came an answer from them within a week, saying that it was gladly accepted, and that further contributions were desired from me. My compensation was to be five dollars a letter, which was not a liberal allowance, considering the hard work involved in it for me; still, it was adding just so much to my income, and, moreover, I thought it such an honor to write for the *Neue Zeit* that I would gladly have corresponded with it without pay.

I vividly recollect to this hour the feverish anxiety into which I had worked myself by the time of the near approach of the election. I became so restless that even my editorial duties seemed very irksome. I did outside political work from morning till midnight. The night following the elections, I stayed up with the local Republican leaders till the small hours of the morning. The election returns were not encouraging when we finally sought our quarters, but there was no ground for giving up hope. I need hardly say that I felt indescribably woful when it became a cruel certainty on the following day that, instead of achieving a sweeping victory, the Republicans had suffered an overwhelming, humiliating defeat. My inexpressible disgust made me shun the sight of everybody, and it took me nearly a week to recover my balance.

There was enough in the condition of the *Volksblatt* to sober me entirely. As already mentioned, its sudden political conversion had resulted in a considerable melting away of the subscription-list. The election being over, all the campaign subscriptions stopped, of course, and the fact stared me in the face that there remained only about two hundred and fifty names that could be positively relied on for the future. The advertising patronage, too, was slim. The total gross income of the paper from both sources was not more than eighteen hundred dollars. A close calculation showed that it would take nearly twice as much to pay my salary, the wages of two printers, the cost of paper, ink,

etc. Moreover, the renewal of type was imperative. During the campaign, the paper had been allowed a subsidy of fifty dollars a week out of the party funds, and, in view of the condition described, it was of vital importance to me to know whether this stipend would be continued. Hence, I naturally communicated without delay with the Republican Committee on the subject, only to discover, however, that all their enthusiasm had evaporated with the lost election. I received, too, my first lesson in that common experience in this and every other free country, that there is the greatest difference between the promises of politicians before an election and their fulfilment after it. I was informed at once that not only had the campaign fund been entirely exhausted, but the committee was still in debt for electioneering expenses, and that hence they could not contribute another dollar towards the *Volksblatt*. Nor was this all. I now learned for the first time that the greater part of the purchase price of the paper was still unpaid—that, indeed, only one-fourth of it had been paid down in cash, and that the balance would become due in six months from the date of purchase and was secured by a mortgage on the whole concern. This revelation was accompanied by the suggestion, which, under the circumstances, sounded a good deal like mockery, that, in view of my zealous services during the campaign, the committee would be willing to waive all claim for the cash payment, and turn the paper over to me, to be dealt with as best I could, upon the sole condition that I should continue to advocate the Republican cause.

The double task was thus to be put upon me of increasing the income of the paper to a living point and making provision within less than four months for the payment of the remaining three-quarters of the purchase price—a decidedly appalling outlook. But my enthusiasm and confidence in myself were greater than my business experience, so, after considering the question for a couple of days, I decided to accept the committee's proposal. I had

persuaded myself that, with strong personal efforts, I might succeed in securing considerable additions to the subscription-list. Then I had reason to think that, by adding a job-printing outfit to the establishment, a new source of income might be found. As regarded the unpaid purchase money, I got over the difficulty by assuring myself that, if I was successful in my efforts in other directions and could make a small additional payment, the creditor would probably be willing to grant an extension of time. There remained the necessity of procuring a new lot of type for the paper. I had heard that it was not difficult to obtain credit from type-makers, and that was sufficient to do away with my hesitation on that score.

I can affirm that I left no stone unturned in my subsequent endeavors to establish the *Volksblatt* on a paying basis. I devoted all the time I could spare from my office labors as editor and publisher to a persistent canvass for new subscribers and advertisers. I solicited not only in Racine, but in three other smaller towns in the county. I even visited Milwaukee repeatedly, but at the end of the year I had secured only a hundred and thirty subscribers more and about seven hundred dollars' worth of advertising —about one-third of the amount needed to keep up the paper. A good part of the new receipts, too, I had to use for travelling expenses.

This meagre result brought me to the end of my wits. I had exhausted the whole field in which anything was to be gathered. I might have bought job and ordinary type on credit, if I had made myself personally liable for it, but I was afraid to do so, and did not buy. The inevitable end of my newspaper ownership came early in January, 1857. Unable to pay the wages of the compositors any longer, I advised the chairman of the Republican Committee of my state of stress. He authorized me to turn the concern over to the former owner, who reluctantly accepted it and forthwith changed it back into a Democratic organ. He claimed at the time that the committee, and I

myself as its successor in the control of the paper, were liable to him for the balance due, but he had no legal remedy and did not attempt to enforce his claim. Twenty-four years later, when at the height of my prosperity, I received a letter from this same person, saying that he had been ruined by relieving me of the paper and asking for some recognition on my part. I sent him a check for one thousand dollars.

CHAPTER V

Correspondent and School-teacher.—1857–8

I HAD saved enough money to keep me for a few months, and concluded to remain in Racine till spring. Although without any regular employment, I was not idle. I continued my contributions to the *Neue Zeit*, even venturing to alternate letters with brief essays on social and political subjects, which were as readily accepted. I was justified then in believing that I should succeed as a German writer. I also knew that, owing to the limited field open to German journalism and literature in this country, a career as such would hardly be satisfactory as regarded either material profit or reputation. I saw, too, the incomparably wider sphere in both respects of the Anglo-American journalist. I had acquired such familiarity with English that there seemed to be no reason why I should not, with proper diligence, succeed before long in learning to write with sufficient fluency and correctness to enable me to enter that wider arena. I therefore determined to devote myself unremittingly to the task. I practised English composition for several hours every day, unless absent from home. I had to be my own teacher, and I followed a very simple and, as the result proved, effective method. I took a newspaper article or magazine, or a chapter in a novel, or some standard matter, read it over carefully several times, and then tried to reproduce it with pen and paper. Having the model before me, I could always correct my own work. After two months' practice, I felt able to venture an article on European politics for the *Daily Advocate*, the local Republican paper. I took it to the editor myself, explaining that it was my first attempt

at writing in English, and that I expected no compensation for it if he thought it fit to be published. He looked it over, detected only one error, and promised to publish not only that but any other matter in the same line that I might bring him. I wrote thereafter one or two articles a week for the paper, with constantly increasing facility.

After the New Year, 1857, I had frequent occasion to interrupt my labors for days at a time. I learned by chance that some leading Germans in Milwaukee had formed a project similar to my Chicago land scheme, and would apply to the Wisconsin Legislature for a special act incorporating a land company with powers to acquire real estate in any part of the United States and to issue stock and bonds against it. The information revived so strongly my former faith that such an organization could make no end of money, that I went to Milwaukee to confer with the parties in question. I found that, though having no definite plans, they were very enthusiastic about the matter. The idea again got such complete possession of me that I made up my mind to try for a charter myself, alone. I went to Madison, the capital of the State, where the Legislature was holding its biennial session, and interested the Senator and member from Racine County in the scheme. They framed the charter for me, and in due time it was passed by both houses; but, to achieve this success, it was necessary to make several visits to the capital. During my stay there, I renewed my acquaintance with Hermann Goll, whom I had met the year before at Chicago, a man of thorough scholarship and great literary capacity, who was fulfilling the uncongenial duties of editor of the weekly German newspaper. He was thoroughly disgusted with his vocation and surroundings, for he was withal an extreme radical (politically) as well as a most entertaining man. He did not endure his situation long, but returned to his native land of Baden, where he died a few years ago, being at the time the editor of the conservative official journal of the Government of the Grand Duchy. I also became ac-

quainted with Dr. Fuchs, another German scholar and thorough gentleman, and his bright, amiable wife. He held a professorship at the State University. These pleasant acquaintances were the only actual fruits of my repeated visits to Madison, for subsequent efforts in Milwaukee to utilize the charter by forming a land company conjointly with the parties referred to proved unavailing, so that I gave up the attempt in disgust and the act remained a dead letter.

In the course of the winter, I had my first insight into American domestic life and society as it then existed in a comparatively new Western town. My recollections in this connection are of the most agreeable nature. I saw then, for the first time, the neatness, order, comfort, peace, and quiet that, as a rule, characterize the American home; and made the observation, which is confirmed every day of my life, that American women of any social position have not their equals in any other country for brightness, tact, and true womanhood, and that they are as intelligent as American men and superior to them in all other respects —except, of course, knowledge of practical life. The richest men were persons who began life as mechanics or small tradesmen. Their whole bearing showed their origin, but their wives and daughters looked like ladies, and in most cases were really such. Yet those uncouth-mannered men had given, or were giving, the very best education to their children that money could command. The professors of the college imparted a somewhat higher tone to social life than prevailed in other Western towns. Some of them were really learned and ardently devoted to their calling. The older college students and a goodly number of attractive young ladies rendered the social circles very animated and pleasant, at least for one of my age.

What with my past savings and current earnings, I was able to remain in Racine till early in May. I had had such a pleasant and at the same time useful experience there that I found it really hard to make up my mind to leave for

good. It was true, too, that my departure was regretted by many of my acquaintances. But it was clear that my aim had to be pursued elsewhere, and, thinking that such pursuit would be more promising in the intellectual centres of the East, I set out once more for New York. I arrived there with a slender purse and half a dozen long articles on miscellaneous subjects, three in German and three in English, prepared in advance, as a means of further introduction to the metropolitan press.

With the acquaintances I had made the year before in the Empire City, I had no trouble in obtaining proper introductions to the editors of the principal American and German dailies—namely, the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, and the *Staats-Zeitung*, the Democratic paper. It was far more difficult to obtain personal interviews with several people, whom, however, I managed to see after more or less antechambering—Charles A. Dana, the editorial manager of the *Tribune*, and also Henry J. Raymond and Frederic Hudson, who filled like positions on the *Times* and *Herald*. The first-mentioned I found quite talkative and affable. He began the conversation in German, which he spoke very fluently, and, after a few keen questions, he soon took my measure, and made me confess that I was a new hand at the journalist's trade and had nothing to offer but a willingness to work and ambitious aspirations. He showed a disposition to sneer at the latter. Still, the ardor with which I pressed my application for employment seemed to impress him. He took down my address, saying that he would perhaps try me as a general reporter of the doings of the Germans in the city. I offered him one of my English articles on "German Life in the Northwest," and he promised to read it. Mr. Raymond also received me kindly, but gave me no encouragement at all, and declined to receive and examine one of my English productions. He intimated that the *Times* had more editorial contributions than it could print, that it was always ready to pay liberally for what it published, and for valuable news. He was perfectly

polite, but brief and decided. His whole manner, indeed, revealed the vigorous, resolute mind that characterized his career as a journalist. Mr. Hudson's response to my application was substantially the same. "What do you think that you can do for us?" he asked me, when I got through with my explanation of my wishes; and I found it hard, of course, to reply. "Anything in the way of news that you bring us, I will read, and use if acceptable." He merely cast a glance at the samples of my ability to write, and turned me off, saying, "It would have to be a matter of the highest value to induce the *Herald* to print anything so long."

The *Staats-Zeitung* was then and is now one of the most prosperous newspapers in the world, and, as such, entirely able, but willing only to a moderate degree, to pay for extra contributions. Mrs. Uhl, the widow of its founder, was the active business-manager. She was a woman of commanding and pleasing presence, and superintended the whole concern, including the editorial and business departments, with untiring industry (she was at her post at eight o'clock every morning), excellent judgment, and great success. The politics of the paper were abominable, but it had a Sunday issue on neutral ground, and to it I sought admission. Mrs. Uhl had a very kindly nature, which blossomed out in after years in the shape of private and public charity on the largest practical scale. On her death, in 1884 (she died Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer), her worth was recognized by one of the greatest public demonstrations ever witnessed in New York. I understood that she was beset all the time with requests like mine, and hence hardly expected the friendly hearing which she granted me. She agreed to have my literary articles read by her literary editor and to advise me promptly of the result. My call at the office of the *New-Yorker Demokrat* bore no fruit, as I had anticipated from what I had heard of its limited pecuniary resources.

In a few days I received my manuscript from Mr. Dana,

with a brief note saying that he could not use it. The *Staats-Zeitung*, on the other hand, informed me that two of my articles had been accepted, and that they would be paid for, when published, at the rate of four dollars a column. They brought actually twenty-one dollars to me in all. This was rather a humiliating compensation for what represented more than a week's hard work, and did not augur well for the rapid acquisition of wealth by means of my pen; but I took the money and worked on. If I remember correctly, my contributions to the *Staats-Zeitung* earned me only four dollars a week. The *Neue Zeit* also continued to accept about a column every fortnight, for which I received five dollars, and I managed, too, to get something to do for the German edition of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, which was started at that time. As regarded the American press, my dream of an editorial connection had been rudely dispelled; but, nothing daunted, I resolved to get *en rapport* with them as a chance reporter or penny-a-liner. I tried all the three dailies named with brief accounts of special occurrences among the German population, such as public festivals, military parades, proceedings of societies, etc., and succeeded fairly well. At least half of what I offered was accepted, but the work was hard and discouraging, owing to the uncertainty of the pay. I do not believe that my income from this source ever exceeded eight dollars a week.

This was literally scraping a precarious livelihood. I continued it for nearly three months and gradually grew very weary of it. I had neither sufficient income nor leisure for social enjoyments, and led a very lonesome life. I began to long for a change and to consider my leaving the West a great mistake. I was already thinking of ways and means of returning there when a chance to do so was suddenly presented to me. A contest had broken out between the Republicans and Democrats of Minnesota in the political convention called under an act of Congress to frame a State Constitution, that attracted a good deal of atten-

tion. It flashed upon me that I might induce one of the American dailies to send me as a special correspondent to the scene of action. I proposed this without delay to the three managing editors. Mr. Dana alone was willing to consider it. He would not, however, act upon my bold suggestion to allow me a regular salary and expenses, but agreed, after much parleying, only to let me write not less than twenty columns from St. Paul, and to allow me twelve dollars a column for the work. I figured up the travelling expenses to St. Paul at fifty dollars—more money than I had at my command. I was about to give up the plan, on account of this apparently insuperable obstacle, when an American fellow-reporter, with whom I had struck up a close acquaintance, helped me out with a good piece of advice. He recommended that I should go to Albany and ask Thurlow Weed, the famous editor of the Albany *Journal*, to obtain passes for me. My adviser had himself tried the same thing successfully.

I packed up and took the first evening boat for the capital of the State. On landing in the morning, I made directly for the *Journal* office, and ascertained that the renowned personage I went to see was fortunately in town. I had the desired interview with him before noon. His exterior was the index of a remarkable man. His tall form, beardless face, set in a frame of gray, bushy hair, heavy eyebrows, and a large mouth made a strong combination of features. His kindly eyes and pleasant smile were in contrast to the rest of his face. He gave me a friendly welcome and listened to my request. After questioning me as to the object of my Western trip, he said promptly, "I think I can help you," sat down, and wrote a letter of introduction for me to a local railroad official, requesting him to obtain passes for me as far westward in the direction of St. Paul as possible. The thanks that I expressed were sincere, for I certainly had no claim upon him. The letters had the desired effect. I was given a pass from Albany to Buffalo, orders for transportation thence to Detroit by

Lake Erie, and from Detroit to Grand Haven, Milwaukee, and Prairie du Chien, the terminus of the only railroad at that time crossing the State of Wisconsin to the Mississippi River. I started at once and had a most interesting and enjoyable, but uneventful, trip of four and a half days to Prairie du Chien. There I took a passenger steamer up the Mississippi to my destination. I found the scenery formed by the banks of the river very picturesque. Going upstream and making many landings, we were over twenty-four hours on the boat. I believe that we reached St. Paul on the 15th of August.

The town had not over seven thousand inhabitants. I was struck with the beauty and other advantages of its situation and was at once satisfied it had a great future. At the levee there was a long line of steamboats, showing already an extensive local commerce. The Territory of Minnesota being then on the eve of admission to the Union as a State, the tide of immigration from the Eastern States had set strongly in that direction. Several boats arrived daily from below with crowds of seekers of political and other fortunes. The place was thronged with a floating population far beyond its residential. It consisted of two straggling business streets parallel to the river, gradually ascending to a plateau bordered by wooded hills, which had already been reached by the residence portion of the town and was considerably developed. From the plateau there was a magnificent prospect over the Mississippi valley and a large expanse of country to the west of it. There were two main centres of life in the community—the large brick hotel, at which I stopped, and the Territorial capitol. There was stir enough, to be sure, but who would have dared to prophesy that in a little over thirty years the small town would grow into a city of two hundred thousand people?

The complication in the constitutional convention that led to my journey was this: The Democrats were charged with having perpetrated frauds in the election and sent up five members from Pembina County (now part of North

Dakota), who were rejected as coming from outside territory. The Republicans numbered fifty-nine and the Democrats fifty-four. Upon the rejection of the Pembina delegates, the Democrats seceded and sat in a separate hall. Each party proceeded to make a constitution, denounced the other violently, and the bitterest war was raging between them when I arrived. For a week, there was plenty of material for letters, but wiser counsels prevailed, and a committee of conference was appointed to harmonize the two constitutions and submit only one to the people. The conference was successful, and the committee's report was made to both bodies and adopted on August 30. Thereupon, the "double-headed" convention adjourned and my mission was ended, much sooner than I wished.

Being thus deprived of political material for correspondence, I sought to obtain other by visiting various parts of the Territory. For this purpose, I joined a party of young fellows who set out for a fortnight's hunting-trip to the northwest of St. Paul. We started in an ordinary farmer's wagon, drawn by two horses. After travelling some hours, the road came to an end, and we continued our way at a venture across the wild prairie. We struck a tamarack swamp in the afternoon, and, thinking that it was of no great extent, tried to cross it. We struggled on, but had not reached the end of it when the sun set and we felt obliged to stop for the night in a comparatively dry spot. From the time we entered the swamp, men and animals struggled desperately to protect themselves from the swarms of mosquitoes, but, in spite of the most vigorous resistance, we were quickly stung all over. We walked alongside of the horses, which, although we brushed them incessantly with twigs, were constantly covered and driven almost wild by the insects. Their ears and nostrils suffered especially. On halting for the night, we made a narrow circle of branches strewn with green grass about our camp, and fired it, so as to surround ourselves with a dense smoke. It did but little good, and, owing to our

efforts to protect ourselves and the horses, no one of us got any rest. We started again at daybreak, and it took us nearly the whole forenoon to reach dry prairie. The mosquito plague, however, diminished but little, so that we decided to make for St. Paul again as quickly as possible. We arrived there late in the evening of the third day. I was a sight to behold. My face was really disfigured, and I was so exhausted that I stayed in bed for a whole day.

In spite of this experience, I set out on another wagon-trip to the town of Faribault, on the Minnesota River, forty miles southwest of St. Paul. My motive was to see James F. Shields, formerly United States Senator from Illinois, and a resident of Belleville, where I had become acquainted with him. He had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, but belonged to the class of political adventurers, so numerous in the West in those days, who tried their fortunes in one new State after another. Not being re-elected to the United States Senate in Illinois, he migrated to Minnesota, whence he managed to be sent as Senator for a short term. Subsequently, on her admission into the Union, he served on the Northern side in the war against the Southern Rebellion, and succeeded in being elected United States Senator from Missouri. The newspapers had announced that Speaker Orr of South Carolina and several other leading Democratic politicians were visiting him, and this fact prompted my journey.

I had another sore trial from the mosquitoes in crossing the so-called Big Woods, a strip of timber, many miles wide, extending from south to north across the State. But otherwise the drive through the rolling prairie country, dotted with lakes fringed by oak groves, to the picturesque valley of the Minnesota was quite interesting. Faribault I found to be an embryo village of a few dozen brick, frame, and log houses, for which a large growth was expected. It never became more than a small country town, however. Under the pre-emption law, General Shields had acquired a quarter-section of land immediately adjoining the town. I

found him living upon it, on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country, in a one-story log house of the most primitive description, divided into three rooms. He was sitting in front of it, with his visitors, on rude chairs; smoking a "corn-cob" and looking altogether like a true pioneer. He received me very cordially, and introduced me to the rest of the company, and I spent several hours listening to their varied talk. They were all supplied with a good stock of funny stories, which they dispensed with great liberality. Altogether, I gathered ample material for some descriptive letters, and bitter, therefore, was my disappointment when I found, on my return to St. Paul, a letter from the editor of the *Tribune*, declining to authorize me to write any more, thus leaving me once more without employment. While thinking over my situation, the idea came to me that I had better return to New York and offer my services to the *Tribune*, or any other paper there that might be willing to accept them, as a regular correspondent from the seat of the Sepoy Mutiny in India, which at that time absorbed the anxious attention of the whole world.

I arrived in New York about the middle of September, and immediately entered upon the pursuit of my objects. As no one of the great dailies had, up to that time, published special correspondence from the seat of the Mutiny, I felt very confident of success, and visions of prospective honors and profits cheered me on; but I had not taken one important factor into consideration. The country was fast plunging into the severe financial crisis of 1857. The suspension of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, which ushered in that era of long and general distress, had already occurred and was being daily followed by failures of banks and commercial houses in the city. General distrust prevailed, and trade of every sort had come almost to a standstill. The newspaper business, like every other, was being seriously affected, and publishers and editors necessarily were bent upon reducing rather than enlarging their cur-

rent expenditures. My successive applications to the editors of the *Tribune, Times,* and *Herald* resulted in nothing, although I saw them more than once. The sole encouragement I received was from the editor of the *Evening Post,* John Bigelow, afterwards Consul-General and Minister to France, but he only offered to pay me twenty dollars a letter for what I wrote.

I was very loath to give up my plan, and for weeks taxed my wits for means to raise the needed funds.[1] The only result was that, in the latter half of October, I found myself penniless and without any prospect of work in the great city, which was swarming with tens of thousands of idle men and women, the victims of the crisis. I was finally obliged to put up in a German boarding-house in Jersey City, and to appeal for help to a former female servant of my parents, whom I accidentally found to be living there. Her husband, whom I had also known in my youth, was a skilful journeyman stone-cutter, and had saved a little money from his earnings. These good people gladly provided for my wants, which did not exceed five dollars a week. In my subsequent prosperity I had the satisfaction of being able to manifest to them my grateful appreciation of their kindness.

I prepared a number of articles, both in German and in English, on various subjects, and every few days went to New York and visited the newspaper offices to find a market for them. But all through October I managed to sell only two German articles, for which I received ten dollars! While in a German office one day, I accidentally picked up the Reading (Pa.) *Adler,* the well-known principal paper of the Pennsylvania Germans in the eastern counties of the State, printed in the singular jargon spoken in those parts. Glancing over the advertising columns, I noticed quite a number of short advertisements for teachers in Berks and Bucks and Lebanon Counties. Being very much discour-

[1] One illusive opening was the Government's military expedition against the Mormons in the autumn of 1857.

aged as to my ability to earn a living by literary work, and anxious to be relieved from my pecuniary straits, it occurred to me that there lay the possibility of regular employment. To be sure, I had not the slightest knowledge of teaching, but, from what I had seen of the country schools in different places, I was persuaded that I could manage to fill the prescribed requirements. Accordingly, I left Jersey City for Reading on the last of October. On reaching it, I called on the County School Commissioner, to whom I explained my aspirations. He informed me that there was no suitable opening for me in his county, but that he had just received a letter from his colleague in the adjoining county of Lebanon, asking for a teacher for one of the district schools under his administration. I took the next train for Lebanon, and presented myself without delay to the School Commissioner. He was a very kindly, elderly man, speaking very good German, who interested himself at once in my case. He asked me whether I had a teacher's certificate, and, when I replied that I had not, suggested that I should submit to an examination at once, or prepare myself for one, as I could not be accepted as a teacher without a certificate. I declared my willingness to be examined on the spot, though doubting my ability to pass, whereupon he assured me that I need have no fears. He made me sit down, and, for an hour and a half, put me through a series of questions in arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography, three-fourths of which, under his kind leading, I answered correctly. Then, on payment of one dollar, I received a certificate pronouncing me duly qualified to teach any district school in the State of Pennsylvania; also a letter of introduction to the Board of School Directors for Swatara Township, the chairman of which resided in the village of Jonestown, six miles from Lebanon, whither I went on foot the next morning.

I found Jonestown to be a neat, clean place, consisting of a public square from the four sides of which as many streets extended at right angles. The buildings around the

square, which contained some fine elms, consisted of three hotels with old-fashioned swinging signs, two stores for general retail trade, and some mechanics' shops. The hamlet had a most sleepy look, which on closer acquaintance proved to be in accordance with its true character. Its population, with the exception of a single family, was entirely made up of Pennsylvania Germans, and their peculiar language was used exclusively. I made my way to the most attractive hotel, the landlord of which, a fine-looking, white-haired man, was watching the goings-on from a chair on the main veranda. He gave me a hearty welcome, and, like a genuine village Boniface, immediately tried to find out who I was and what I wanted. On learning my object in being there, he made himself known as one of the school board, and offered to take me at once to the chairman of it. This proved to be the village doctor, a native of New York State, and an intelligent, well-educated man. He received me very kindly, and, after an hour's talk, we were on the best possible footing.

Having taken my intellectual measure, he told me frankly that I was altogether too well educated for the class of people I was to come in contact with, and for the common-school work I wished to undertake. But, on being informed that I sought the latter not from choice but from necessity, he offered to make it as pleasant as possible for me. He called a meeting of the school directors for the same evening, at which I was formally assigned to the vacant school for the two terms of three months each (the common schools in the county were not kept open longer), and my compensation fixed at thirty dollars a month and board —more than had ever been allowed for the same service. I was but too glad to accept, but was rather taken aback when the doctor explained to me that I was not to have an allowance for board, but would have to "board around" among the farmers whose children were to be my pupils— that is, to change my eating- and sleeping-place once a week. There was nothing to be done, however, but to submit.

The first school-term was not to begin for a week, so I remained at the tavern I had first selected during that time. I went back to Lebanon for the valise that contained all my belongings. I was reduced to the suit I wore, a fall overcoat, and a limited supply of linen and underwear. I bought the prescribed text-books, to the study of which I devoted myself diligently. During the week I also made myself acquainted with the leading villagers and the surrounding country. I found the latter most attractive every way. The Swatara River, that flowed through the village, coursed through a most picturesque valley from the beautiful Blue Mountains, the main ridge of which was but a few miles distant. The rolling country was finely diversified and highly improved, and dotted with prosperous farms. Fine public roads extended in every direction—a feature especially pleasing to a passionate pedestrian like myself. Assuredly, I did not fail to visit at once the scene of my future labors. The school-house was an ordinary building, decidedly neglected, and too small for the number of children entitled to use it, but well-lighted and well-situated on an elevation close to a by-road, about three-quarters of an hour from the village.

I duly entered upon my duties at the appointed time. Only thirty-five pupils out of sixty reported, and the attendance was always meagre, never exceeding forty, and sinking in bad weather often below thirty. The ages of my pupils ranged from eighteen to five, the majority being perhaps twelve, with the sexes about equally divided. Most of them were healthy and comely, but shabbily dressed and anything but cleanly in appearance. The majority of them were evidently intelligent, but the examination with which I began my teaching, in order to find out how they had been taught before and how much they knew, proved that they had received very irregular and limited teaching. Their spelling was very defective, their writing awkward, and their pronunciation of English very incorrect. It became clear that I should be equal to my

task, as far as necessary knowledge was concerned, in all the branches except that of writing, in which I was disqualified by my own bad hand. I graded my pupils as best I could under the circumstances, and then proceeded regularly with the prescribed instruction.

The law required five hours' teaching daily. The morning session opened at nine and continued till noon, with ten minutes' recess at half-past ten, followed by an intermission till half-past one, and then two hours more of recitations. Saturday was a holiday. Thus I could not complain of excessive work, nor were my duties irksome to me, as the pupils were well-behaved and I soon got on a good footing with them. During my stay I had but few occasions to administer admonition or punishment, the latter only of a light sort. The main trouble was not bad conduct so much as laziness, especially on the part of the older girls. The general ignorance of my flock was amazing, and I seemed to be among veritable German peasant children. They saw very little of the outside world, and I readily attached them to me by reading and talking to them of it. Though they were the offspring of families that had been settled in Pennsylvania for generations, only a few of them could converse or understand English, so I spoke German to them. At first they found it difficult to understand me, accustomed as they were to the dialect. This very fact made them look upon the "schoolmaster," as they all called me, with awe, as a sort of superior being. Within a few weeks, the whole school was ready to do anything for me, obviously feeling honored by being allowed to talk or walk with me.

I certainly could not boast of great achievements in my experience as a district teacher, but when I contrasted my freedom from care with my last experiences in New York, I felt very content with my temporary lot. This feeling was strengthened when I read in the New York daily *Tribune*, which I had subscribed for, of the progress of the general distress in the large cities. But there

was a feature in my new life that was most distasteful to me from the start. As already mentioned, the terms of my engagement included "free board," which was to be furnished in rotation at the homes of my pupils. Each family was bound to keep me only one week, so every Saturday I had to pick up my traps and move to new quarters. As a rule, my hosts were kindly disposed and treated me to the best they had; but their coarse fare, crude manners, and primitive domestic arrangements were hard to put up with. The people I stayed with were all descended from the poorest and most degraded class of peasants, who had emigrated under labor-contracts from my native province a century previous. They brought with them their domestic habits and had stuck to them ever since. I was surprised to find that their table-fare, beverages, furniture, utensils, and domestic practices generally were all but identical with those of the peasantry of the Palatinate at that very time. I found dishes on their tables that are not known in any other part of Germany. They slept on and under feather-beds,—and, alas! I had to submit to these too,—just as the peasants of the Palatinate do to-day. The very bench at the back of the stores for lounging purposes and smoking was not wanting. Of course, these people had been elevated above the level of a hundred years before, as their parents had had the advantage of the generally civilizing results of life in America, but my hosts were, almost without exception, sadly ignorant, narrow, and low. To be obliged to eat at table and to spend the evening hours and free days with these people, and to be obliged to sleep in the same room with the male farm help, was anything but an agreeable necessity. Yet I made the most of my predicament and got along without friction.

I was, however, immensely relieved when my friend the doctor, at Christmas, in response to my earnest and constant entreaties, persuaded the school board to let him arrange for my board and lodging on a different basis. Accordingly, we succeeded in persuading a family with

which I had lived a week, and which I liked better than any other, to board me regularly for the modest sum of three dollars a week, which the school board was to pay. The family bore the name of Umberger, and consisted of two brothers and their wives and four children of the elder pair, two of whom were a boy of eighteen and a girl of seventeen. During the four months that I remained with them, there never was the least jarring between us. I requited their kindness by giving the children extra teaching at night, and entertaining the inquisitive older folks during the long winter evenings by telling them of life in the West, in Germany, and in the great American cities. To show how circumscribed the vision of these people necessarily was, I need but mention that most of the farmers and their wives whom I met during the winter, had never seen a railroad, though they lived within six miles of one!

I spent my evenings, except Saturdays, at home, talking and reading. Saturdays I set out for the school-house after breakfast, and, after starting the fire in the stove, spent all day doing journalistic work. I did not want to get out of practice, and I sought also to add to my modest income by it. Nothing that I offered to American papers in New York was accepted, but the *Staats-Zeitung* published some descriptive sketches and a short tale, if I remember aright. Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons and evenings, I made calls in Jonestown, or spent some time among the loungers around the office stoves in the several taverns. Of course, I longed for company, and sought what there was of it, poor as it was. One Sunday a month I spent in Lebanon, where I picked up a pleasant acquaintance with the editor of the leading local paper, the *Lebanon County Courier*, through some communications on various subjects which I sent him for gratuitous publication.

Time passed quickly till the end of May, 1858, when my engagement was terminated by the closing of the schools.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK TWO

IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: BULL RUN

CHAPTER VI

The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.—1858

MAN is the creature of habit, and though the experiences through which I had passed at Jonestown were anything but congenial, I was almost loath to change my peaceful, careless existence for the more active life I really desired. It was evident that I had made many friends who were sorry at my departure, and I did not part from them without sincere regret. The Umberger family all cried when I took leave. I promised them and others to visit Jonestown again soon; but, alas! though I have all along intended to do so, circumstances have always prevented my revisiting the scene of my first and last attempt at teaching up to this writing—that is, during the thirty-eight years that have elapsed since I left. I suppose I should now hardly find any of my acquaintances among the living.[1]

I departed from Jonestown just twenty-three years old, with a moderately replenished wardrobe, about sixty dollars in my pocket, and fifty more due me from the *Staats-Zeitung*. This was all I had in the world except splendid health, eagerness for work, and fully regained and unbounded confidence in myself. I went directly to New York, determined to try once more for regular journalistic employment. I was more fortunate this time than in the previous fall. On calling at the office of the *Staats-Zeitung* and sending in my name to the publisher, Oswald Ottendorfer, I was at once invited into his private office. He received me very cordially, complimented me on my

[1] Jonestown was revisited by Mr. Villard in company with his son Oswald in the spring of 1897. All, in fact, whom he had known had disappeared.

work for the paper, and asked me whether I was a professional journalist. Encouraged by his friendly manner, I spoke out frankly about my past and my aspirations. We talked a long time, and he finally told me he would consult with Mrs. Uhl, the proprietress of the paper, as to giving me steady employment, and let me know something definite the next day.

On reporting to him at the appointed hour, he took me to Mrs. Uhl's room and presented me to her. She received me very kindly, saying that she had read my contributions, and hoped that I might become regularly connected with the paper. Mr. Ottendorfer then stated that their weekly edition had a very large circulation throughout the Western States, to keep up which it was necessary to send out special agents from time to time to look after their customers. He proposed that I should travel for the paper through the middle States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois, collecting old subscriptions and getting new subscribers, and at the same time writing regular descriptive letters to the paper. Mrs. Uhl was willing to have me engaged on trial for three months, and to allow me fifteen dollars a week and actual expenses. I thought I ought not to hesitate for a moment and accepted at once. I received the necessary detailed instructions, the fifty dollars due me, and one hundred dollars in advance on account, and set out the next day for Ohio.

I commenced my canvass at Steubenville, and in the course of the next five weeks, following the subscription-list, visited about twenty-five larger and smaller towns, including Newark, Canton, Massillon, Columbus, Springfield, and Chillicothe. I wrote regularly one letter a week, making from one and a half to two columns, for publication, and this part of my work gave entire satisfaction. But I was not successful in the other respect. I expected to find more or less educated Germans in the places I visited, who would be glad to give me the benefit of their advice and assistance. But I rarely came across any men of culture.

Those I had to deal with were mainly grocers, saloon-keepers, and small mechanics. It was hard to collect past dues, and much harder to enlist new subscribers. My attempts in the latter direction exposed me to no little rudeness, and the pecuniary results of my efforts were so meagre that my collections were not equal to my current expenditures.

I felt it my duty to write Mr. Ottendorfer frankly, at the expiration of a month, that I was afraid I should not prove a successful canvasser, and to propose a new plan of operations. The public press was filled at the time with references to the approaching contest on the stump for the succession to the United States Senate between Senator Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in Illinois. The eyes of the whole country were fixed upon the former as the champion in the Senate of the wing of the Democratic party which had adopted his fallacious doctrine that the people of the Territories should be left free to regulate their domestic institutions—that is, to establish or to keep out slavery, as they saw fit—against the other wing, having the countenance of President Buchanan, which favored the introduction of slavery in Kansas and the other unsettled parts of the Union. Abraham Lincoln was the representative of the young Republican party. A series of joint debates between the two leaders had been arranged, which it was evident would form the principal political event of the season. I suggested to my employers to let me proceed at once to Illinois and observe the approaching political campaign there as the *Staats-Zeitung's* special correspondent. To my great joy, my proposition was readily accepted, and I proceeded without delay to Chicago.[1]

I reached there just in time to witness the grand ovation given to Senator Douglas on his arrival from Washington.

[1] Sympathy with the Douglas Democrats in their opposition to the proslavery followers of Buchanan led him to offer to send letters gratuitously, during his Western engagement with the *Staats-Zeitung*, to John W. Forney's Philadelphia *Press*, a Douglas organ.

He was received and escorted through the streets like a conquering hero, and it was made strikingly apparent that the Illinois Democracy were all but unanimously for him against the National Administration. I called on him the next day at the Tremont House to make known my mission, and to ask his leave to accompany him. I was promptly shown to his parlor, where I found him talking to a few friends. I knew him well by sight from my visit to Washington in 1856. He bid me a hearty welcome, and introduced me to the other visitors and to his private secretary, Mr. Sheridan. On learning the object of my call, he said at once that he should be very happy to have my company during the campaign, and directed the secretary to inform me fully regarding his programme, and make the proper arrangements with me. While we were talking, his newly-wedded second wife came in through a side door, and I was introduced to her. She was at once a most lovely and a queenly apparition. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had never seen a woman more beautiful in every way. Her tall figure was perfectly proportioned, and her every movement and gesture most graceful. She presented a marked contrast, in her youthful, blooming freshness and vivacity, to her small, dark, sombre husband. She appeared to be devoted to him, and certainly helped him no little in his political aspirations.

The first joint debate (in the famous series of seven) between Douglas and Lincoln, which I attended, took place on the afternoon of August 21, 1858, at Ottawa, Illinois. It was the great event of the day, and attracted an immense concourse of people from all parts of the State. Douglas spoke first for an hour, followed by Lincoln for an hour and a half; upon which the former closed in another half hour. The Democratic spokesman commanded a strong, sonorous voice, a rapid, vigorous utterance, a telling play of countenance, impressive gestures, and all the other arts of the practised speaker. As far as all external conditions were concerned, there was nothing in

favor of Lincoln. He had a lean, lank, indescribably gawky figure, an odd-featured, wrinkled, inexpressive, and altogether uncomely face. He used singularly awkward, almost absurd, up-and-down and sidewise movements of his body to give emphasis to his arguments. His voice was naturally good, but he frequently raised it to an unnatural pitch. Yet the unprejudiced mind felt at once that, while there was on the one side a skilful dialectician and debater arguing a wrong and weak cause, there was on the other a thoroughly earnest and truthful man, inspired by sound convictions in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions. There was nothing in all Douglas's powerful effort that appealed to the higher instincts of human nature, while Lincoln always touched sympathetic chords. Lincoln's speech excited and sustained the enthusiasm of his audience to the end. When he had finished, two stalwart young farmers rushed on the platform, and, in spite of his remonstrances, seized and put him on their shoulders and carried him in that uncomfortable posture for a considerable distance. It was really a ludicrous sight to see the grotesque figure holding frantically on to the heads of his supporters, with his legs dangling from their shoulders, and his pantaloons pulled up so as to expose his underwear almost to his knees. Douglas made dexterous use of this incident in his next speech, expressing sincere regret that, against his wish, he had used up his old friend Lincoln so completely that he had to be carried off the stage. Lincoln retaliated by saying at the first opportunity that he had known Judge Douglas long and well, but there was nevertheless one thing he could not say of him, and that was that the Judge always told the truth.

I was introduced to Lincoln at Freeport, and met him frequently afterwards in the course of the campaign. I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious

and so remained during his great public career. He was inordinately fond of jokes, anecdotes, and stories. He loved to hear them, and still more to tell them himself out of the inexhaustible supply provided by his good memory and his fertile fancy. There would have been no harm in this but for the fact that, the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote, and the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them, especially when they were of his own invention. He possessed, moreover, a singular ingenuity in bringing about occasions in conversation for indulgences of this kind. I have to confess, too, that, aside from the prejudice against him which I felt on this account, I believed, with many prominent leaders of the Republican party, that, with regard to separating more effectively the antislavery Northern from the proslavery Southern wing of the Democracy, it would have been better if the reëlection of Douglas had not been opposed.

The party warfare was hotly continued in all parts of the State from early summer till election day in November. Besides the seven joint debates, both Douglas and Lincoln spoke scores of times separately, and numerous other speakers from Illinois and other States contributed incessantly to the agitation. The two leaders visited almost every county in the State. I heard four of the joint debates, and six other speeches by Lincoln and eight by his competitor. Of course, the later efforts became substantial repetitions of the preceding ones, and to listen to them grew more and more tiresome to me. As I had seen something of political campaigns before, this one did not exercise the full charm of novelty upon me. Still, even if I had been a far more callous observer, I could not have helped being struck with the efficient party organizations, the skilful tactics of the managers, the remarkable feats of popular oratory, and the earnestness and enthusiasm of the audiences I witnessed. It was a most instructive object-lesson in practical party politics, and filled me with admiration for the Anglo-American method of working out popular destiny.

In other respects, my experiences were not altogether agreeable. It was a very hot summer, and I was obliged to travel almost continuously. Illinois had then only about a million and a half of inhabitants, poorly-constructed railroads, and bad country roads, over which latter I had to journey quite as much as over the former. The taverns in town and country, as a rule, were wretched; and, as I moved about with the candidates and their followers and encountered crowds everywhere, I fared miserably in many places. Especially in the southern part of the State, then known as "Egypt" and mostly inhabited by settlers from the Southern States, food and lodging were nearly always simply abominable. I still vividly remember the day of semi-starvation and the night with half a dozen roommates I passed at Jonesboro', where the third joint debate took place.

I saw more of Illinois than I have since seen of any other State in the Union, and I acquired a thorough faith, based on the immeasurable fertility of her prairies, in the great growth that she has since attained. I also formed many valuable acquaintances, a number of whom have continued to this day. It was then that I first saw my lifelong friend Horace White, who accompanied Mr. Lincoln as the representative of the Chicago *Tribune*, and R. R. Hitt, the official stenographer of the Republican candidate. He was one of the most skilled shorthand writers in the country, and his success as such led in due time to his appointment as reporter of the United States Supreme Court. This position he resigned for a successful career as diplomat and Congressman.

I firmly believe that, if Stephen A. Douglas had lived, he would have had a brilliant national career. Freed by the Southern rebellion from all identification with pro-slavery interests, the road would have been open to the highest fame and position for which his unusual talents qualified him. As I took final leave of him and Lincoln, doubtless neither of them had any idea that within two

years they would be rivals again in the Presidential race. I had it from Lincoln's own lips that the United States Senatorship was the greatest political height he at the time expected to climb. He was full of doubt, too, of his ability to secure the majority of the Legislature against Douglas. These confidences he imparted to me on a special occasion which I must not omit to mention in detail before closing this chapter.

He and I met accidentally, about nine o'clock on a hot, sultry evening, at a flag railroad station about twenty miles west of Springfield, on my return from a great meeting at Petersburg in Menard County. He had been driven to the station in a buggy and left there alone. I was already there. The train that we intended to take for Springfield was about due. After vainly waiting for half an hour for its arrival, a thunderstorm compelled us to take refuge in an empty freight-car standing on a side track, there being no buildings of any sort at the station. We squatted down on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature. "Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into *this* business [meaning the canvass]. I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary [his wife] insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States, too." These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. "Just think," he exclaimed, "of such a sucker as me as President!"

He then fell to asking questions regarding my antece-

dents, and expressed some surprise at my fluent use of English after so short a residence in the United States. Next he wanted to know whether it was true that most of the educated people in Germany were "infidels." I answered that they were not openly professed infidels, but such a conclusion might be drawn from the fact that most of them were not church-goers. "I do not wonder at that," he rejoined; "my own inclination is that way." I ventured to give expression to my own disbelief in the doctrine of the Christian church relative to the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, and immortality. This led him to put other questions to me to draw me out. He did not commit himself, but I received the impression that he was of my own way of thinking. It was no surprise to me, therefore, to find in the writings of his biographers Ward Hill Lamon and W. H. Herndon that I had correctly understood him. Our talk continued till half-past ten, when the belated train arrived. I cherish this accidental rencontre as one of my most precious recollections, since my companion of that night has become one of the greatest figures in history.

I went from Jonesboro' to Chicago, and remained there till after the election. I considered the outcome so uncertain that I did not venture any predictions in my correspondence. Douglas himself, I knew, was much in doubt; Lincoln and his friends were very confident, and therefore bitterly disappointed by the result.

CHAPTER VII

The Pike's Peak Gold Fever.—1858–9

THE real aim of my journalistic efforts was a regular connection with the Anglo-American press. I regarded my work for the *Staats-Zeitung* as only a temporary makeshift, and kept my ulterior object steadily in view. I had given up the idea of securing a position on one of the principal New York papers, and my desires bore upon the Western press. During my sojourn in Ohio, I had daily read the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial* and noticed the ability and enterprise displayed in its columns. At a venture I went to Cincinnati and offered my services to the publisher of the *Commercial*, M. D. Potter. He referred me to the news-editor, Murat Halstead, afterwards the principal proprietor and editor-in-chief of the paper. After a few talks with him, we agreed that I should report the important proceedings at the impending sessions of the Illinois and Indiana Legislatures for the *Commercial*. In the former, I was to look after the reëlection of Douglas. In Indiana, I was to watch the legislative complications that were expected to arise in connection with the claim of each of the two political parties to the rightful control of the majority of the Legislature, which resulted eventually in the election of two sets of United States Senators, by the Republicans and the Democrats respectively.

I spent only a few days early in January, 1859, at Springfield, Illinois, and then went to Indianapolis, where I expected to remain till spring. But my stay was cut short in an unexpected way. In my reports to the *Commercial* I had occasion to criticise rather sharply one of

the Democratic State Senators. The next day he rose to a question of privilege, had the report read to the Senate, denounced me in very violent language, and moved that the usual press privileges be withdrawn from me, or, in other words, that I be expelled from the floor. The motion was carried, and it terminated my brief career as a legislative reporter in the Indiana capital, during which I had, however, formed some valuable acquaintances among Indiana politicians. This was my first conflict as a journalist with legislators, but not my last one.

During the fall and winter of 1858, reports of gold discoveries in the easternmost chain of the Rocky Mountains, in the vicinity of Pike's Peak and along the head waters of the Platte River, began to circulate in the press and to attract a great deal of attention throughout the country. The "gold news" had roused my adventurous spirit before my loss of employment, and now suddenly prompted the idea of going to the Rocky Mountains as a correspondent. There was a general hope that the opening of such new sources of national wealth might bring relief to the country from the lingering effects of the crisis of 1857. Its numberless victims—the vast army of the unemployed—began to get excited, and the newspapers to state more and more that great numbers were yielding to the allurements of the new Dorado and preparing to seek it.

On my reaching Cincinnati from Indianapolis, Mr. Halstead, who had vigorously defended me in the editorial columns against the attacks of the Indiana Senator, very readily responded to my suggestion that I should make an investigation of the facts in the Pike's Peak case on the spot for the *Commercial*. We agreed on the conditions of my new engagement, which were to be twenty dollars a week and reasonable travelling expenses. The length of my stay in the Rocky Mountains should depend on the developments there.

It was natural that, at my age and with my sanguine temperament, I should feel the highest elation at this, to

my mind, most promising turn of luck. There was no strong evidence that another California had actually been discovered, but I had heard and read much of the quick fortunes made in the gold-mines on the Pacific Coast, and hence my imagination readily got the better of my judgment, and, while reason protested, I indulged in the contemplation of all sorts of fascinating possibilities for myself. I had visions not only of successful gold-hunting, but of fame and fortune as one of the founders of new towns and States. They were not to be realized in the immediate future, but I think I can truly say that to my apprenticeship as a pioneer in the Rocky Mountains I owed the insight into practical life and the enterprise and energy to which my successes later in my career were largely due. In one respect certainly my anticipations rested on reality, and that was in looking forward to extraordinary personal adventures in the pursuit of my mission.

At the time in question, a string of towns had sprung up on the Missouri River, mainly in consequence of the large Free-Soil immigration into the Territory of Kansas as a result of the political events in 1854–5 within its borders. There was a fringe of settlements, too, for from thirty to fifty miles on each side of the river. But the western parts of Missouri and Iowa were still very thinly populated. Excepting these towns and settlements west of the Missouri, the great rising plains between that river and the Rocky Mountains now forming the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming were, but for a few trading-posts, absolutely uninhabited. There was but one railroad then extending from the Mississippi to the Missouri, from Hannibal to St. Joseph, Missouri. St. Louis was connected with this line by the North Missouri road. Railroad building in Iowa had not yet reached the western part of the State. There was another road extending westward from St. Louis, but it was completed for only about a hundred miles, to Jefferson City, the capital of the

State, on the Missouri River. The only channels of communication for the entire region west of the Missouri River to and beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific States were the Missouri River for steamboats, and the military roads established by the United States Government—that along the Arkansas River to New Mexico, known as the Santa Fé road, and those from Leavenworth and Omaha to Fort Kearny, and thence as a common route along the Platte and North Platte Rivers across the Rocky Mountains to Utah and beyond. Ox- and mule-teams, propelling heavy wagons holding from two to five tons, known as "prairie schooners," were the ordinary means of transportation along these highways.

After reading up in the public Mercantile Library as well as possible regarding the region to be visited, in Government reports upon the explorations of Long, Pike, Frémont, and others, I started from Cincinnati at the end of February. I went to St. Louis and Jefferson City by rail, and at the latter point took a boat up the Missouri to Leavenworth, my immediate destination, as the best starting-point, according to common report, for "Pike's Peak." As we made many landings, we were nearly thirty hours in making the trip. The boat was crowded with "Pike's-Peakers" (mostly young Western men) and their outfits. The river scenery was rather picturesque, though without any striking features, and much like that along the upper Mississippi. We stopped an hour at Kansas City, which was then nothing but a scattering village of a few dozen buildings, including some brick warehouses along the bank. It was the river landing for Westport, five miles inland, right on the boundary of Missouri and Kansas, a town of several thousand people, and famous throughout the West as the principal outfitting and receiving point for the Santa Fé or New Mexico trade. Every spring, large caravans of "prairie schooners," consisting of from forty to eighty wagons, each hauled by ten to twelve oxen or as many mules, set out from that point laden with American goods,

returning in the fall with full loads of Mexican wool, hides, and silver bullion. The site of Kansas City was formed by high and steep bluffs between which the streets extended. More unfavorable ground for the development of a town, not to speak of a city, could hardly be imagined; and if anybody had then tried to make me believe that within thirty years a city of 130,000 people would rise upon it, I should have considered him a ridiculous phantast. Yet this actually came to pass.

From Kansas City to Leavenworth the right bank of the river became more animated. Every few miles an embryo town appeared, beginning with Wyandotte at the mouth of the Kansas River and followed by Sumner, Doniphan, and several others whose names I do not remember. Most of them had but a brief, mushroom growth. Leavenworth presented a surprisingly imposing sight. A dozen steamboats were at the landing discharging and receiving passengers and goods, and making a scene of bustling activity. Above the levee, on a gradually ascending plateau, rose the town amphitheatrically. Though but five years old, its resident population was already between six and seven thousand, with a floating one of several thousand more. The main business street was solidly built up with brick and frame structures. The private residences spread out widely over the beautiful parklike rolling prairie with scattered natural groves of trees. The town was swarming with new-comers, and I found it hard to get lodgings anywhere. Over a thousand would-be "Pike's-Peakers" had already arrived, and hundreds were added daily to the number. All seemed as busy as they could be, and I had never seen so much activity in a place of the same size. Leavenworth seemed bound to become an important commercial centre, and the pretensions of Kansas City as a rival looked as absurd to me as they did to the denizens of Leavenworth. Yet Leavenworth soon stagnated, and even to-day hardly exceeds 20,000 in population.

I was well provided with letters of introduction, and quickly made numerous acquaintances. I found also an old one in John C. Vaughan, formerly one of the editors of the Chicago *Tribune*, a most cultivated and polished gentleman, but much addicted to drink. He, with his son Champion, who afterwards had a most erratic career, was in charge of the daily paper. As was natural, there was an extraordinarily large proportion of active, bright young fellows among the inhabitants, and they included an unusual percentage of professional men from the older Western and the Eastern States, with many Harvard and Yale graduates among them. All were eager to make their fortunes and confident of making them quickly. Every one was full of hope that plenty of gold would be found at "Pike's Peak," which would surely lead to the rapid growth of their town into a large city. The large outfitting business already done with intending gold-seekers by the merchants justified this theory. Many were getting ready to go and see for themselves what promise of the precious metals the Rocky Mountains really held out.

I made it at once my special object to gather whatever information was obtainable as to past and present developments at Pike's Peak, and for that purpose not only canvassed Leavenworth, but also visited other river towns to the north of it, like Atchison and St. Joseph, which could be easily reached by boat. It was difficult to glean a few grains of fact from the piles of chaff of exaggeration and outright fiction that I found everywhere. All the river points, from Kansas City to Omaha, which had suffered more than other parts of the country from the subsidence of the speculative fever of 1855–7, saw a chance for a rapid revival in the Pike's Peak excitement, and all were working with might and main to feed it, through their local papers and by every other means. The recklessness with which these systematic efforts for enticing the public were carried on bore bitter fruit, as I shall presently have to relate.

The following is the substance of what I ascertained and reported to the *Commercial*. The first evidence of mineral wealth in the South Platte country was obtained in 1848 by a party of civilized Cherokee Indians, who reached it on a hunting expedition from the Indian Territory, and brought home with them some specimens of quartz-bearing gold. In due course of time, the news of their discovery reached some members of the tribe in Georgia, their old home. One Green Russell, who had been a gold-miner in Georgia as well as in California, heard the story on his return from the latter State, and in the spring of 1857 set out from Georgia with a party of experienced miners to investigate it on the ground. Untoward circumstances compelled the expedition to winter in Western Missouri. It resumed its march in February, 1858, up the Arkansas, over the Santa Fé route. It reached the base of the Rocky Mountains in May, and immediately commenced prospecting for gold. Indications of it were found along the South Platte and its tributaries, but nothing to justify regular mining operations, in consequence of which the expedition dissolved, only nine of the original hundred remaining with the leader. This remnant continued their explorations without satisfactory results, and finally camped on Cherry Creek for the winter. In the spring of 1858, Fall-Leaf, a Delaware Indian, appeared in Lawrence, Kansas, with a small quantity of scale gold which he claimed to have found at the head waters of the Arkansas. This led to the formation of a party of young men who set out in June, reached the base of Pike's Peak, explored the country north and south of it without finding more than the "color" of gold, and wintered also on Cherry Creek.

These expeditions led to the passage of an act by the Kansas Legislature organizing the "County of Arapahoe," comprising the entire western part of the State to the Rocky Mountains; the State limits in that direction never having been defined. Later on, the Governor appointed the officials of this vast county, which included territory

enough for a State. Early in the fall of 1858, a public meeting was held at Leavenworth to organize emigration to the gold region. In the first week of October, a large company of residents of Leavenworth commenced the pilgrimage across the Plains. They took the Arkansas route, reaching the base of the mountains by the middle of November. There they came up with the officers for Arapahoe County, and persuaded them to push on with them to the mouth of Cherry Creek.

Here they found the other parties already mentioned, as well as about one hundred and fifty former residents of Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa, making several hundred people, including two families. To this white population there were added during the winter fluctuating numbers of New Mexicans of Spanish-Indian extraction, and bands of Arapahoe Indians, who fortunately did not molest the new settlers beyond begging victuals of them. With true Western instinct, the first comers lost no time in starting the business of town-making. Their camps were spread over the bottom-land in the two angles formed by Cherry Creek and the South Platte and the low bluffs bordering them. On the left of Cherry Creek, a town site was taken up and called Auraria, and on the right bank another called Denver after the then Territorial Governor of Kansas. On both sides all went to work with a will, and during the winter about one hundred and twenty-five habitations of all sorts and of the rudest description—"dugouts," "adobes," log houses, and frame shanties, made with axe and saw alone—were put up, while many continued to occupy tents. The winter proved unexpectedly mild, with but light snowfalls. Enterprising tradesmen were among the settlers, and a few stores with limited supplies, and mechanics' shops, and, of course, some saloons also, were opened.

In spite of the most diligent search, I collected very little direct proof of the existence of gold at Pike's Peak. I felt warranted in saying through the columns of the *Com-*

mercial that not over a thousand dollars' worth of wash-gold had reached the Missouri River towns from the Rocky Mountains. Green Russell arrived in Leavenworth during the winter, and brought with him about seventy ounces—the fruits of the prospecting of himself and companions during an entire summer. He was beset by eager questioners, but stated candidly that he found no conclusive evidence of really rich diggings, and that the gold he had with him paid him and his followers very poorly for the time and trouble spent in gathering it. He frankly advised against emigration on a large scale, but his warnings had very little effect.

I learned that the enterprising firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who did all the freight-carrying for the Government to the military posts on the Plains, had some time before received, from an agent they had sent to the Rocky Mountains to ascertain the facts, a report of so favorable a character that they had decided to start a stage line to Cherry Creek, and had already sent out mules to stock it. I called on the firm, and was told by the manager that I was correctly informed, and that they expected to be able to start the first stage within a fortnight. From all the information I had gathered, it was clear that, in the absence of all settlements for six-sevenths of the distance to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, I had only the choice between the stage and joining a party provided with wagons carrying camping equipage and supplies for a journey of from five to seven weeks. The danger from the numerous tribes of Indians roaming over the Plains had also to be considered. To spend so much time on the way did not suit me, and I decided to engage a seat in the first stage, for which the firm, out of compliment to me as a newspaper man, charged only half price. The travelling time to Cherry Creek was to be only one week.

Having worked up for the *Commercial* all the material procurable at Leavenworth, I decided to avail myself of an opportunity for a trip to Southern Kansas offered me by

the kind invitation of the United States District Attorney, Alonzo G. Davis, a native of New York, to accompany him on an official mission to Fort Scott. As we were to go on horseback and camp by the way, I thought it would be a good preparation for the trip across the Plains. We were gone a week, during which I rode about one hundred and eighty miles in the saddle. Not having been on a horse in years, the first day's trip made me very sore, so that I had no enjoyment, but constant discomfort and pain all the way. Still, I stood it to the end without any suspicion of my sufferings on the part of my companions. We travelled over an unbroken stretch of rolling prairie of obviously extraordinary fertility. Sometimes we did not see a house for twenty miles, and we were guided most of the way by the compass. We passed only two or three small clusters of frame shanties, styled towns. Fort Scott proved to be an old trading post with a score of houses around it. The United States District Judge held court on two days, and I had a chance to see justice administered under the most primitive circumstances. There was no court-house, but the Judge sat in a school-house equipped with the rudest furniture. Both criminal and civil cases were tried. There being no place to confine prisoners, the United States marshal and his deputies had to keep them under constant watch at the only wretched hotel in the place. The effort to secure a jury failed entirely, owing to the scarcity of settlers.

On my return I learned that, for various reasons, the first stage of the "Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Co.," as the new enterprise was called, would start a week later than I had been told. There was, however, no further postponement, and at the appointed time I got off, early in the morning, amid the cheers of a crowd of at least a thousand spectators, in one of the red-painted, canvas-covered vehicles, with three inside seats for three passengers each, known as "Concord coaches," with four fine Kentucky mules attached that started on a full run. Strange

to say, I was the only passenger, owing, no doubt, to the high charges (two hundred dollars), the untried nature of the line, the fear of Indian hostility, and, above all, to the prevailing uncertainty as to the actual state of things at Pike's Peak.

The first day, we followed the military road from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley, reaching the valley of the Kansas River after two hours' travel, and keeping in it right along to the last-named point at the junction of the Kansas and its main branch, the Republican River. We rolled on, with many ups and downs, all day over a good dirt road at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour, fresh animals being taken on at regular stations from fifteen to twenty miles apart. The warm spring day could not have been finer. The undulating prairies looked beautiful in their fresh verdure. Even twenty-five miles west from Leavenworth, farms became few and far between. We passed a few new towns of very small dimensions, of which Manhattan, at the mouth of the "Blue" Fork, seemed the most promising. We continued on till we reached Junction City between nine and ten o'clock, where we stopped for the night. We had made one hundred and thirty miles in thirteen hours' actual driving—a splendid record for the first day. Fort Riley was within half a mile. It was garrisoned by several companies of cavalry and infantry, and all the officers and at least a hundred men had turned out to receive the first stage. The opening of the line was quite an event in their monotonous life, especially as it promised a daily instead of a weekly mail. I was invited to the officers' quarters, where I was regaled with eatables and drinkables, and lodged for the night in a very comfortable room. It was my last enjoyment of the luxury of a bed for a long time.

We started again at six in the morning, escorted by half a dozen cavalry officers, who kept us faithful and jolly company to the next stage station, where they took a hearty leave. Several of them I met again a few years later under

circumstances that nobody dreamt of then, viz., in the field during the Civil War. We at once left the Kansas River and turned in a northwesterly direction. There was a sort of road for about two hundred miles further up the Kansas, but the stage company had preferred to locate a new route of its own, forming as direct a line as practicable to the settlements at Cherry Creek, and crossing the head waters of the various streams feeding Solomon Fork of the Kansas River, flowing southwardly, and (towards the end of the route) some of the tributaries of the North Platte, flowing northwardly. As the road passed from one divide to another, and as the great Plains rose steadily some five thousand feet from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, there were frequent and steep ascents and descents.

The stage stations had been necessarily selected with reference to water and grazing. They were simply small camps of one large and several small tents manned by three persons—the station-keeper and an assistant, who took care of the twelve mules with which each station was provided for relays, and a male cook, who provided the meals for the two others and the stage passengers. The large tent served as sleeping- and dining-room for the latter, who were expected, as all travellers on the Plains did, to carry with them their bedding—that is, buffalo robes or blankets, rolled up in a waterproof sheet. The mules were grazed under guard in the daytime and picketed at night, when they proved very annoying fellow-campers, as the invariable close approach of prowling prairie-wolves kept them in a panicky state.

The distance from Fort Riley to our destination was about five hundred miles, which it took us six and one-half days to make. There were twenty stations, and we made from three to four a day. We set out at daylight, and it took till dark to complete the prescribed daily run. There was a travelled road for only the first twenty-five miles, and for the rest of the long way we had to trust for guidance

over the virgin ground to stakes and piles of stone and buffalo bones and dung erected by the locating party, and the mule tracks left in stocking the stations. The stage had no springs, and hence there was altogether too much jolting. I got out at every ascent, but none the less became sore and stiff, and was glad to stretch out on my blankets at the end of each day's journey. My fatigue ensured the soundest sleep, notwithstanding the hardness of my couch. The bracing prairie air, too, gave me an eager appetite for the two meals a day to which we were limited from want of time. The most magnificent weather favored us all the way.

The first two days from Fort Riley we saw nothing but a monotonous succession of plateaus, frequently broken by ridges, with fringes of cottonwood trees indicating water-courses. We knew that we were in a wilderness inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. Of the presence of the latter, we had formal notice in the howling of wolves all around us at night. On the third day, we observed that the ordinary prairie grass had given way to the short, early species known as buffalo grass, which had already attained full growth. In the afternoon, the driver, as we came upon a new, long-stretched-out plateau, suddenly shouted, "Here they are," and pointed with his whip at a long black line ahead of us. We were, indeed, in sight of buffaloes. We approached them apace, and, as we came nearer, one line after another appeared before us, and we perceived that we were going right among a large herd of the wild cattle of the Plains. Soon their clumsy, shaggy bodies could be seen in every direction, aggregating thousands of head, bulls and cows, and hundreds of calves. They were not mixed up in a common and great mass, but formed innumerable files, as it were, each headed by a powerful bull. They grazed very quietly, and our passage right through them did not disturb them in the least, though we came within twenty to thirty steps of several files. Only here and there some of the calves took alarm and broke into their clumsy

gallop. We had rifles with us, and could have brought down numbers of them, but we forbore, as it would have been a useless slaughter, the stations being well provided with fresh meat. I had read of the steady pursuit of buffalo herds by wolves, and now saw confirmation of it. We counted scores of a large light-gray species hovering singly, like a chain of cowherd dogs, about the rear of the herd, ready to swoop down upon any unlucky laggard.

It took an hour to get through the herd. In the course of the afternoon, we passed another, and enjoyed the same spectacle repeatedly on the two following days. Some of the drivers, who had passed a long time on the Plains, asserted that we had struck the advance-guards of the millions starting early in the year from Texas and following the well-defined "buffalo range" to the British dominions during the spring and summer, returning in the fall and early winter. It was no exaggeration to say that we travelled for days amid buffaloes. At the end of the fifth day, we had passed beyond the belt of buffalo grass, and had gradually reached an altitude of nearly four thousand feet, the air steadily growing drier. Signs appeared that we had entered a more arid stretch of country. The soil turned gravelly. A species of short cactus began to prevail. The streams became mere streaks of red sand, so that water could be had only by digging for it. Willow bushes took the place of the belts of cottonwood trees along them, and finally even the willows disappeared. Prairie-dog villages, guarded by their comical barking occupants, abounded. Swarms of antelope came in sight, some of which scampered off as soon as they saw the coach, but others fell under the charm, as the drivers said, of its red color, and stood motionless while we came quite close to them. It was a delight to breathe the dry, fresh, and bracing air. The transparency of the atmosphere greatly widened the range of vision, and brought forth one mirage after another. Lakes lined with timber and dotted with

islands appeared to right and left, while inverted mountain chains inspired us with awe. The illusive effects were truly wonderful.

Towards noon on the sixth day from Leavenworth, I noticed afar off to the southwest what seemed to be at first a cloud in a clear sky. I soon recognized it as a mountain peak, and judged, from the direction, that it could be no other than that named after Pike, the explorer. So it was, the great landmark thus showing itself in the rare atmosphere at a distance of not less than one hundred and fifty miles. I felt quite exalted by the sight. Within a few hours, another peak became visible to the northwest, which I took to be the twin of the other, named after Pike's associate Long. Before dark, many more summits directly to the west loomed up, indicating the outlines of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains.

An extraordinary incident occurred at the last night-station. The man in charge related to us that five days before, while hunting antelopes, he had suddenly discovered, a few miles from the station, five bodies of white men, four of them with broken skulls and otherwise mutilated. On closer examination, he found that there was still life in the uninjured one. He hurried back to the station for a wagon and fetched him into camp. It was evident that want of food and drink had brought the survivor, who was a very skeleton, to the point of death. Careful nursing revived him so far that he was able to relate how he got into his sad plight. He and twenty others, all from Northern Illinois, had left Kansas City six weeks before for Pike's Peak. They had, like so many others, foolishly concluded, on the recommendations of some reckless newspapers, to follow the example of the Mormon emigrants to Utah in crossing the Plains with small carts moved by hand. Thus equipped, they travelled up the Kansas River, and got along rapidly and without mishap to the point, two hundred miles west of Fort Riley, where the road ended. Thence they undertook to cut across the country for Cherry

Creek, pulling and pushing their carts and trusting to a compass for guidance. After a few days they were caught in a snowstorm lasting two days. They suffered intensely from the exposure, became bewildered, and wandered at random. Their provisions gave out, and, exhausted from fatigue, hunger, and thirst, one after another dropped down and was left to die alone in the wilderness. When the survivors were reduced to twelve, brutalized by their sufferings, they entered into a horrible compact that they would live on each other, selected by lot. Some of the victims shot themselves, while others were deliberately killed by the remaining cannibals. The rescued man had three brothers in the party, and admitted that he had sustained himself on their bodies. Subsequent investigation by myself and others proved that his story was true. He was brought into Denver ten days later, physically recovered, but his mind was affected. He insisted that his name was Blue, while an inquiry at his home showed it to be Green.

During our last day's drive, the view of the mountains grew more and more imposing, as we gradually ascended the last and highest plateau of the Plains, forming the dividing ridge between the waters of the Kansas and of the South Platte Rivers. At noon we had reached its very crest, and there to the west and north and south one of the grandest sights to be beheld anywhere in the world was spread out before me. Between my standpoint and the great range lay the basin of the South Platte, which was clearly discernible with its half a dozen tributaries from the west and east. The valley seemed from fifty to seventy miles wide, though broken by many intervening ridges. For three hundred miles, the mighty mountains extended to the right and left, flanked on the south by the great cones of Pike's Peak and the Spanish Peaks, and to the north by the buttress-like form of Long's Peak. They seemed to form an immense wall dividing the continent as if by an impassable barrier. From their summits half-way

down, they were all covered with snow, and thence to their base with unbroken forests.

The last fifty miles of our way formed a steady decline, and we spun along at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour. Just as the setting sun was gorgeously illuminating the range, the stage made a final halt in front of the log-house in Denver that represented the headquarters of the stage company. Our coming was not expected, but the glad intelligence that the first overland stage was arriving spread instantly on both banks of Cherry Creek, and the whole population quickly turned out to see it. We brought a mail of several hundred letters and newspapers, the announcement of which fact drew three cheers for the Express Company. It was a great boon, the last news from the Missouri River being nearly five weeks old. Of course, I was the centre of attraction and overwhelmed with questions. Some one proposed that I should tell the news from the "States" to them all, and I was made to mount a log and entertain the audience for half an hour with what had happened during the four weeks before my departure, for which I got a vote of thanks, and which secured me at once the good will of all the settlers.

CHAPTER VIII

At Cherry Creek.—1859

MY credentials from the company to their local representative, Dr. J. M. Fox, solved at once the important question where I should be able to secure satisfactory board and lodging. The doctor offered to provide both for me in the office-building at a low charge, and there I lodged and took my meals during the next three months. My host was a Missourian, about thirty years old, formerly a medical practitioner, but for some years in the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell. He was a very intelligent and resolute man, though somewhat inclined to lethargy. He never failed in attentive kindness to me. More than twenty years later, it was in my power to show him my gratitude by taking him into my employ in various positions in California, Oregon, and Montana, one of which he fills at this writing.

Let me describe our abode. It had a splendid position on the edge of a high bluff rising abruptly from the bed of Cherry Creek, and commanding a grand view of the mountains. It was the rudest sort of one-story cabin, built of cottonwood logs, thirty feet long and fifteen wide, and divided by a log partition into two equal compartments, the front one being devoted to office purposes, and the rear one used for cooking, eating, and sleeping. Its roof consisted of logs covered with dirt and gravel. Ingress was had through two doors without locks. It had no windows of any sort; indeed, there was no window-glass then or for months afterwards to be had on Cherry Creek. If the outer light was wanted, the doors had to be left open. Mother Earth furnished the floors, as no lumber

of any sort was to be had. Nor had we any other resting-place. Every night buffalo robes were spread on the ground in the rear room, on which, with saddles and (later on) hay for head-rests, we made ourselves comfortable. The furniture consisted of a crude table made out of a packing-box, with small casks serving as seats. Our cook was a half-breed from New Mexico, speaking only Spanish. His knowledge of the culinary art was not great, but, even if it had been greater, it would not have done us much good, inasmuch as his material to work with was very limited at first. Buffalo and antelope meat, bacon, canned fruit, "flapjacks," and bread were for weeks our uniform fare. Later, coffee, tea, canned vegetables, and potatoes from New Mexico were added to it. The express messengers and stage drivers shared our table and sleeping quarters. A "corral" with the stages and mules was immediately behind the building, the "long-ears" regularly disturbing our rest by their plaintive outcries.

The hearsay description of Denver and Auraria proved to be substantially correct; but Auraria, which occupied the left bank of Cherry Creek down to the South Platte River, was far ahead of Denver, which was laid out on the right bank. It contained several dozen scattered habitations of every sort, one- and two-story structures of rough-hewn logs, combinations of dugouts and tents, "adobes," and log walls with canvas roofs, interspersed with wigwams. In Denver not over a dozen structures were up. It seemed as though Auraria would surely get a permanent start of its rival, but it turned out just the other way. Auraria contained all the business places, including some stores with very limited stocks, a tailor's, a shoemaker's, and even a watchmaker's shop, and last, not least, a printing-office, brought from Omaha, and started but a few days before my arrival. From it a readable weekly, the *Rocky Mountain News*, was already being issued, that subsequently grew into a very flourishing and influential concern and exists to this day under the same

title. Its then editor, William N. Byers, became a prominent political character in the Territory and State of Colorado.

As was natural, the people of the two towns consisted almost exclusively of males from the several Western States; the five women and seven children, all told, among them were looked upon as curiosities. Very few, apparently, were used to toil with their hands for a living, while the others relied on their wits in the struggle for existence as tradesmen, town speculators, and mining promoters, with a sprinkling of followers of the professions of law and medicine.

It took me but a few days to get acquainted with everybody, and to collect and write up all the "gold" news there was. There was not much of it, in fact; no additional evidence of the existence of mineral wealth in the neighboring mountains had turned up for some months. Unmistakable and general discouragement consequently prevailed. Dr. Fox had exerted himself to the utmost to secure some placer and nugget gold for shipment by the first return stage, but succeeded in getting only a score or so of ounces, which was all there was in the two places. There was shaking of heads and confidential admissions on the part of the most intelligent men that the outlook was almost hopeless. Still, the influx of gold-seekers continued. Every day, and at all hours of the day, they came in from the East over the Platte route and from the South over the Arkansas route, in trains of from three to twenty wagons. The arrivals increased to several hundred a day, and the unoccupied parts of the town sites were dotted with the tents of the new-comers. Quite a number of "hand-carters" were brought in by the wagon-trains, having been picked up at various points on the Plains in the direst distress.

The month of May came without any signs of improvement. Hopelessness took possession more and more of people's minds, and the general abandonment of the coun-

try became the subject of frequent discussion. This dispelling of all my confident and high-flown personal expectations gave me also the "blues." In this mood of mind, on the second Sunday in May, I was sitting in the Express Office, in company with Dr. Fox and Joseph Heywood, a well-known Californian, formerly of Cincinnati. We were just discussing the unpromising aspect of affairs when a short, slender, heavily-bearded individual, in miner's garb, entered the room and inquired for letters. He was invited to a seat, and soon got to talking about the resources of the country. Contrary to expectation, he seemed to believe firmly in its mineral wealth. Being asked for his experience in the mountains, from which he claimed to have just arrived, he stated, after a few moments of apparent hesitation, that a little more than a week before, while following up the north fork of Clear Creek, a tributary of the South Platte, in company with John H. Gregory and several others, he had discovered gold-bearing dirt in the vicinity of streaks of quartz rock, that ran over the mountains, in a ravine adjoining the valley of the creek. The dirt, he asserted, had yielded him as much as a dollar's worth of gold to the pan. Perceiving a manifestation of incredulity on the part of his listeners, he produced, in corroboration of his statement, a bottle containing about forty dollars' worth of flour gold, and also several fragments of a hard substance which he designated as decomposed gold-bearing quartz. Mr. Heywood stepped out-doors with one of the pieces for the purpose of examining it with a magnifying-glass. He soon called out Dr. Fox, whom he told that the specimen he held in his hand was as fine quartz as he had seen in the richest quartz veins in California. Several persons having, in the meantime, entered the office and shown, upon hearing the miner's tale, a disposition to doubt its truthfulness, the latter grew rather excited, repeated what he had said, and asserted most emphatically that he would warrant one dollar to the pan of dirt to any number of men who would follow him

to the locality in question; adding that they might bring a rope along and swing him up in case he should be found to be a liar.

This was the first news of the discovery of gold-bearing quartz veins in the mountains to reach the Cherry Creek towns. The gulch where the discovery was made took the name of "Gregory Mine." The miner returned the next day to the mountains, accompanied by several Auraria men anxious to obtain confirmation of his story. Nothing more was heard for several days, but, on the fifth, one of the party, one Bates, formerly of Dubuque, Iowa, returned, bringing with him a vial full of scale or placer gold, equal to about five ounces, which he claimed to have washed himself from thirty-nine pans of dirt obtained not far from the spot where Gregory had found a "paying" lode. Bates being known as a reliable man, his story found general credence as he was taken from door to door to repeat it. Exuberant hope took at once the place of the prevailing despondency. Persons on the streets shouted to each other: "We are all right now," "The stuff is here, after all," "The country is safe," etc.

On the following day, a general exodus took place in the direction of North Clear Creek. Whoever could secure provisions enough for a stay in the mountains started off without delay. Traders locked their stores, barkeepers set out with their stock of whiskey, the few mechanics that were engaged in building houses dropped their work. The county judge and sheriff, lawyers and doctors, and even the editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, joined in the rush. Naturally, I did not stay behind, but started out on a fine mule, borrowed from the Express Company, with my bedding strapped on behind, and with three days' supply of hard bread and bacon, and ground roasted corn, which, mixed with water, furnished a very cooling and nourishing beverage, much used in New Mexico.

The Gregory Gulch was, in an air line, not more than thirty miles from Cherry Creek, but the only practicable

route at the time was a roundabout one, measuring fully fifty miles. The first sixteen miles were very easy. The ground rose gradually for twelve miles to the so-called foot-hills. I could keep my mule steadily on a trot over the intervening natural meadows in their bright spring garb of fresh grass and the greatest variety of high-colored wild flowers. The foot-hills I found a range of elevations to the height of ten hundred to fifteen hundred feet above the prairie, covered with tuft grass and scattering pine, and separated from the main range by a beautiful valley about a mile wide. Riding up this valley for a couple of miles, I reached Clear Creek, a turbulent mountain stream, about fifty feet wide and four to six feet deep, with a powerful current. My animal proved averse to trying the ice-cold water, and I got him across only with great difficulty and after swimming him down-stream for several hundred feet and getting wet to the hips. A mile from the crossing, the trail turned abruptly up a very steep mountain side, rising to a height of at least two thousand feet above the valley, to climb which my mule found a most arduous task, taking several hours to accomplish. At least a hundred other prospectors were toiling up at the same time, some even trying to bring up wagons drawn by oxen. Once up, the rest of the journey proved comparatively easy over broad mountain tops, rich in grass and pine woods, and I managed to reach my destination the same day just about dark. I had a severe sick-headache during the whole afternoon, and was obliged to stop several times because of nausea. This was the effect of the high altitude—between nine thousand and ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—which I felt several times afterwards on trips through the mountains; but I finally got over it. I asked my way to Gregory's camp, introduced myself, and begged a place to lie down for the night. He complied at once, and assigned me a corner of his tent. My animal required no care, as he had had plenty of grass and water on the way, and, after picketing him, I spread my blankets and was asleep in a moment.

In the morning, I took in the situation in a few hours. The "Gregory Mine" was located at an altitude of about nine thousand feet, on the steep southern slope of a narrow ravine, grass-grown and pine-covered, like all of the Rocky Mountain world except the highest peaks. It was washed by the head waters of the north fork of Clear Creek, forming a brook not over six feet wide and two deep. Although but two weeks had elapsed since Gregory had washed out the first "pay dirt" in his pan, there were already many scores of men busily engaged in ripping open the mountain sides with pick and shovel. Dozens of huts of pine branches had been erected and tents pitched. Sluices, "long toms," and "rockers" were in full operation, ditches crossed the gulch, and slides were being constructed—in short, the very picture of a busy, promising mining camp was before me. One of the first things I did was to induce Gregory—a slight, wiry, red-haired, and full-whiskered Georgian—to relate to me his own experience as a gold-seeker. As he deserves to be remembered as the Sutter of the Rocky Mountains, I will preserve his statement as an original contribution to the history of the State of Colorado by reproducing it here.

I left my former home in Gordon County, Ga., in August of last year, for the purpose of going overland to the Frazer River mines in British Columbia. Various untoward circumstances detained me *en route*, and I felt obliged to winter at Fort Laramie [a military post about 250 miles to the northwest of Cherry Creek]. While there, the news of the discovery of gold on the South Platte reached me. I thereupon determined not to go further West, but to make for Pike's Peak. I set out from Fort Laramie early in February, and prospected extensively as I travelled along the base of the mountains. Not finding any trace of gold, I pushed on till I reached the mouth of Clear Creek where the town of Arapahoe was springing up. Here I made up a party of fifteen, and we started up Clear Creek. After toiling for several days up the cañon, we left the main stream and followed a branch coming in from the north. Near its sources we found indications of quartz veins streaking the sides of the gulch down which it flowed. We speedily uncovered and opened one of them with our picks and shovels.

After removing the surface rock to the depth of several feet, we came upon a 'pocket' containing a dirt-like, decayed rock, which on being taken to the creek and washed, yielded four dollars to the pan. We were sure then that we had found what we were after. All our party at once staked off and opened claims on the same lead, and commenced work in dead earnest. We were first prevented by ice and snow from working regularly, but for a week the weather has been warm enough. A great many, as you see, have tracked us to the gulch and taken up claims on other veins and are working them.

I spent nearly a week in Gregory Gulch, enjoying the hospitality of the miners. I visited every "lead" and "claim" then opened, witnessed the digging, hauling, and washing of "pay-dirt," washed out many a pan myself, saw the gold in the riffles of the sluices, and was daily present when the workers caught the quicksilver used to gather the fine gold from the sluices and heated it in retorts into gold-charged cakes. Thoroughly convinced by all this ocular evidence that the new Dorado had really been discovered, I returned to Denver, and felt justified in spreading this great news with all the faith and emphasis of conviction.

A perceptible change had already taken place in the Cherry Creek towns. Building was being resumed. Tradesmen and mechanics were busy. Gold from Clear Creek began to circulate. The caravans of new-comers from the East made direct for the mountains. Several large trains loaded with miscellaneous provisions and merchandise had arrived and reduced somewhat the ruling enormous prices for necessaries, as, twenty-five cents a pound for flour, forty to fifty cents for sugar, five dollars a bushel for corn, etc. In short, a general stir and bustle had taken the place of stagnation.

About a week after my return from the mountains, a notable event occurred in the arrival of Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, accompanied by Albert D. Richardson, a well-known correspondent of

the Boston *Journal*. They came in one of the express stages, and had met with a singular and perilous accident. In driving through a herd of buffaloes, the animals, probably maddened at the sight of the red color of the coach, had attacked and upset it. Greeley had received a severe cut below his right knee, crippling him for several weeks, and both journalists were bruised all over. They found quarters in the Denver House, the only "hotel" in Denver, that had been got ready for the reception of guests just before their arrival.

This establishment was about sixty feet long and thirty wide. Its four sides consisted of rough-hewn logs. It had a slanting, skeleton roof covered with canvas. In the interior were neither floors, nor ceilings, nor walls, nor solid partitions to divide the space; but canvas nailed on frames served to set it off for different purposes to the height of seven feet. The front part was occupied by a bar for the sale of strong drinks only, and a dozen gambling-tables, at which various games were conducted by experts in the profession. Several individuals who had been hanging about the towns, and whom I had taken to be men of means awaiting their chances for a respectable use of their money, appeared in this part. Next to the bar-room came another space, enclosed by canvas partitions, where the meals were served. Immediately behind it, six apartments for sleeping-purposes, divided only by the same light material, were set off on each side of a passage. Outside, at the end of the building, the kitchen, presided over by a white male cook, was carried on under canvas. There was no furniture but the gambling- and other tables and benches and chairs, made out of rough boards. Bedsteads were provided of the same material, without mattress or pillows, and also tin wash-basins, which the guests themselves filled out of barrels of water standing in the passageway, and emptied, after use, on the dirt floor.

Altogether, that hotel was a unique institution, and, of course, without comfort or quiet. In the absence of ceil-

ings and with the thin partitions, a sound in any part of the building was heard all over it. Greeley was carried into this hostelry—he could not use his wounded leg—and put into one of the sleeping-chambers described. The "*Tribune* philosopher," as he was known to the entire American public, had naturally a most gentle temper, which he lost only on rare occasions and under the greatest provocation. His benign countenance, indeed, usually wore an expression typical of resignation and forbearance. But, what with the pain of his wound and the endless racket in the place during the entire twenty-four hours, and the special irritation produced upon the apostle of strict temperance and good morals generally by the drinking and gambling going on day and night within a few feet of him, those Christian virtues gradually lost their control over him. I called on him several times a day, and noticed this change of temper distinctly. It gradually expressed itself in swearing at his disturbers so violently that I dared not believe my ears. His wrath culminated on the third night of his tortures. I was fortunate enough to be with him, and thus became an eye- and ear-witness of what happened. About ten o'clock he got up, and insisted on limping to the bar-room. His appearance, though his presence in the building was generally known, created surprise and instant silence. He begged for a chair, and, "Friends," said he, "I have been in pain and without sleep for almost a week, and I am well-nigh worn out. Now I am a guest at this hotel, I pay a high price for my board and lodging, and am entitled to rest during the night. But how can I get it with all this noise going on in this place?" Then he addressed one of the most pathetic appeals I ever heard to those around him to abandon their vicious ways and become sober and industrious. He spoke for nearly an hour, and was listened to with rapt interest and the most perfect respect. He succeeded, too, in his object. The gambling stopped, and the bar was closed every night at eleven o'clock as long as he remained.

Another anecdote connected with Greeley's stay in Denver occurs to me. A German barber, plying his art there, who styled himself Murat, and claimed to be a descendant of the King of Naples, was called in to shave Greeley, and, when he had finished the job and was asked for his charge, coolly named two dollars and a half as the regular price for shaving outside of his shop. Greeley gave him a bland look, pulled out his purse, and handed him the money, saying: "Well, I guess I can afford to pay something for the privilege of getting scraped by royal hands."

After resting a few days longer, Mr. Greeley felt strong enough to undertake a trip to the Gregory mines, and I volunteered to conduct him and his companion there. He had not ridden an animal in twenty-five years, and dreaded the necessity of doing so, but finally made up his mind to it. We drove in a wagon as far as Clear Creek, and there mounted three mules. I led the file into the creek, my companions following me without hesitation. The water was at least a foot higher than when I last crossed, and my animal began swimming at once, wetting me up to the waist. The other beasts imitated mine. Greeley was a sight to behold. Alarmed by the sudden immersion of his mule, he had first raised his legs in order to avoid getting wet. This movement made him lose his balance, and, to steady himself, he threw his arms around the animal's neck. The mule did not like the embrace, and commenced struggling against it and taking his rider down-stream. I took in the situation on reaching the other side, galloped down the creek, and, reëntering it, managed to seize Greeley's bridle and pull him along the bank. The rider's face bore an indescribable expression of fear mingled with mirth at himself. As he came up on the bank, dripping all over, a number of gold-seekers who had watched us gave him three rousing cheers, which brought back the characteristic smile to his countenance.

On reaching Clear Creek on our return trip, Greeley

positively refused to swim across it again on his mule. As he said of himself, "The starch was completely taken out of me by my three days' rough experience, and I had neither strength nor heart for the passage." It turned out that he was very wise in his refusal, for, as his mule was being led across, the saddle-girth broke, and everything it bore, including sleeping-blankets, dropped into the water and was lost. The following passage from a letter of his to the *Tribune* refers to an accident that befell me suddenly between Clear Creek and Denver:

> An accident, which might have proved serious, happened to a member of our party, Mr. Villard of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Riding some distance ahead of us, he was thrown by his mule's saddle slipping forward and turning him so that he fell heavily on his left arm, which was badly bruised, and thence dragged a rod with his heel fast in the stirrup. His mule then stopped, but, when I rode up behind him, I dared not approach him, lest I should start his animal, and waited for the friend who, having heard his call for help, was coming up in front. Mr. Villard was released without further injury, but his arm is temporarily useless.

I had, in fact, to carry the injured arm in a sling for several weeks.

Greeley, Richardson, and I united in a statement to the public regarding the then actual mining developments. It was prepared in perfect good faith, and based strictly on facts observed by the signers themselves. Greeley's political opponents, nevertheless, made it the subject of ridicule and abuse of him for a long time. His inveterate enemy, the senior James Gordon Bennett, especially attacked him for it in the New York *Herald*. The assertions that we had allowed ourselves to be misled and swindled, became so persistent that the leading miners subsequently published sworn statements testifying to the correctness of our account. The steadily growing proof of the existence of great mineral wealth in the Rocky Mountains triumphantly sustained us in the end.

CHAPTER IX

From the Rockies to the Middle West.—1859–60

MY personal prospects were now assured, at least to the extent of a continuance of my engagement on the *Commercial* during the summer and fall. "Pike's Peak" was the all-absorbing topic in the press throughout the United States, and news from there was eagerly sought by editors and publishers. Several other correspondents appeared successively on the field, but I had a great advantage over them through my early advent and my knowledge of the country.

The influx of wanderers across the Plains in search of riches grew steadily greater as the summer advanced. Not less than fifty to sixty thousand fortune-hunters reached the Rocky Mountains before the first of September. Within a few weeks, from four to five thousand had crowded into the Gregory and adjoining gulches. The overflow then found its way along other water-courses to the north and south, and even up to and over the highest range, to the region watered by the Grand and Green Rivers. Thousands followed the South Platte to its sources, and thence reached the western slope through the Ute Pass. In fact, before the next winter set in, the greater part of the territory now included in the boundaries of the State of Colorado had been journeyed and worked over, and in many places permanent mining-camps established. Almost every day, reports of new "strikes" in various parts of the mountains reached the Cherry Creek towns. As soon as they were sufficiently confirmed to warrant it, I set out to verify them on the spot. Thus I was "on the go" the greater part of the time. I usually joined pro-

spectors who had made original discoveries and come to Cherry Creek to obtain supplies and implements for developing them. But several times also I started out with exploring parties without any definite destination. I likewise revisited established mining-camps, like Gregory's, at intervals. In this way the range of my observations extended from Long's Peak to Pike's Peak on the eastern as well as on the western slope of the mountains. I crossed and recrossed the main crest of the mountains repeatedly. I visited those beautiful, all but circular valleys, consisting of mountain meadows dotted with pines singly and in groups, traversed by rushing mountain-streams and surrounded by snow-capped mountains, known as the South, Middle, and North Parks. These trips, while involving sometimes great hardships, never failed to be enjoyable from beginning to end. I think of them even now with rekindled enthusiasm. The contact with primitive nature in its sublimest forms had something inspiring. We travelled every day just as long and as far as we liked. We took ample time for everything—for admiring natural wonders, for enjoying the scenery, for fishing and hunting, and for prospecting. The streams were full of trout and the valleys of elk and deer. We frequently met great herds of elk. We always slept on the ground—and such restful sleep we had, from ten to twelve hours every night! I could name half a dozen flourishing Colorado towns on the sites of which I camped before they were even "taken up." We did our cooking by turns, and rich feasts we had on trout and game. Altogether, I was always sorry when my journalistic duties compelled me to return to Cherry Creek to work up new material into my regular reports.

Yet, in Denver and Auraria, life was also growing from day to day more active, varied, and interesting. They both made astonishing strides. A number of portable saw-mills had arrived, and were furnishing an ample supply of building-material. Hardware for buildings and ready-made windows and doors were also landed by the wagon-

load. Skilled mechanics became numerous. The quick means of transit from the Missouri by the stage company—the time had been reduced to six days—also brought a considerable accession of capitalists. In every direction the business of pushing the towns forward was pursued with remarkable energy by midsummer. New buildings were started every day, and their character steadily improved. The original site of Auraria had been taken up by Nebraska men, that of Denver by the party which had come out in consequence of the Leavenworth meeting already mentioned. No Government survey having ever been made, this "taking up" was really squatting at random. The "squatters" had no little trouble in protecting their claims from "jumpers." As was to be expected, the moment the future of the country seemed assured, "additions" to the town site were staked off for miles from its boundaries to the four points of the compass. The Denver Company originally consisted of twelve members, each holding an equal undivided interest. "General" Larimer, originally from Pittsburg and afterwards a resident of Leavenworth, was the leading spirit. In consideration of my having written up the country so assiduously, I was given a one-forty-eighth interest in the association. (It may as well be mentioned here that I helped to locate and became part owner of other town sites in different parts of the country.)

By the end of August, there were fully five thousand people settled on Cherry Creek, including at least one hundred families. Long before that time, the necessity of protecting the real and personal property of the inhabitants had led to the formation of town governments. Although the population was drawn from every part of the United States—it would not be too much to say from every quarter of the globe—it was remarkably respectable and orderly. I do not hesitate to assert that the percentage of vicious elements, gamblers, thieves, murderers, and bad women, was never so large there as in other mining

towns in California, Nevada, and Montana. Interference with property and injuries to persons were not frequent, but it was practically impossible to bring offences against either to punishment, owing to the total lack of courts and jails. It was therefore not surprising that Judge Lynch had to be finally appealed to for order and safety. Banishment and hanging were about the only practicable punishments. Yet, during the summer and fall, only fifteen men and women were given notice to leave the country, and only two men hung for murders committed in gambling- and bawdy-house brawls. I witnessed one of the executions. The subject was a fine-looking young man, not over twenty-three, of respectable parentage, great intelligence, and fine education, but brought to this terrible end by drink and other bad habits. He admitted that he deserved to die, and met his doom very bravely.

By the latter part of the summer, the two towns contained several hotels with more or less "modern" improvements, two scores of stores, numerous mechanics' shops, at least one hundred doctors' and lawyers' offices, and other evidences of advancing civilization, besides great numbers of drinking- and gambling-saloons. Several excellent eating-houses were also opened, in which very good meals without lodging could be had at moderate prices—that is, at seventy-five cents a meal (instead of from one and a half to two and a half dollars). The Express Company had moved into a new building some time before, and I had found board and lodging elsewhere. I must not forget to relate an exciting experience we had before the removal of the Express Office from the original log-building. The company made a business of bringing letters from the East, for carrying which they charged twenty-five cents each, following in this a practice common in California and other mining States. At first the charge was willingly paid, but, as the population grew larger, grumblings began to be heard that gradually swelled into general and loud dissatisfaction and violent attacks in the press on the "ex-

tortion" of the Express Company. The agitation culminated in indignation meetings and the passage of resolutions denouncing the Company and threatening the use of force to compel a more reasonable charge. For several days crowds gathered in front of and inside the Express Office on the arrival of stages, demanding their letters without offering to pay anything. I stood by my friend, the Express Agent, behind the counter, and it looked twice as though he would have occasion to defend himself against violence. Fortunately, a compromise was reached, in pursuance of which the charge was reduced to ten cents. It was done away with altogether when, before the end of the summer, the Government entered into a contract with the Company for the transportation of the mails.

Late in the summer, the arrivals from the East almost ceased and a return tide set in—that is, a homeward migration which steadily gained in numbers, so that, in the early fall, it looked as though the country would rapidly lose most of its population. This was not surprising, for four out of every five of the immigrants had come without means, and in the expectation that, by the simple use of their hands and ordinary implements, they could quickly gather fortunes from placer diggings. But the truth was, that the alluvial auriferous deposits were very limited and quickly exhausted, and that the precious metals in the Rocky Mountains were buried in veins of quartz and galena, the successful working of which required capital and costly mechanical appliances that had to be brought from the East. Only a few small quartz-mills had been hauled across the Plains and set up in the mountains. Unavoidably, under the circumstances, the bulk of the gold-seekers were doomed to disappointment, and sought their way back to the States as best they could. It turned out that the entire yield in gold and silver in 1859 from the Pike's Peak region did not exceed three-quarters of a million, while many millions had been sunk in outfits and wasted labor to secure this meagre result.

My faith in the future of the country remained unshaken, but, with the advance of the fall, I was obliged to consider the question whether I should remain during the winter or return to the East. It was evident that, whenever snowfall and the freezing up of the streams should compel the cessation of mining operations in the mountains, general dulness would set in and with it a great dearth of news, so that I could hardly expect the *Commercial* to continue my allowance for services. On the other hand, I liked the climate and the pioneer life; and then, too, I had some property interests, as explained. After some weeks of doubt, I was helped to a decision in favor of passing the winter east of the Missouri by a scheme that suddenly dawned upon me and that could be carried out only there. It was to embody my observations and experiences in a book that should be also a guide to the Pike's Peak region for the new tide of gold-seekers that I felt sure would set in again with the coming spring. I submitted the idea to my friends among the leading business men, who thought very highly of it and promised me their support by subscribing for numbers of copies and otherwise.

Accordingly, I made up my mind to start back, taking the Platte route in the last week of October. A short time before my departure, I received an offer for my interest in the Denver town company, viz., twelve hundred dollars in money, a gold watch, a wagon with two horses, and a rifle! The proposal was very tempting, for the town lots had cost me nothing, and the amount of cash seemed imposingly large to me, who had never had more than one-tenth of it at my disposal at one time. I had had no experience in such matters, and lacked all speculative instinct, and, being young and very self-confident, did not really care much for money beyond my current requirements. The wagon and team were just then an especially attractive consideration, as their ownership would solve for me the problem how to travel across the Plains. Hence I ac-

cepted after brief hesitation. The outfit for the journey was quickly completed. I secured two passengers, who paid thirty dollars each for the ride of six hundred and fifty miles in the ordinary farmer's wagon. It was just enough to pay for the provisions of the party, and for a few bushels of corn which I took along by way of precaution for the horses. We left Denver early on the morning of October 29. My fixed determination at the time was to return early in the spring, but it was only after the lapse of fully seventeen years that I saw the place again, and then only in consequence of a most extraordinary turn in the wheel of my personal fortunes.

We followed what had become the great highway for the Pike's Peak travel, down the South Platte to its junction with the North Platte, and thence along the main river as far as Fort Kearny, where we left it, going in a southeasterly direction over the military road leading to Fort Leavenworth. With the exception of some sandy stretches of several miles each, the road was hard and level nearly the whole distance to Fort Kearny, so that we could make from twenty-five to thirty miles a day without over-fatiguing the horses, which proved excellent roadsters. The vast numbers of animals that had passed over the same route during the summer, had left not a spear of green or dry grass in the Platte valley, but happily a number of "ranches" had sprung up where hay could be had, though at a high price. There was also an absolute scarcity of firewood, and we had to cook our meals by the use of "buffalo chips" (dry dung) that we collected in bags some distance from the river. My companions were very helpful in taking care of the horses and preparing our morning and evening repasts, and altogether we got along capitally. We slept in and under the wagon, wrapped in our buffalo robes and blankets, with the horses picketed next to it. Splendid weather favored us until we were within a day's travel of Fort Kearny, when a snowstorm came upon us in the night that compelled us

to lie still for thirty hours. Of course, cooking was out of the question, and we were reduced to bacon and "hard-tack." The horses were kept well blanketed, and fed with corn. When the storm ceased, there was eighteen inches of snow on the ground, but the warm sun made it melt rapidly.

We replenished our supplies, as far as necessary, at Fort Kearny—a trading and military post with three companies of cavalry—and pushed on as fast as possible (forewarned, as we had been by the snowstorm, of the season of blizzards) over the remaining one hundred and eighty miles to St. Joseph on the Missouri, our destination. We reached the first settlements at Marysville, an embryo town eighty miles from Fort Kearny, on the Blue River, after a three days' drive. Here we found decent hotel accommodations and good stabling for the horses, at moderate Eastern prices. From this point on, our hardships were at an end, nice roadside inns being situated at convenient distances all the way. About thirty miles from St. Joseph an extraordinary incident occurred. A buggy with two occupants was coming towards us over the open prairie. As it approached, I thought I recognized one of them, and, sure enough, it turned out to be no less a person than Abraham Lincoln! I stopped the wagon, called him by name, and jumped off to shake hands. He did not recognize me with my full beard and pioneer's costume. When I said, "Don't you know me?" and gave my name, he looked at me, most amazed, and then burst out laughing. "Why, good gracious! you look like a real Pike's-Peaker." His surprise at this unexpected meeting was as great as mine. He was on a lecturing tour through Kansas. It was a cold morning, and the wind blew cuttingly from the northwest. He was shivering in the open buggy, without even a roof over it, in a short overcoat, and without any covering for his legs. I offered him one of my buffalo robes, which he gratefully accepted. He undertook, of course, to return it to me, but I never saw it

again. After ten minutes' chat, we separated. The next time I saw him he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

We reached St. Joseph the next day, having been only twenty-four days from Denver—a very quick trip under the circumstances. I concluded not to place my team in winter quarters, but to sell it, though I obtained only a very low price for it, and then I took the first train for St. Louis and Cincinnati. In both places I was a sort of attraction, and received a good deal of attention, especially in business and newspaper circles, and spent some weeks very agreeably.

Towards the close of the year, I commenced work upon my proposed book upon the Pike's Peak region. The bulk of the material I needed was already in my possession, but the collection of additional data to give it a reliable character as a "guide" was necessary. Moreover, in order to ensure pecuniary success, I decided to make a regular canvass for subscriptions among the business men of St. Louis and Chicago and the Missouri River towns. Accordingly, I visited all those places, and had reason to be satisfied with the result. I secured not only subscriptions for about ten thousand copies, but a good many advertisements to be printed on fly-leaves at the end of the book. This preliminary work being accomplished, I settled down at a St. Louis hotel for the preparation of the manuscript early in February, and by the middle of March it was ready for the printer.

My venture was indisputably a legitimate one from every point of view, and it really promised very satisfactory results. Indeed, the aid already secured justified the expectation of a profit of at least several thousand dollars, and this prospect filled me with great buoyancy of spirit. But all my fond hopes were to remain unfulfilled. In an evil hour, I was led to contract for printing the book and lithographing the accompanying maps with a firm whose business it was to publish city and town directories

all over the West. The firm seemed to have a good standing, and certainly had all the requisite printing facilities. When the book was about half done, however, the firm failed, and all their assets were seized upon by their creditors, including the plates for my book. A complicated contention over the assets ensued. In spite of my unceasing efforts, I succeeded only in the latter part of May in getting control of my manuscript and the finished plates, and it was late in June before the book was ready. My agreement with the subscribers and advertisers had been to deliver it on May 1. The spring emigration to Pike's Peak, for which the book was intended, being over, they refused to accept it. The upshot of it all was, that barely enough copies were sold to cover the cost of the first edition of twenty-five hundred. In other words, instead of the expected financial success, the undertaking proved a failure, leaving me without any compensation for the months of time and trouble I had devoted to it, and, besides, very much reducing my limited means. I did not get over the pang of that disappointment for a long time.

Instead of finding myself an independent capitalist, able to do thereafter only such literary work as suited me—a blissful state to which I had confidently looked forward—I was again obliged to seek regular journalistic employment. Fortunately for me, we were in a "Presidential year," the exciting forerunner of the dreadful crisis through which the country was to pass during the following years. I had been asked by the Cincinnati *Commercial* to attend the memorable Republican National Convention that met at Chicago on May 16, on its behalf, and gladly obeyed the summons. What I saw and heard on that great occasion will always form one of my most cherished and stirring reminiscences. I have attended a number of national gatherings of the great political parties since, but none that even remotely compared with the attendance at the Chicago convention in point of intelligence, character, earnestness, and enthusiasm. It contained the

very flower of the leaders of the young Republican party: Horace Greeley, William M. Evarts, Thaddeus Stevens, Preston King, David Wilmot, Andrew G. Curtin, Henry J. Raymond, Thurlow Weed, General James Watson Webb, George William Curtis, George S. Boutwell, George Ashmun, Joshua R. Giddings, William Dennison, "Tom" Corwin, Henry S. Lane, N. B. Judd, Lyman Trumbull, and Carl Schurz. It was undeniably what all the opposition parties—the Douglas Democracy, the Buchanan or Breckinridge Democracy, and the Bell and Everett "American" party—charged it with being: a sectional convention, made up exclusively of representatives of the free States, excepting the five border Slave States. The Proceedings were of absorbing interest, and, upon the whole, harmonious. Still, two divergent tendencies upon the slavery question, one radical and the other conservative, were noticeable, which led to the most dramatic incident of the Convention. It was when the motion of Joshua R. Giddings to embody the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," etc., etc., was voted down, and George William Curtis, then only thirty-six years old, rose to renew it with a matchless burst of eloquence which at once carried away the audience.

In one respect the Convention proved a great disappointment to me. I was enthusiastically for the nomination of William H. Seward, who seemed to me the proper and natural leader of the Republican party ever since his great "irrepressible conflict" speech in 1858. The noisy demonstrations of his followers, and especially of the New York delegation in his favor, had made me sure, too, that his candidacy would be irresistible. I therefore shared fully the intense chagrin of the New York and other State delegations when, on the third ballot, Abraham Lincoln received a larger vote than Seward, and the former's unanimous nomination followed. I had not got over the prejudice against Lincoln with which my personal contact with him in 1858 imbued me. It seemed to me incompre-

hensible and outrageous that the uncouth, common Illinois politician, whose only experience in public life had been service as a member of the State legislature and in Congress for one term, should carry the day over the eminent and tried statesman, the foremost figure, indeed, in the country.

I devoted my entire time for the remainder of the summer, as well as during the fall till the Presidential election in November, to getting up reports of notable political meetings for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the *Missouri Democrat*, with whose well-known chief editor, B. Gratz Brown, I had become well acquainted during my stay in St. Louis, and for the New York *Tribune*, connection with which I secured through my acquaintance with Horace Greeley. I was constantly on the wing, and travelled over Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, with occasional incursions into Kentucky, Wisconsin, and Missouri—in sum, from four to five thousand miles. I do not think I exaggerate in saying that I must have attended at least fifty important meetings in the course of four months. While a high order of popular oratory was rare, there was a great deal of very good speaking. I heard Lincoln, Douglas, S. P. Chase, J. C. Breckinridge, Carl Schurz, Schuyler Colfax, Tom Corwin, and a host of lesser lights. I met hundreds of old political acquaintances, and made literally thousands of new ones. It was a singular opportunity to observe and study human nature in general, and the game of practical politics in particular. Upon the whole, I had a very good time, being the recipient of hearty hospitality everywhere. Still, I was very glad when my labors came to an end.

I was in Chicago on the day of the election. Though no great admirer of the Republican standard-bearer, I desired, of course, his success, and felt greatly gratified by it. It was clear to my mind that the triumph of the Republican party would lead to a national crisis. I believed,

indeed, that the country was on the threshold of most serious events, and it looked to me as though a violent solution of the slavery question might be rapidly approaching. But I had as little idea as anybody else that the greatest and bloodiest civil war known to history was to break out in the immediate future.

CHAPTER X

With Lincoln at Springfield.—1860–1

I WENT from Chicago to New York partly for a few weeks' rest and enjoyment, to which I was certainly entitled after my arduous labors during the summer and fall, and partly to renew my former efforts to secure a permanent connection with the metropolitan press.[1] The thorough practical training as a reporter I had acquired since my last attempts in the same direction, promised to make the attainment of my object much easier. An offer came to me in the last days of November in an entirely unexpected form. The New York Associated Press proposed to me[2] that I should go to Springfield, Illinois, and remain there till the departure of the President-elect for Washington, supplying it with regular despatches about current events in that place, which was to become for a time the centre of political gravitation. As a fair remuneration was offered, and my condition that I should be permitted to correspond by mail with Western papers was agreed to, I accepted this novel and important mission.

I started at once for Springfield. Having frequently visited the place in 1858 and during the Presidential campaign, I had a good many local acquaintances, including Lincoln; his law-partner, Judge Logan; Richard Yates, the

[1] He brought with him a long article on the development of mining in the Rocky Mountains in 1860, which was finally accepted by the *Herald*. This renewed his acquaintance with Frederic Hudson, the managing editor.

[2] Or, rather, the *Herald*, through Mr. Hudson, on hearing of his experience in the Lincoln-Douglas campaign and his acquaintance with Lincoln. By the rules of the Associated Press, his despatches had to be shared by the *Herald* with the other members of the Association.

Governor-elect; Jesse K. Dubois, the State Auditor; and other politicians, and the writers on the two daily papers. Among the latter was William M. Springer, who afterwards attained considerable prominence as a member of Congress of many years' service. Later on, R. R. Hitt turned up as a shorthand reporter of the proceedings of the Legislature. Springfield was then a small but attractive town of some nine thousand inhabitants. The business part centred in the square in which stood the State-house, with the offices of the Governor and of the heads of departments and the legislative chambers. The residence streets extended at right angles from the square. None of the streets were paved, and in wet weather, of which a good deal prevailed during that winter, they were simply impassable. There was but one decent hotel, where I put up, and this became the principal stopping-place of thousands of visitors, who, from curiosity or for political consultation and place-hunting, made a pilgrimage to this transient Mecca during the succeeding months.

When I made the object of my stay known to Mr. Lincoln, he gave me a very friendly welcome, and authorized me to come to him at any time for any information I needed. He introduced me to his private secretary, John G. Nicolay, who owes a very successful career to him. Mr. Lincoln had engaged him only after his election, previous to which he had been a simple clerk on a small salary in one of the State offices. I also then met John Hay for the first time. I do not remember whether he was already in the employ of Mr. Lincoln as assistant private secretary when I arrived or not. But he became such before Mr. Lincoln left Springfield. He was very young—barely twenty-two—handsome and of engaging manners. He had been acting as a correspondent of the St. Louis *Missouri Democrat* for some time. He wrote with much fluency and in a florid style. His career as littérateur and diplomat is well known. He has borne the title of Colonel, though he never saw any actual service. Nicolay and he have

shown their gratitude to Abraham Lincoln in their voluminous Life of him, which is certainly a most valuable source of original information, but which cannot be said to be a model of historical justice.

Mr. Lincoln soon found, after his election, that his modest two-story frame dwelling was altogether inadequate for the throng of local callers and of visitors from a distance, and, accordingly, he gladly availed himself of the offer of the use of the Governor's room in the Capitol building. On my arrival, he had already commenced spending a good part of each day in it. He appeared daily, except Sundays, between nine and ten o'clock, and held a reception till noon, to which all comers were admitted, without even the formality of first sending in cards. Whoever chose to call, received the same hearty greeting. At noon, he went home to dinner and reappeared at about two. Then his correspondence was given proper attention, and visitors of distinction were seen by special appointment at either the State-house or the hotel. Occasionally, but very rarely, he passed some time in his law office. In the evening, old friends called at his home for the exchange of news and political views. At times, when important news was expected, he would go to the telegraph or newspaper offices after supper, and stay there till late. Altogether, probably no other President-elect was as approachable for everybody, at least during the first weeks of my stay. But he found in the end, as was to be expected, that this popular practice involved a good deal of fatigue, and that he needed more time for himself; and the hours he gave up to the public were gradually restricted.

I was present almost daily for more or less time during his morning receptions. I generally remained a silent listener, as I could get at him at other hours when I was in need of information. It was a most interesting study to watch the manner of his intercourse with callers. As a rule, he showed remarkable tact in dealing with each of them, whether they were rough-looking Sangamon County

farmers still addressing him familiarly as "Abe," sleek and pert commercial travellers, staid merchants, sharp politicians, or preachers, lawyers, or other professional men. He showed a very quick and shrewd perception of and adaptation to individual characteristics and peculiarities. He never evaded a proper question, or failed to give a fit answer. He was ever ready for an argument, which always had an original flavor, and, as a rule, he got the better in the discussion. There was, however, one limitation to the freedom of his talks with his visitors. A great many of them naturally tried to draw him out as to his future policy as President regarding the secession movement in the South, but he would not commit himself. The most remarkable and attractive feature of those daily "levees," however, was his constant indulgence of his story-telling propensity. Of course, all the visitors had heard of it and were eager for the privilege of listening to a practical illustration of his pre-eminence in that line. He knew this, and took special delight in meeting their wishes. He never was at a loss for a story or an anecdote to explain a meaning or enforce a point, the aptness of which was always perfect. His supply was apparently inexhaustible, and the stories sounded so real that it was hard to determine whether he repeated what he had heard from others, or had invented himself.

None of his hearers enjoyed the wit—and wit was an unfailing ingredient—of his stories half as much as he did himself. It was a joy indeed to see the effect upon him. A high-pitched laughter lighted up his otherwise melancholy countenance with thorough merriment. His body shook all over with gleeful emotion, and when he felt particularly good over his performance, he followed his habit of drawing his knees, with his arms around them, up to his very face, as I had seen him do in 1858. I am sorry to state that he often allowed himself altogether too much license in the concoction of the stories. He seemed to be bent upon making his hit by fair means or foul. In

other words, he never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. All his personal friends could bear testimony on this point. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. More than once I heard him "with malice aforethought" get off purposely some repulsive fiction in order to rid himself of an uncomfortable caller. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been called upon to direct the destinies of a great nation in the direst period of its history. Yet his achievements during the next few years proved him to be one of the great leaders of mankind in adversity, in whom low leanings only set off more strikingly his better qualities. At the time of which I speak, I could not have persuaded myself that the man might possibly possess true greatness of mind and nobility of heart. I do not wish to convey the idea, however, that he was mainly given to trivialities and vulgarities in his conversation; for, in spite of his frequent outbreaks of low humor, his was really a very sober and serious nature, and even inclined to gloominess to such an extent that all his biographers have attributed a strongly melancholic disposition to him.

I often availed myself of his authorization to come to him at any time for information. There were two questions in which the public, of course, felt the deepest interest, and upon which I was expected to supply light, viz., the composition of his Cabinet, and his views upon the secession movement that was daily growing in extent and strength. As to the former, he gave me to understand early, by indirection, that, as everybody expected, William H. Seward and S. P. Chase, his competitors for the Presidential nomination, would be among his constitutional advisers. It was hardly possible for him not to recognize them, and he steadily turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances that were made against them as "extreme men" by leading politicians from the Border States, particularly from Ken-

tucky and Missouri. As to the remaining members of his Cabinet, they were definitely selected much later, and after a protracted and wearisome tussle with the delegations of various States that came to Springfield to urge the claims of their "favorite sons." I shall refer again to this subject.

No one who heard him talk upon the other question could fail to discover his "other side," and to be impressed with his deep earnestness, his anxious contemplation of public affairs, and his thorough sense of the extraordinary responsibilities that were coming upon him. He never refused to talk with me about secession, but generally evaded answers to specific interrogatories, and confined himself to generalizations. I was present at a number of conversations which he had with leading public men upon the same subject, when he showed the same reserve. He did not hesitate to say that the Union ought to, and in his opinion would, be preserved, and to go into long arguments in support of the proposition, based upon the history of the republic, the homogeneity of the population, the natural features of the country, such as the common coast, the rivers and mountains, that compelled political and commercial unity. But he could not be got to say what he would do in the face of Southern secession, except that as President he should be sworn to maintain the Constitution of the United States, and that he was therefore bound to fulfil that duty. He met in the same general way the frequent questions whether he should consider it his duty to resort to coercion by force of arms against the States engaged in attempts to secede. In connection therewith I understood him, however, several times to express doubts as to the practicability of holding the Slave States in the Union by main force, if they were all determined to break it up. He was often embarrassed by efforts of radical antislavery men to get something out of him in encouragement of their hopes that the crisis would result in the abolition of slavery. He did not respond as

they wished, and made it clear that he did not desire to be considered an "abolitionist," and that he still held the opinion that property in slaves was entitled to protection under the Constitution, and that its owners could not be deprived of it without due compensation. Consciously or unconsciously, he, like everybody else, must have been influenced in his views by current events. As political passion in the South rose higher and higher, and actual defiance of Federal authority by deeds of violence occurred almost daily after his election, culminating in the formal secession of seven States and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy under Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Alabama, the belief, which he doubtless had originally, that by a conciliatory course as President he could pacify the rebellious States, must have become shaken. Still, I think I interpret his views up to the time of his departure for Washington correctly in saying that he had not lost faith in the preservation of peace between the North and the South, and he certainly did not dream that his principal duty would be to raise great armies and fleets, and the means to maintain them, for the suppression of the most determined and sanguinary rebellion, in defence of slavery, that our planet ever witnessed.

The Jacksonian "doctrine" that to the "victors belong the spoils," was still so universally the creed of all politicians that it was taken for granted there would be a change not only in all the principal, but also in all the minor, Federal offices. It was also expected that the other time-honored party practice of a division of executive patronage among the several States would be carried out. Accordingly, there appeared deputations from all the Northern and Border States at Springfield to put in their respective claims for recognition. Some of them came not only once, but several times. From a number of States several delegations turned up, representing rival factions in the Republican ranks, each pretending to be the rightful claimant. Almost every State presented candidates for the

Cabinet and for the principal diplomatic and departmental offices. The hotel was the principal haunt of the place-hunters. The tricks, the intrigues, and the manœuvres that were practised by them in pursuit of their aims, came nearly all within the range of my observation, as it was my duty to furnish the earliest possible news of their success or failure. As a rule, the various sets of spoilsmen were very willing to take me into their confidence, but it was not always easy to distinguish what was true in their communications from what they wished me to say to the press purely in furtherance of their interests. Among the political visitors, the most prominent I met were: Simon Cameron, S. P. Chase, Thurlow Weed, Lyman Trumbull, N. B. Judd, Richard J. Oglesby, Francis P. Blair, Sr. and Jr., B. Gratz Brown, William Dennison, D. C. Carter of Ohio, Henry J. Winter, and Oliver P. Morton. Thurlow Weed was by far the most interesting figure and the most astute operator among them all.

From what I have said, it will be understood that the President-elect had a hard time of it with the office-seekers. But as he himself was a thorough believer in the doctrine of rotation in office, he felt it his duty to submit to this tribulation. The Cabinet appointments, other than those already named, were especially troublesome to him. There was an intense struggle between Indiana and Illinois, most embarrassing inasmuch as there were several candidates from his own State, all intimate personal friends. Then came the bitter contest between the Border States of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, and the Pennsylvania cabal pro and contra Simon Cameron. Amid all his perplexities, Lincoln displayed a good deal of patience and shrewdness in dealing with these personal problems. His never-failing stories helped many times to heal wounded feelings and mitigate disappointments. But he gradually showed the wear and tear of these continuous visitations, and finally looked so careworn as to excite one's compassion.

Not a little was added to his trials by the early manifes-

tation of the inordinate greed, coupled with an utter lack of sense of propriety, on the part of Mrs. Lincoln, whose local reputation had repressed in me all desire to know her. I could not, however, avoid making her acquaintance towards the end of my stay in Springfield, and subsequently saw much of her in Washington. How the politicians found out Mrs. Lincoln's weakness, I do not know, but it is a sorry fact that she allowed herself to be persuaded, at an early date, to accept presents for the use of her influence with her husband in support of the aspirations of office-seekers.

I must mention a remarkable occurrence in Springfield, of which I was myself an eye-witness. Early in January, the State Legislature met, and, according to custom, the newly elected Republican Governor was to read the inaugural message to that body in person. The lawmakers assembled in the Lower Chamber at the appointed hour, but the Governor failed to appear. Search was made for him, and, after a delay of half an hour, the doorkeeper formally announced him, and he was escorted through the middle aisle to the Speaker's chair. He seemed hardly able to walk. His attempt to read the first sentences of the message disclosed the nature of the trouble. He was too drunk to stand or to read. He fell back into his chair, and the Clerk of the House read the message in his place. Of course, the scandal was great in the Legislature, in the town, and throughout the State.

During the month of January, 1861, there appeared in Springfield one W. S. Wood, a former hotel manager and organizer of pleasure excursions, I believe, from the interior of New York State, who, on the recommendation of Thurlow Weed, was to take charge of all the arrangements for the journey of the President-elect to Washington. He was a man of comely appearance, greatly impressed with the importance of his mission and inclined to assume airs of consequence and condescension. As he showed a disposition to ignore me, I made a direct appeal to Mr.

Lincoln, who instructed him that I was to be one of the Presidential party. In fact, I was the only member of the press forming part of it as far as Cincinnati, although Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, for some unexplained reason, fail to mention me in naming the members of the party.

The start on the memorable journey was made shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 11. It was a clear, crisp winter day. Only about one hundred people, mostly personal friends, were assembled at the station to shake hands for the last time with their distinguished townsman. It was not strange that he yielded to the sad feelings which must have moved him at the thought of what lay behind and what was before him, and gave them utterance in a pathetic formal farewell to the gathering crowd, as follows:

My Friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

I reproduce this here, as but for me it would not have been preserved in the exact form in which it was delivered. It was entirely extemporized, and, knowing this, I prevailed on Mr. Lincoln, immediately after starting, to write it out for me on a "pad." I sent it over the wires from the first telegraph station. I kept the pencil manuscript for some time, but, unfortunately, lost it in my wanderings in the course of the Civil War.

Our travelling companions at the start were (besides Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and the three sons) W. S. Wood; J. G. Nicolay and John Hay; two old personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, Judge David Davis, of Bloomington, afterwards Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, and N. B. Judd, of Chicago, who had the promise of the Secretaryship of the Interior; Dr. W. S. Wallace, a brother-in-law; Lockwood Todd, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln, who was employed on several important political missions during the next few months; and Ward Hill Lamon, a lawyer of Bloomington, who afterwards became United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and as such a sort of majordomo at the White House, and finally the author of a biography of Abraham Lincoln. For describing him in this as an infidel, Lamon was much and unjustly attacked. He brought a banjo along, and amused us with negro songs. There was also a military escort, consisting of Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, the white-haired commander of a cavalry regiment of the regular army, and of Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, and Captain Hazard of the same service. Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter, and Captain Pope became well-known commanding generals during the war. Another "military" character, a sort of pet of Mr. Lincoln, was Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who, though a mere youth, of small but broad figure, curly black head, and handsome features, had achieved considerable local notoriety as a captain of a crack "Zouave" militia company in Chicago. He was one of the first victims of the Civil War, being shot by a rebel while raising the United States flag at Alexandria, Virginia.

The party had a special train, composed at first only of an ordinary passenger car—there were no parlor or drawing-room or sleeping cars in those days—a baggage-car and engine. The first day's journey took us from the capital of Illinois to that of Indiana. Until we reached the boundary of the latter State, the demonstrations along the route were insignificant, except at Decatur, where a great crowd,

headed by Richard J. Oglesby, then a hotel-keeper, but subsequently a general in the war, Governor, and United States Senator, greeted the future Chief Magistrate, who delivered another farewell speech. At the boundary, the train was boarded by a large delegation of leading Indianians, including Schuyler Colfax, Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith, and Thomas H. Nelson. At Lafayette, a great crowd awaited our coming, and the President-elect had to appear and speak to them. At Indianapolis, where the first day's journey ended, he was formally welcomed by Governor Oliver P. Morton, and replied to him at length. His speech was remarkable for the first public intimation that he should consider it his duty as President to retake the properties of the United States, including the forts unlawfully seized by the rebellious States, and otherwise reestablish the authority of the Federal Government.

The next stage of the journey was from Indianapolis to Cincinnati; the third, from Cincinnati to Columbus; the fourth, from Columbus to Pittsburg; the fifth, from Pittsburg to Cleveland; the sixth, from Cleveland to Buffalo, where a rest was taken over Sunday. The eighth day the journey was continued as far as Albany, and on the following day we reached New York. Everywhere there were formal welcomes by the State or municipal authorities and by great crowds of people, with brass bands, and public and private receptions. In different localities pleasant variations were offered in the way of serenades, torchlight processions, and gala theatrical performances. Altogether, the President had every reason to feel flattered and encouraged by the demonstrations in his honor. But the journey was a very great strain upon his physical and mental strength, and he was well-nigh worn out when he reached Buffalo. He must have spoken at least fifty times during the week. In the kindness of his heart—not from any love of adulation, for he really felt very awkward about it—he never refused to respond to a call for his appearance wherever the train stopped. While he thus satis-

fied the public curiosity, he disappointed, by his appearance, most of those who saw him for the first time. I could see that impression clearly written on the faces of his rustic audiences. Nor was this surprising, for they certainly saw the most unprepossessing features, the gawkiest figure, and the most awkward manners. Lincoln always had an embarrassed air, too, like a country clodhopper appearing in fashionable society, and was nearly always stiff and unhappy in his off-hand remarks. The least creditable performance en route was his attempt to say something on the question of tariff legislation in his Pittsburg speech. What he said was really nothing but crude, ignorant twaddle, without point or meaning. It proved him to be the veriest novice in economic matters, and strengthened my doubts as to his capacity for the high office he was to fill. So poor was his talk that most of the Republican papers, while they printed it, abstained from comment.

After ten days of the wearisome sameness of the "performances" at the several halting-places, I was very sick of the "travelling show," and I therefore asked to be relieved from my duties on reaching New York. My request was granted, and I remained behind. It turned out that I lost only the reception in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, as the journey was cut short by the incognito night run of the President from Harrisburg to Washington. This sudden move on his part created at the time considerable disappointment, even among his warmest political followers, being regarded as an evidence of unwarranted fear. But subsequent events and developments proved his course to have been a wise one.

CHAPTER XI

At Washington in Sumter Days.—1861

I REMAINED in New York till February 26, and then proceeded also to the national capital. I was conscious of now being so thoroughly qualified as a political writer and observer that I could be perfectly sure of constant and well-paid employment, having the special advantage, too, of being well acquainted with the President and his most intimate friends and advisers. I was also convinced that Washington was the proper and most promising field for me. I conceived the plan of trying a new departure in news-reporting from Washington, viz., to gather and furnish the same political and other news by mail and telegraph to a number of papers in different parts of the country, geographically so situated that they would not interfere with each other by the simultaneous publication of the same matter. I telegraphed a proposal to that effect from New York to the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Chicago *Tribune*, both of which promptly accepted it. The New York *Tribune* and *Times*, having already special correspondents in Washington, would not accept it; but the elder Bennett and Frederic Hudson of the *Herald* offered to engage me as a telegraphic correspondent, and, as they conceded my condition that I should be free to speak through the *Herald* as a sympathizer with the Republican party, I came to an understanding with them. My enterprise was to be a sort of supplement to the Associated Press, whose then Washington correspondent was very inefficient, but was kept in his place on account of his long services. It was, indeed, the beginning in this country of the news syndicates or agencies of which scores now exist in

Washington and New York. I think I am fairly entitled to be considered the pioneer in this business, though the present generation of journalists is not aware of the fact.

I made my advent accordingly in Washington in high spirits. The *Herald* was to pay me twenty-five dollars a week, the *Commercial* and *Tribune* each fifteen dollars, thus bringing my weekly earnings up to fifty-five dollars, or not far from three thousand a year—really a large income for those days, when even Cabinet officers had only six thousand dollars. I hired a finely furnished suite of rooms for only twelve dollars a month, and engaged board at Willard's, the leading hotel, for thirty dollars a month—prices that will seem almost incredibly low when compared with those of the present day. Altogether, I felt quite rich and very independent. What with Congress in session, the hordes of place-seekers from every part of the Union, and the many public men from the North and South who visited the capital from purely patriotic motives in those critical days, Washington presented a very animated appearance. It had then about sixty thousand inhabitants, a number which the transient sojourners swelled by ten thousand. Leaving out the public buildings, the place seemed like a large village, with its preponderance of plain, low brick or wooden structures, wide, mostly unpaved streets, small shops, general lack of business activity, and a distinctly Southern air of indolence and sloth. Of its numerous hotels, some were very spacious, but all were poorly kept. It could not boast a single decent restaurant, but had no end of bar-rooms. There were neither omnibuses nor street-cars, and the shabby public carriages with their ragged black drivers were simply disgusting.

Still, unattractive as Washington was in all these respects, it was the most important place in the Union, and daily growing in importance; to it the eyes of the whole civilized world turned in curious and anxious expectation. Political life centred at the Capitol and at the three principal hotels, Willard's, Brown's, and the National, and

especially Willard's, where the President had taken quarters till he moved into the White House. Among Republicans as well as all classes of their opponents, the entire uncertainty of the outlook caused a feeling of vague apprehension. On the one hand, all attempts in Congress to heal the running secession sore in the Federal body through the Crittenden compromise and the measures proposed by Senators Seward, Anthony, and Powell, and Representatives Vallandigham, Clingman, and Corwin, had failed. The so-called Peace Congress had likewise just miscarried. On the other hand, the seven rebellious States showed the boldest defiance, and were striving with the utmost determination to solidify the structure of the Southern Confederacy they had erected during the winter, and to widen and strengthen it by dragging the Border States after them. There was great division of opinion as to the wisest course to be pursued by the incoming Administration, even among its own supporters. Such leading Republicans as Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed came out openly in favor of peaceful separation rather than the use of force by the Federal Government against the rebels. Other leaders were willing to go to great lengths in conciliating the South through Federal and State legislation concerning the "peculiar institution." The bulk of the Republican party and the majority of its Representatives in Congress were ready and anxious, however, for the utmost use of Federal power for the reduction of the Southern insurrection and the maintenance of the Union; but not a few of their principal guides, including Seward, still thought that the secession fever would run for a time, but gradually lose force and die out under proper treatment by Mr. Lincoln. The latter himself still held this belief. The prospect of the preservation of peace seemed to grow steadily less, yet only the outright secessionists were inclined to contemplate the spectre of a sanguinary struggle with complacency. The doubtfulness of the situation was increased by the open sympathy and readiness to concede all that

would be necessary to placate the South shown by the Democrats of the North. Numerous mass meetings, of which those in Philadelphia under the direction of Mayor Henry, and in Albany under that of Governor Seymour, were the most notable, had been held in the Northern States to protest against "coercion," denounce the "Black Republicans," and demand recognition of the "just claims of our Southern brethren." I for one was fully convinced that a most bloody civil war was inevitable, unless the new Government abdicated its powers as far as the rebellious States were concerned; and I freely expressed that conviction in my correspondence.

Truly, the last man to be envied, under the circumstances, was Abraham Lincoln. The formal calls he received and had to return, the consultations with friends, the finishing touches to his inaugural message (which he had written and set up in type before leaving Springfield, but which received much tinkering before its delivery, at the suggestion of Orville H. Browning, Seward, and others), occupied his time from morning till late at night; and the settlement of the appointments to the principal offices left him, to be sure, little time for thought of the future. The pressure of the place-hunters was tremendous. As the necessary decision of their fate drew nearer, their eagerness to gain access to the chief dispenser of patronage became intensified. The situation is graphically described by Nicolay and Hay in their Life of Lincoln.

I saw Mr. Lincoln twice for a few minutes before the inauguration, when, in response to an expression of sympathy with his tribulations, he groaned out: "Yes, it was bad enough in Springfield, but it was child's play compared with this tussle here. I hardly have a chance to eat or sleep. I am fair game for everybody of that hungry lot." His wife again added not least to his worries. She meddled not only with the distribution of minor offices, but even with the assignment of places in the Cabinet. Moreover, she allowed herself to be approached and continuously

surrounded by a common set of men and women, who, through her susceptibility to even the most barefaced flattery, easily gained a controlling influence over her. Among the persons who thus won access to her graces was the so-called "Chevalier" Wikoff, whose name figured as much as any other in the press in those days, who made pretension to the rôle of a sort of cosmopolitan knight-errant, and had the entrée of society, but was, in fact, only a salaried social spy or informer of the New York *Herald*. Wikoff was of middle age, an accomplished man of the world, a fine linguist, with graceful presence, elegant manners, and a conscious, condescending way—altogether, just such a man as would be looked upon as a superior being by a woman accustomed only to Western society. Wikoff showed the utmost assurance in his appeals to the vanity of the mistress of the White House. I myself heard him compliment her upon her looks and dress in so fulsome a way that she ought to have blushed and banished the impertinent fellow from her presence. She accepted Wikoff as a majordomo in general and in special, as a guide in matters of social etiquette, domestic arrangements, and personal requirements, including her toilette, and as always welcome company for visitors in her salon and on her drives.

Great efforts were made to render the inauguration an imposing occasion. The city itself indicated, by the scantiness of festive array, that the mass of the inhabitants were hostile to the new rule. But many thousands, including militia and political organizations, had come from the North and helped to give imposing proportions to the traditional procession from the White House to the farther end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The morning was cloudy and raw; nevertheless, at least thirty thousand people listened to the reading of the message from the historical corner of the Capitol. Probably two-thirds of the immense audience caught every word of the clear utterance of the new President. Not the faintest disturbance oc-

curred then or at any time during the day. On the contrary, the chief figure of the occasion was lustily cheered. For some reason or other, offensive demonstrations and even violence to the President had been apprehended, and the small regular force held in readiness for the repression of such attempts. Old General Scott, who rarely left his quarters, owing to his infirmities, made a special effort and was on duty near the Capitol, receiving frequent reports from the army officers in charge of the detachments of regulars distributed over the city; but not the remotest sign of mischief appeared. In the evening, the customary big inauguration ball came off, and, as usual, it was a very crowded, much mixed and, upon the whole, very ordinary affair, though the newspapers the next morning praised it as the most brilliant festivity that had ever taken place in the national capital.

The inaugural message, which its author and those at whose instance it was changed from its original form had expected to act upon the political situation like oil upon a troubled sea, was received with nothing like enthusiasm even by the Republicans, and fell flat as far as the Northern Democrats and Border States were concerned, while the rebellious States spurned it with derisive contempt. This unsatisfactory effect was not surprising. The message was, to characterize it briefly, a heterogeneous compound of assertion, on the one hand, of the duty of the new Federal executive under his oath to obey the Constitution and enforce the laws and preserve the Union; and, on the other, of intimations and assurances that he would avoid action that might lead to a conflict, and that he favored such constitutional amendments as might pacify the South. It deservedly met, therefore, the same fate as the other attempts at conciliation in and out of Congress already referred to. Instead of finding himself relieved, as he had hoped to be, from the necessity of making good his pledges to do his duty against the rebellious States, the President was directly compelled to face that dreaded contingency.

It came in the shape of the question of holding or giving up Fort Sumter. That last of the Federal strongholds in Charleston harbor not in possession of the rebels had been left—unreënforced and unreprovisioned, after a weak effort to succor the garrison by the *Star of the West* expedition—as the most embarrassing legacy of the Buchanan to the new Administration. On the very morning after his inauguration, the President found on his desk at the White House a communication from the War Department, accompanied by official reports, according to which Fort Sumter could hold out, even if not attacked, only a few weeks longer, and Fort Pickens in Pensacola Bay was also in great danger, unless strengthened by men and supplies. From that hour the fate of the two forts formed his most serious anxiety. He called on General Scott and other officers of the army and navy for information and advice. He caused special messengers to be sent to Major Anderson, in command of Fort Sumter, in order to obtain his own judgment as to his ability to hold out. He submitted the subject for consideration to his Cabinet. The Commanding General of the army, forgetting that he was called on only for his military judgment, advised the abandonment of both forts on political grounds. At the first consultation with the Cabinet on March 15, the majority of the members, in written opinions, advised the evacuation of Sumter and the defence of Pickens. At the next one, a fortnight later, a majority favored the holding of both. The President, after weeks of hesitation and uncertainty, had reached the same conclusion, and would have acted on it even without the concurrence of the Cabinet. Orders to fit out relief expeditions were at once given to the War and Navy Departments.

In the meantime, the press and the public in the North, not having a knowledge of these occurrences, were under the impression that the Government was afraid of decisive steps and was simply drifting with the current of events. Beyond the refusal to receive the Commissioners

of the Confederacy who came to Washington a week before the inauguration to negotiate for recognition, hardly any action of the Administration bearing upon the Rebellion was "visible." This naturally produced great irritation and discouragement in patriotic hearts, and Washington was full of indignant Northern men, in and out of Congress, giving vent to their wrath at the supposed blindness, incompetency, or cowardice, whichever it might be, of Lincoln and his Cabinet. It was believed, and openly said, that Seward's infatuated belief in the possibility of a peaceful solution and his fear of coercion had prevailed with the President. The Administration, according to appearances, seemed to be absorbed solely in the distribution of the "spoils," in the shape of Federal offices, among the victors. Much demoralization resulted from this among loyal men. Their discouragement was heightened, moreover, by the continuous desertions of army and navy officers, from the highest to the lowest ranks, to the rebel side, by the numerous resignations from Government offices of Southerners or sympathizers with the South, and by the ostentatious daily departures of Southern men of national reputation, members of the Senate and House and others, to join the Montgomery Legislature and Government. In addition to all this, the obvious general lethargy in the loyal States, the widening divisions among Republicans over the Southern question, and the growing clamor of the Northern Democrats for peace on any terms, seemed from day to day to render it more probable that the Rebellion would be successful, and that, even if the Government should decide upon efforts to put it down, it would not have the support of the majority of the Northern people.

In an instant, as it were, all this was changed. Southern folly and frenzy freed President Lincoln from all embarrassment. The expedition for the relief of Sumter, decided upon by him in compliance with his promise in the inaugural message, that "the power confided to me

will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government," gave birth to the storm by which the political atmosphere was cleared at once of all haze, and the true course for the ship of state shown to its helmsman. Ordered on March 29, the expedition was intended to sail on April 6, but was delayed through various obstacles, and failed of its object in consequence. But its very failure worked like another act of Providence for the right cause. For, as its departure was the signal for the rebel attack on Sumter, its miscarriage caused the fort's surrender. But it was the very striking down of the United States flag by rebel guns that led to the bursting of the patriotic hurricane that swept away all dissensions, all partisan enmities, all fear, all apathy, and united the whole North in the determination to preserve the Union at any cost of blood and treasure. It has been claimed that Lincoln deliberately planned the whole move in sure expectation of its marvellous effect, but this may well be doubted.

The President issued the call for 75,000 men on April 15. On the following day I received a despatch from James Gordon Bennett asking me to come at once to New York. I obeyed the summons by the night train. On reaching the *Herald* office, I found an invitation to accompany him in the afternoon to his residence at Washington Heights and to spend the night there. As was my host's regular custom, we drove from the office up Broadway and Fifth Avenue and through Central Park to the Heights. I had seen Bennett only twice before, and then but for a few minutes each time, and the opportunity to learn more of this notorious character was therefore not unwelcome to me. I must say that his shameful record as a journalist, and particularly the sneaking sympathy of his paper for the Rebellion, and its vile abuse of the Republicans for their antislavery sentiments, made me share the general prejudice against him to such an extent that I had been thinking for some time of severing my connection with the

Herald, although the agreement that all I telegraphed should be printed without change or omission had been strictly kept. With his fine tall and slender figure, large intellectual head covered with an abundance of light curly hair, and strong regular features, his exterior would have been impressive but for his strabismus, which gave him a sinister, forbidding look. Intercourse with him, indeed, quickly revealed his hard, cold, utterly selfish nature and incapacity to appreciate high and noble aims.

His residence was a good-sized frame house in parklike grounds, with no great pretensions either outwardly or inwardly. On the drive and during the dinner, at which his one son—a fine-looking, intelligent youth of twenty—was the only other person present, he did nothing but ask questions bearing upon the characteristics and doings of President Lincoln and the circumstances of my acquaintance with him. After dinner he disclosed his true purpose in sending for me. First, he wanted me to carry a message from him to Mr. Lincoln that the *Herald* would hereafter be unconditionally for the radical suppression of the Rebellion by force of arms, and in the shortest possible time, and would advocate and support any "war measures" by the Government and Congress. I was, of course, very glad to hear this, and promised to repeat these assurances by word of mouth to the President. The truth was, that the *Herald* was obliged to make this complete change in its attitude, there having been ominous signs for some days in New York of danger of mob violence to the paper. Secondly, he wanted me to offer to Secretary Chase his son's famous sailing yacht, the *Rebecca*, as a gift to the Government for the revenue service, and to secure in consideration thereof for its owner the appointment of lieutenant in the same service. The last wish I thought rather amusing, but I agreed to lay it before Secretary Chase, to whom I had ready access as the representative of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, his strongest supporter in Ohio. My host retired early, and was ready before me in

the morning for the down drive, on which I accompanied him again. Mr. Hudson—the managing editor, a fine-looking man, and one of the most courteous and obliging I ever met, with extraordinary qualifications for newspaper management—told me in the course of the day that Mr. Bennett was very much pleased with me and had increased my weekly allowance to thirty-five dollars.

I started on my return trip to Washington on the night train of the next day. The run now made in five hours then took from ten to twelve. It was most tiresome, especially at night, as it involved no less than five changes of cars, three crossings by ferryboat over the Hudson, Delaware, and Susquehanna Rivers, an hour's street-car ride through the whole length of Philadelphia, and the slow passage through Baltimore on railroad-cars pulled by horses. We reached Perryville, on the east bank of the Susquehanna, from which place passengers were transferred on a ferryboat to Havre de Grace, opposite, at 3 A.M. We got out of the train and walked to the boat. As it remained stationary, an explanation was sought from the captain, who said that he had been directed to remain where he was until further orders. One weary hour after another passed without any light as to the cause of the delay. There was not even a chance to sit down on the boat, except on the deck. At break of day I made my way to the telegraph-office at the station, but no one was there. The operator did not appear till seven o'clock. He said that, during the night, despatches had passed over the line to the managers of the company in Philadelphia, announcing that bridges and trestles had been burned in the night between Havre de Grace and Baltimore, and that accordingly the movement of all trains between those two points had been ordered stopped. The operator did not know who had done the burning, but it was clear to me at once that the rebel sympathizers in Maryland were the perpetrators, in order to stop the transportation of troops from the North to the capital. This had

commenced the very day before on a large scale with the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which the great War Governor, John A. Andrew, had started from Boston, one thousand strong, within twenty-four hours after the President's call, and with an equal number of Pennsylvania volunteers. My surmise turned out correct, but I was far from suspecting the bloody events of the memorable nineteenth of April in Baltimore.

Here was a predicament for me. On the one hand, the very interruption of communication with Washington made it the more desirable and necessary for me to be there, in order to supply news through extraordinary channels if the ordinary ones failed. On the other, there was the embarrassing question how to get through, the broken railroad being the only line of land communication between the North and the capital. The first thing I did was to beg for a breakfast at one of the few houses in the hamlet of Perryville—there being no hotel—and I got one of bacon, "hoe-cakes," and indescribable coffee. Next, having seen some small boats tied up at the bank, I went in search of their owners. I found one of them who agreed to row me to Havre de Grace for a dollar, and he landed me there in an hour. This place was a village of a few hundred inhabitants, who were gathered in knots on the streets, discussing the stoppage of trains. They confirmed the burning of the superstructures, and not a few showed their rebellious disposition by expressing themselves as rather glad of it. I set about finding some sort of a vehicle to convey me to Baltimore, about thirty-eight miles distant. There was no livery-stable and but few private owners of carriages, all of whom were afraid to undertake the job, not knowing what had actually happened. After wasting a couple of hours with them, I determined to start on foot just as I was—my valise being checked to Washington—and take my chances of finding means of transportation on the way. After walking some six miles, about noon I reached the home of an apparently well-to-do

planter on the roadside. My request for a meal was readily acceded to. The planter proved to be a strong anti-secessionist, though a slaveholder. To my great relief, he consented, in response to my offer to pay twenty-five dollars for the accommodation, to send me in a buggy with one of his slaves as a driver to Baltimore. Although I had heard stories at Havre de Grace and all along the road that the country was "swarming with rebel cavalry," we met no armed men, nor any sort of adventure, and arrived at our destination a little before dark. In driving through the city, I saw no sign of disturbance; the street life seemed to be going on as usual. I went to the Eutaw House, the proprietor of which I had known as a New York hotel-keeper. First of all, I gleaned from the morning and evening newspapers the details of the fearful occurrences the day before during the passage of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops. They also contained the alarming announcement that railroad communication with both the North and the South was entirely interrupted. This left the problem how to get to the capital only half solved for me, but I was too tired to consider at once the other half of the solution, and so, after supper, I sought my bed without delay.

I rose early to consult the landlord as to the best means of reaching Washington, which I was resolved to do at all hazards and at the earliest possible moment. As the speedy reopening of the railroad seemed very doubtful, he recommended the hiring of a carriage, and sent for the keeper of the livery-stable attached to the hotel, who declined, however, absolutely to furnish me a conveyance at any price. Other stablemen were sent for, but with the same result. Finally, it occurred to me to try to secure a saddle-horse, and in this I was successful. But I had to put up a hundred dollars with the hotel-keeper as security for the return of the animal, and to pay five dollars a day and all expenses till returned. I was mounted by nine o'clock, and rode leisurely like a pleasure-rider to the suburbs,

where I took by-roads instead of the main highway to the Relay House, the junction of the main and Washington lines of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, nine miles from the city. Here rider and horse had a repast, and then started on the long ride of over thirty miles to Washington, where I arrived at seven o'clock without having met any one but harmless country folk en route. After putting up the horse and getting a bath and change of clothes, I went to Willard's for supper. I was surprised to find the halls and public sitting-rooms almost empty, and still more so when the office clerk, in answer to my question, "What 's the news?" said, "Well, as you have been away, it will be news to you that we are going to shut up this hotel to-morrow, and this meal will be the last you can be served with here." And so it was. The great caravansary was to be closed for an indefinite time.

An extraordinary change had, indeed, taken place at the capital since my departure. What with the proclamation of the President, which was really a declaration of the existence of civil war, with the prospect of Washington becoming the main objective-point of hostilities, with the riot in Baltimore, and the consequent stoppage of all railroad, mail, and telegraph service with the North, a veritable panic had ensued. Between the fifteenth and the nineteenth, the floating population, to the extent of tens of thousands, had dispersed to the North and South, and they were still leaving, notwithstanding the railroad blockade, by every sort of conveyance. Instead of the nearly one thousand guests that were stowed away at Willard's at the inauguration, not two score remained, and that was the reason for closing it. The other hotels were also empty. Walking on Pennsylvania Avenue in the morning, I could almost count the people in sight on my fingers. A great many private houses and a number of stores were also shut up. The whole city had a deserted look.

This exodus had a redeeming feature, as it consisted largely of secessionists, whose departure was, under the

circumstances, a direct relief to the Government. But there was otherwise cause for the gravest alarm, which, in my visits to the White House, to the departments and public offices, I found shared by all loyalists, from the President and Cabinet officers down. The telegraph did not work, the mails did not arrive or depart. From the night of the twentieth on, there was practically no intercourse in any form between the national capital and any part of the country, and the Government remained without any intelligence from any quarter for several days. It knew only in a general way that the destruction of the railroad between Perryville and Washington had led to the adoption of the plan to transport the troops from the North by water to the capital. Literally, it was as though the government of a great nation had been suddenly removed to an island in mid-ocean in a state of entire isolation, and with all the inconveniences, uncertainties, and risks incidental thereto. This extraordinary situation naturally made me and all patriotic minds most anxious.

From what I saw myself and learned from others, I was oppressed by the thought that the Government was in a most perilous plight, that this must be known to the rebel authorities through the many willing and eager informants who left Washington daily for the South, and that, with the audacity they had so far shown, they would without fail take advantage of this, their great opportunity, and gain possession of the capital by a *coup de main*. The circumstances were so favorable to an attempt of this kind that I felt sure it would be made, and was prepared to hear at any moment of the appearance of a rebel force in the streets.

I did not understand then, nor could I ever understand, why the rebel hands were not stretched out to seize so easy a prey—a seizure that might have resulted in the immediate triumph of the insurrection. For, notwithstanding the hundreds of resignations from the army, navy, and civil service of the Government and the large migra-

tion to the South, Washington was still full of traitors among the residents and remaining officers and officials, who would eagerly have aided an effort to capture the capital for the Confederacy. There were not over two thousand armed and uniformed men available for defence, one-half being a motley of small commands of regulars from different regiments and arms, and the other consisting of the raw recruits of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. Efforts were making to organize the loyal residents and Government employees as a volunteer corps, but, although nearly two thousand such volunteers had been enrolled, not much reliance could be placed on them. Moreover, in the highest places, treason had broken out, from which the Government was to be protected. Adjutant-General Cooper of the army, Colonel Robert E. Lee, the principal aide and most trusted adviser of General Scott, and Commodore Buchanan, commandant of the navy-yard, had resigned and joined the enemy. These and many other desertions were rapidly demoralizing and paralyzing the several branches of the public service. The President relied on General Scott as the mainstay of the Government, and yet the fact could not be disguised that the Commander-in-chief was too decrepit in body and mind to be equal to the dire emergency. As the official record shows, he rather added to than allayed the fears of the President and his Cabinet by giving credence to the exaggerated and even fictitious and absurd reports of the gathering of rebel forces in the vicinity of Washington. There were but few officers left that could be trusted, and they were of inferior rank, and none of them had ever commanded more than a full company. I clearly perceived the growing helplessness and fright of the Government, and was haunted by the apprehension that the appearance of a thousand determined rebels would seal the fate of Washington without even a serious struggle.

The city bore the marks of a state of siege. Detachments of regulars guarded all the public buildings. Patrols were

seen in the streets. All the approaches to the city were guarded. The White House was under the special protection of the "Clay" and "Frontier" Guards, two bodies of select volunteers formed by Cassius M. Clay, the well-known Kentucky Unionist, and by General James H. Lane, later United States Senator from Kansas, who had achieved considerable notoriety as a determined fighter during the border troubles in that Territory. They literally camped for several days on the lower floor of the Executive Mansion. The Potomac was also patrolled by small armed boats. All stores of provisions and forage were seized by the War Department, and other defensive preparations made as diligently as possible. Material was got ready for barricading the Treasury and Interior Departments on short notice, as their massive character and isolated position rendered a strong defence practicable.

Nothing proved more conclusively the want of capacity of the military authorities than their failure for days to get any accurate information as to the movement of troops from the North for the relief of the capital. When it is considered that it is but forty miles from Washington to Annapolis, which had been selected as the landing-place for the relief forces, and where several regiments had actually disembarked on the 22d and 23d, and that, moreover, the railroad from Washington to Annapolis Junction, forming twenty of the forty miles, had not been disturbed and trains were moving over it, it will seem amazing that no news of the nearness of help was obtained by the Government. All General Scott did was to send out single mounted scouts along the railroad, who regularly brought back nothing but untrustworthy rumors. A company of regular cavalry, under an enterprising officer with absolute orders to secure positive intelligence, would have accomplished the desired object. As it was, our darkness was not broken by a ray of light till the 25th, and, in the meantime, the impatience, gloom, and depression were hourly increasing. No one felt it more than the President.

I saw him repeatedly, and he fairly groaned at the inexplicable delay in the advent of help from the loyal States. I heard him say, too, when he reviewed the men of the Sixth Massachusetts, the very words that Nicolay and Hay quote: "I begin to believe there is no North. The Seventh New York Regiment is a myth. The Rhode Island troops [reported to be on the way up the Potomac] are another. You are the only real thing." But the "myth" proved to be a reality, after all, on Thursday, the 25th. By a very hard march of twenty-four hours from Annapolis, the Seventh New York and Eighth Massachusetts managed to reach Annapolis Junction on the morning of that day. A train was waiting, and in the course of a few hours the whole of the Seventh Regiment reached its destination. I cannot express the revival of hope and confidence, the exultation, that I felt and that filled all loyal hearts as that crack body of New York Volunteers, nearly a thousand strong, marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, preceded by a magnificent band. After being reviewed by the President and Cabinet, it took possession of Willard's Hotel and occupied it till it moved into camp. The Seventh was immediately followed by the Eighth Massachusetts and by two Rhode Island regiments, accompanied by the youthful Governor Sprague. After that, further reënforcements continued to arrive daily from different loyal States, and, within a month, more than the full call of 75,000 men had reached the capital. But it took until the middle of May to restore railroad communication with the North completely.

From that time on, Washington assumed a most animated aspect. Including the regulars and the three months' men, fully eighty thousand soldiers were added to its population. To the north and east an almost unbroken girdle of military camps extended around the city. The pomp and circumstance of actual war were constantly visible in the public thoroughfares in marching columns of infantry, troops of cavalry, and batteries of artillery.

Thousands of visitors to the troops arrived daily from the North and crowded the streets, where swarmed soldiers of every arm and every sort of uniform. In the first stage of the Rebellion, the Government allowed entire liberty as to uniforms to those commissioned to raise regiments. This privilege was freely availed of by a number of organizations in New York City drawn from foreign-born elements. I was surprised one day to see infantry dressed in the genuine Bavarian uniform. There were Prussian uniforms, too; the "Garibaldi Guards," in the legendary red blouses and bersaglieri hats; "Zouaves" and "Turcoes," clothed as in the French army, with some fanciful American features grafted upon them.

Congress not being in session, my principal duties consisted in gathering news through daily visits to the White House and the different departments. I had no difficulty in soon getting on very good terms with all the heads of departments and their chief subordinates. At certain times of the day, mostly immediately after office hours, I could always be sure of gaining admission to the secretaries, if I desired to see them. I found Secretaries Seward, Chase, and Cameron the most accessible and communicative. A brief experience taught me that even the first two, although their great national reputation was so solidly founded, were anything but impervious to newspaper flattery, and very sensitive under journalistic criticism. Seward was afflicted with an outright weakness in that respect. The *Herald* made a regular practice of bestowing on him extravagant eulogies bordering sometimes on ridiculous exaggeration, in order to smooth the way to his confidence for its correspondents, and the recipient did not always succeed in concealing from them his grateful appreciation. Chase was far less affable than Seward, and kept men at a distance by his stately and occasionally pompous ways; but it did not require much penetration to perceive that he had the very highest opinion of himself and was prone to criticise others rather indiscreetly.

Still, I greatly admired his natural ability and solid acquirements, and especially his high and pure political aims. My acquaintance with him gradually assumed a confidential character, so that he expressed himself very freely regarding public men and matters.

Cameron was the typical American politician, with a well-defined purpose in all he said and did. He also held himself a little too freely at the disposal of newspaper men, to whom he was by far the most cordial and talkative of all the secretaries. He made them feel at once as though they had met an old acquaintance and friend. He was certainly the cleverest political manager in the Cabinet, and, though unquestionably as ambitious as any member of it, he never was guilty of the indiscretions which the political records of Seward and Chase reveal. He had a very shrewd way of tempting journalists by implications and insinuations into publishing things about others that he wished to have said without becoming responsible for them.

The Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, was speedily discovered to be a rather difficult subject for newspaper enterprise, and the representatives of the press confined their attention to his assistant secretary, Captain G. V. Fox, formerly a naval officer. Fox had suddenly acquired a well-deserved national reputation for patriotic bravery by the offer of his services in connection with an expedition of a "sink or swim" character for the relief of Fort Sumter, planned by himself and authorized by President Lincoln and actually attempted, but resulting in failure from a succession of untoward accidents. He was a very strong man, endowed with remarkable ingenuity, courage, and energy, but full of personal prejudices that made him hardly a safe conductor of public affairs. He was an unsparing critic, regardless of the rules of discipline, policy, and comity, and astonishingly free in his talk to our fraternity.

His brother-in-law, Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-

General, was a similarly positive, intolerant, and determined character. He and Fox were the best haters of the Rebellion in the Administration, and for them the Government was far from moving fast and vigorously enough in its suppression. Blair, however, was very much of a practical politician, and no one believed more strongly in the legitimacy of the distribution of offices among the ruling party. I also became acquainted with his father, Francis P. Blair, Sr., and his brother, Francis P. Blair, Jr., of St. Louis, later a Congressman and Federal general. The father and sons formed a most remarkable trio, possessing a common character. There was no more influential family in the United States at the time. They likewise were not averse to being frequently mentioned and well spoken of in the public journals.

The greatest curiosity was naturally felt throughout the North in the doings of the volunteer troops about Washington, and I was therefore instructed by my employers to make them a special feature in my daily reports. For that purpose I paid regular visits to the regimental camps on the outskirts of the city, to facilitate which I was authorized by the *Herald* to buy a saddle-horse. My daily rides were most enjoyable in various ways. Delightful weather was the rule throughout May and June. The several hours I spent every afternoon in the saddle afforded an agreeable and healthful exercise. Then, some of the regimental headquarters, of which I made the rounds, formed uncommon centres of attraction. Among the officers of some of the New York, New England, and Western regiments, the very flower of the youth of the land could be found. They were remarkable for intelligence, patriotism, and devotion to duty. Nor did they lack the qualities from which the lighter joys of early manhood flow. In their canvas abodes, mirth and gaiety ruled during the off-duty part of the day, and visitors were made to join in various frolics. It was also true, however, that not a few of the regiments consisted of a very low order of ele-

ments. Some of the New York and Philadelphia organizations had, indeed, been recruited from the vicious strata of population, and were officered by the worst types of local politicians. The Irish New York regiments were notorious in this respect. It was my duty to look them up also, but I performed it reluctantly and as rarely as possible.

The regiments in which the foreign elements preponderated had a particular interest for me as a European. Of these there were four exclusively German regiments, the Seventh, Eighth, Twentieth, and Twenty-ninth New York Volunteer Infantry, and the so-called "Garibaldi Guards," made up of Italians, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Germans, and other nationalities. The Eighth was under command of Louis Blenker, who had had some military experience not only in the rising of 1849 in Rhenish Bavaria, but also in Greece as a volunteer under King Otto. The colonel of the Twentieth was Max Weber, a former army officer in Baden, and landlord of the Hotel Constanz, at which I stopped after landing in 1853. The colonel of the "Garibaldi Guards" was D'Utassy, the romantic assumed name of a Hungarian Jew with a German patronymic. He and Blenker appeared alternately in the regulation and in the fancy foreign uniforms they had adopted for their regiments. Both were fond of parading through the streets in their gorgeous array on horseback, with mounted staffs behind them. Both bore the unmistakable stamp of adventurers. Blenker, who had been a small dairy farmer, had a rather imposing bearing and accomplished manners, and blossomed out into a great swell. D'Utassy was nothing but a swaggering pretender. It seemed amazing that such men should have been entrusted with the organization of whole regiments; but, owing to the then urgent national emergency and the inexperience of the rulers in war matters, any one with a real or well-feigned military record had not much difficulty in securing recognition.

Speaking of these men, another apparition of those days rises before me. Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish exile, well known for his political martyrdom and his great natural eloquence and literary talent, came to the capital as the captain of a Zouave company attached to the Sixty-ninth Irish New York Regiment. He had devised a most extraordinary uniform for himself, of the Zouave pattern, literally covered with gold lace. It was a sight to see him strut along Pennsylvania Avenue in it, with the airs of a conquering hero.

Among the regular visitors to the camps was Mrs. Lincoln. It would have been, of course, an entirely proper thing for her, as the wife of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, to show her sympathies for the defenders of the Union by going among them. But the truth was, that she had no liking for them at all, being really, as a native of Kentucky, at heart a secessionist. She went to the camps simply to enjoy the adulation and hospitality offered her there. None were more lavish with these than the officers of the Irish New York regiments, and these she favored especially with her calls.

One of the points of attraction was the headquarters of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, who had recruited three regiments in his State and led them to Washington. He had very limited mental capacity, but had reached political distinction at an early age—he was then but thirty-one—through the influence of real or reputed great wealth. It was at his headquarters that he became acquainted with Kate, the beautiful and gifted daughter of Secretary Chase. The acquaintance quickly ripened into an engagement that was the social sensation of the day. She was far superior to him in every way, and married him for the enjoyment and power of his money. It turned out one of the unhappiest marriages ever known in American society, ending in moral and material wretchedness for both parties.

CHAPTER XII

Formation of the Federal Army.—1861

THE readiness of the loyal States to place at the disposal of the Government all the men, money, and material needed for the suppression of the Rebellion had been clearly manifest ever since the fall of Fort Sumter. But the great problem for President Lincoln and his chief helpers was the proper use of the national resources so freely offered to them. There were in all the North but a few hundred men to be found regularly trained for the soldier's trade, while thousands were wanted as officers for immediate service. Even with nine-tenths of the loyal officers of the regular army, practical experience did not go beyond the command of companies. With such a scarcity of qualified persons, it was unavoidable that the largest number of officers should be taken from among civilians without the knowledge of even the manual of arms. Still, in acting under this necessity, the General Government and the governments of the several States could certainly have applied the strict test of physical, mental, and moral fitness in the selection of officers. But, unfortunately, the Executive saw a welcome and plentiful opportunity to reward political adherents with commissions in the army, and only too willingly used this extensive new patronage without regard to the fitness of the recipients. As a rule, in all the States, the professional politicians secured the new honors and emoluments. It is safe to say that four-fifths of all the field officers of the three months' regiments appearing in Washington represented this class of men, and the same practice prevailed in the

vast levies of volunteers raised subsequently, though to a diminished extent.

The Federal authorities did no better. In officering the new regiments for the regular army authorized by Congress, the most extraordinary appointments were made. Instead of filling the higher places from among the officers who had remained true to the flag, the majority of the field officers were appointed from civil life. Most of the appointees were ordinary politicians having no other than party qualifications. I remember distinctly some of the persons thus favored; one of the notorious cases being the appointment to a full colonelcy, by Secretary Cameron, of a devoted political follower, the chief clerk of the War Department, who, up to the inauguration, had been the sickly, dried-up, pedantic principal of a second-rate school in Pennsylvania. Commissions of line officers were also systematically distributed among favorites. I had a curious personal experience in this respect. I was myself offered a commission as captain in the regular army by Secretary Chase by way of compliment to the Cincinnati *Commercial*—an offer which, I am free to say, sorely tempted me. About the same time I was induced to interest myself in the application for a commission as lieutenant of a young German doctor from Buffalo, who was anxious to exchange the scalpel for the sword. I spoke to Mr. Chase regarding him, and a few days later he received, to his intense surprise, a commission as a captain of infantry. I am sorry to say that my protégé did not do honor to my recommendation, being dismissed for cowardice on the battle-field before he had served a year. One of my amusements in those days was to witness the private lessons in the rudiments of military lore of the appointees for field officers in the new regular regiments by old drill-sergeants. The difficulties which these colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors experienced at first even in keeping step and wheeling about, and later on in the manual of arms, led to very comical scenes. I believe

it is a matter of record that very few of these appointees ever rendered any valuable service to the Government.

The preparations for war around me had gradually matured my determination to abandon peaceful work in Washington, and to devote myself to the more exciting occupation of a correspondent in the field. I thought it very important to qualify myself as well as possible for my expected new duties, and, accordingly, I purchased a number of standard books in English, French, and German on strategy and tactics, as well as histories of Frederick the Great's, Napoleon's, and Wellington's campaigns, and devoted all my spare time to the study of them.

Of all the difficulties that confronted the Government, the greatest was, beyond all question, the selection of the proper commanders of the loyal armies then forming about the national capital and at other points. Lieutenant-General Scott was still virtually Commander-in-chief, under the President, of all the land forces; but, as already stated, there was no disguising the fact that he was in every way incapable of a proper discharge of the duties of that position, which grew from day to day more onerous and more fraught with the gravest responsibility. He was nearly seventy-five years old, and his physical infirmities were such that he could scarcely leave his invalid-chair. His mind, too, clearly showed the effect of old age. He formed plans for the coming offensive movements of the troops, but he vacillated much respecting them, and discussed them with indiscreet garrulousness. He was very accessible to newspaper men, having always been fond of newspaper fame and flattery, and I called regularly on him, as did the other correspondents. It took very little to make him talk freely of his purposes. I can still see the stately figure, with the grand head and face, and the snowy hair and whiskers, seated in an arm-chair before a great wall-map of the United States, upon which he explained his strategic ideas with a long pointer. The necessity of superseding him had been apparent to Presi-

dent Lincoln ever since war had become inevitable, but it sorely perplexed him how to do it. The makeshift was finally resorted to of leaving him nominally in supreme command, but giving the command in the field to others practically independent of him.

In the critical, anxious days in April, the President was persuaded to promote two subordinate officers in the regular army at once to high rank. The alleged object was to give them, as being specially zealous in their loyalty, the necessary authority to insure the protection of the Government from the traitorous designs for its overthrow then being prosecuted at the capital. The fortunate men were Major McDowell, and Captain Meigs of the engineer corps, both of whom received the rank of brigadier-general. Their promotions over the heads of nearly all the regular army officers naturally created much jealousy and dissatisfaction, especially among those who had outranked them, but to whose credit be it said that no resignations resulted from this abnormal action. General Meigs assumed charge as quartermaster-general of the entire supply department—a function inferior in importance only to the command of the field forces—and General McDowell was placed in command of the troops gathered for the defence of the capital. He owed his brigadier's commission mainly to the influence of Secretary Chase, who had long known him as an Ohio man. The Secretary favored me with a warm introduction to the General, which placed me at once on the best terms with him. He was a man of strong character and much intellectual ability. While his practical military experience was necessarily limited by the narrow opportunities offered in the active service of the small regular army, his theoretical knowledge was very extensive. He was well read in war history. But in my frequent intercourse with him I gained the impression that he lacked the resolute determination which alone could insure success in his trying task of organizing an effective army for aggressive war out of the raw material

gathering under his command. With his evident want of confidence in himself, he appeared to be full of misgivings from the start. This self-distrust showed itself in his constant talk of the difficulties surrounding him and of the doubts he felt of the possibility of overcoming them. Of course, my opinion of his qualifications as a commander was at that time that of a novice and had no value whatever, but it was decidedly to the effect that, while he might make a very efficient sub-commander, he had not the stuff of a great captain in him.

All hope of a peaceful settlement with the seceded States had long vanished, but no one as yet foresaw the fearful proportions which the Civil War would assume. The belief was still universal that short work would be made by the Federal Government in suppressing the Rebellion. Its great weakness, arising from its Constitutional inability to call out militia in quotas from the several States for more than three months' service, had been cured by the resolute assumption by Congress of the power to authorize the enlistment of volunteers for three years. All cool-headed and competent advisers of the Government, including General Scott, deemed it imprudent and dangerous to attempt any decisive offensive movements with the three months' militia, and urged postponement until the three years' men had been sufficiently trained for field service. But too much confidence had been produced in the North by the theory, preached in the press and by political leaders, that one vigorous onset would suffice to tumble over and destroy the rebel fabric. This popular feeling was intensified by the removal of the capital of the Southern Confederacy from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia. The head of the hydra of rebellion having been brought so near the Federal capital, the cry was raised that the honor of the nation required a quick and decisive resentment of this insult, and that it was the duty of the Government forthwith to make one great effort to go for the monster and finish it. The editor of the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley, began daily to blow the loudest

trumpet for "On to Richmond." The personal pressure upon the powers in Washington by members of Congress—in extra session, too—became great, with the result of persuading them that it was necessary on political grounds to begin an offensive campaign from the Potomac without delay. General Scott and other military advisers reluctantly acquiesced after a definite decision to that effect was reached. The Commander-in-chief directed General McDowell to submit a plan of operations, which was considered in detail and agreed upon at a council of war at the White House on June 29, the President, the Cabinet, and the principal military officers participating.

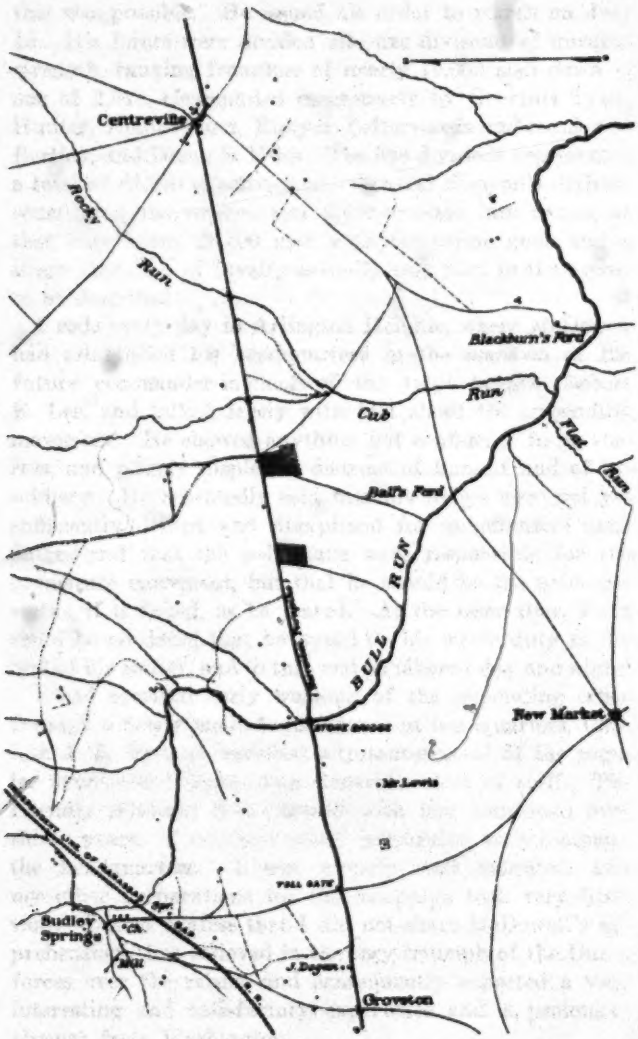
A brief sketch of the plan will be in place. Virginia formally seceded, by popular vote, on May 23, and the State Government immediately took steps to protect its territory from the Northern invasion threatened from two directions —from Washington, mainly, and from Pennsylvania, where a Northern force under General Patterson was gathering in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. For this purpose, Manassas Junction (the meeting of the railroads from Richmond, Alexandria, and the Shenandoah Valley, thirty-five miles southwest of Washington) and Harper's Ferry were occupied by rebel troops. General Beauregard had been given command at the former, and General Joseph E. Johnston at the latter point. Gradually the rebel forces were increased, and early in June those at Manassas were estimated at about twenty thousand, and those at Harper's Ferry at about eight thousand. General McDowell's plan was to move against Beauregard with his own army, while General Patterson held Johnston in the Shenandoah Valley, and while General Butler threatened a direct attack on Richmond from Fortress Monroe; and, after crushing the enemy at Manassas and thereby compelling Johnston to abandon the valley, to unite with Patterson's command for a rapid advance on Richmond.

Every effort was made by McDowell to get his army in motion within a week after the adoption of the plan for the campaign, but more than two weeks elapsed before

this was possible. He issued his order to march on July 16. His forces were divided into five divisions of unequal strength, ranging from one of nearly 10,000 men down to one of 2,648, commanded respectively by Generals Tyler, Hunter, Heintzelman, Runyon (afterwards ambassador at Berlin), and Dixon S. Miles. The five divisions represented a total of 34,000 effective men. General Runyon's division constituted the reserve and did not come into action, so that only about 28,500 men with forty-nine guns and a single battalion of cavalry actually took part in the events to be described.

I rode every day to Arlington Heights, where McDowell had established his headquarters in the mansion of the future commander-in-chief of the rebel armies, Robert E. Lee, and talked freely with him about the impending movement. He showed anything but confidence in its success, and plainly displayed distrust of himself and of his soldiery. He repeatedly said that his troops were not yet sufficiently drilled and disciplined for an offensive campaign, and that the politicians were responsible for the premature movement, but that he should be the principal victim if it failed, as he feared. At the same time, there could be no doubt that he would do his whole duty to the best of his ability, and to that end he labored day and night.

I had received early warning of the impending crisis through a newly made acquaintance at headquarters, Captain J. B. Fry, an assistant adjutant-general of the regular army, the Commanding General's chief of staff. The friendly relations then formed with him continued over thirty years. I obtained ready permission to accompany the headquarters. I was already well mounted, and my other preparations for the campaign took very little time. I must confess that I did not share McDowell's apprehensions, but believed in the easy triumph of the Union forces over the rebels, and consequently expected a very interesting and satisfactory experience and a prolonged absence from Washington.


Centreville
Rocky Run
Blackburn's Ford
Cub Run
Flat Run
Bull's Ford
BULL RUN
Stone Bridge
New Market
Mr. Lewis
Toll Gate
Sp.
Sch.
Budley Springs
Mill
J. Dayes
Groveton
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CHAPTER XIII

Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run.—1861

THE advance of the army commenced on July 16. It took so much time to get the several divisions under way from their encampments in the fortifications along Arlington Heights and at Alexandria that only a few miles were accomplished that day. As the headquarters were not to move until the next day, I joined General Tyler and staff, commanding the First Division, which had the lead and had started from near the Georgetown bridge. Coming up with the rear regiment, I had to pass all the troops of the division, as they were following the same road. In passing the brigade commanders and staffs, I rode with them for a time for a chat. Thus I had a short talk with Colonel W. T. Sherman, of the regular army, the future army commander, who had under him the so-called Irish brigade, formed of the Irish New York City regiments. I knew from visits at Fort Corcoran, where the Colonel had had his brigade headquarters, that he was not very proud of his command, which hardly contained a single competent officer, and both the rank and file of which it was especially difficult to discipline properly. But the prospect of active service seemed to have put him into rather good humor. In passing the Sixty-ninth New York regiment, I came up with Captain Thomas Francis Meagher, whose Zouave company formed part of it. He was mounted, but wore a plain undress uniform instead of the gorgeous one already described. As I approached him, I noticed that he was resting his right hand with a cocked revolver on his hip. "Well, Captain," I sang out to him, "you are all ready for the fray!" "Yes," he re-

plied, "there is nothing like being always ready for the 'damned rebs.'" The leer from his eyes and a certain unsteadiness in the saddle indicated plainly that he had braced himself up internally for the fight.

General Tyler went into camp near Fairfax Court-House, and I accepted shelter for the night in a wall-tent offered me by one of his staff. For the first time since my Colorado experience I slept on the ground, with a waterproof sheet under and a blanket over me, and my saddle for a pillow. The reveille was sounded before sunrise, and we were in motion again shortly after five. We expected to have a first encounter with the enemy at Centreville, a small straggling village on the Warrenton turnpike about six miles from Fairfax, but found it evacuated. The few remaining inhabitants reported that the rebel troops had withdrawn behind Bull Run, a small stream some three miles to the west. A halt was made at Centreville, and the division went into camp about the village for the day. General Tyler's orders were "to observe well the roads," under which he felt justified in making a reconnoissance in the direction of the enemy, and, accordingly, he set out for that purpose, escorted by a company of cavalry and two companies of infantry. I was permitted to ride with him. We took a road in a southerly direction towards "Blackburn's Ford" of Bull Run. About noon, we had reached an orchard on a plateau commanding a wide view of the surrounding country, from which clear fields sloped down for about one-third of a mile to the thickly wooded banks of the stream, along which, according to our information, rebel troops were concealed. General Tyler concluded to rouse the game in the woods below by artillery, and sent orders to bring up Captain Ricketts's regular battery, supported by Colonel Richardson's brigade. The battery reached the position with its support about three o'clock, and a section unlimbered directly and commenced shelling the woods. These were the first cannon-shots fired against the rebels in front of Washington, and

quite excited me. The fire was continued without eliciting any response, when the General ordered it to cease and skirmishers to be thrown out, and advanced down the slope.

Two other newspaper correspondents had appeared on foot with the infantry—E. C. Stedman, the poet and critic, and E. H. House, long connected with the New York *Tribune*, and well known as essayist and critic till he abandoned the profession to become American consul in Japan for many years. As we three felt very hungry, I dismounted and left my horse in charge of an officer's servant, and we followed the skirmishers down the road to a farm-house within a hundred yards of the woods, in the hope of getting something to eat. We found the house locked and apparently deserted. Espying a well-laden cherry-tree, I climbed it in order to supply myself and friends with the fruit. I had just got on a branch when suddenly a terrific roar burst out from the woods seemingly within a few steps of us, followed by a mighty whizzing and clattering all around us. The rebel infantry in the woods had fired a volley against the skirmishers. In less than a minute another volley followed, accompanied by the same great roar and the small noises all around us. It then flashed upon us that the latter were caused by thousands of bullets whistling by us and striking the farm buildings, fences, and trees round about. We were, indeed, right in the line of fire of a whole rebel brigade. With the second volley there came also the deep detonations of artillery fire. Then there was a deafening crash, and I found myself thrown from the tree to the ground. Stedman and House shouted, "Are you hurt?" from their shelter behind the farm-house, to which they had rushed after the second volley. Fortunately, no harm had befallen me.

The rebel fire continued violently, and was answered by our skirmishers and the regiments and two guns that came hurrying down the slope to their support. As the enemy's musketry and artillery swept the entire slope, it was

not safe for us to attempt to get out of their reach, and so we remained in our protected position behind the main farm building till the skirmish was over. Our men had entered the woods, but were driven back in confusion by the irresistible fire from the concealed rebel lines. Another regiment having joined them, other attempts to force the rebel line followed, but all failed. It was nearly six o'clock before our troops were withdrawn and we were released from our uncomfortable position.

The outcome of the affair was about sixty killed and wounded on each side. General Tyler was subsequently much criticised for the unnecessary, fruitless loss of life and limb, as he was not authorized to make a reconnoissance in force. But it is an open question whether the demonstration of the presence of the enemy in strong numbers at Blackburn's Ford did not help General McDowell in forming proper plans for the succeeding movements. As for myself, I had certainly had a strong foretaste of actual war. Though not a combatant, I had undergone the formal baptism of fire, and a fire as hot as I was ever under in my varied adventures as a war correspondent. I can truly say that the music of "bullet, ball, and grape-shot" never had much terror for me thereafter.

I was glad to mount my horse again and make my way back to Centreville in search of food for man and beast, and of lodging for the night. On reaching the village, I was hailed from the porch of a spacious dwelling by another newspaper man, who, with some others, had taken possession of it in the absence of the white owners and induced the black servants to cook supper and breakfast for them. I gladly accepted an invitation to share their comforts. My horse was also well taken care of.

The cannonading at Blackburn's Ford had caused the march of the other divisions to be accelerated, as a serious engagement between the First Division and the enemy was supposed to be going on. The whole army was well concentrated in and about Centreville, where General Mc-

Dowell also joined it on the evening of the 18th. It still lay in camp on the two following days, Friday, the 19th, and Saturday, the 20th. General McDowell devoted that time to getting all possible information about the roads to Manassas, the condition of the several crossings of Bull Run by bridges and fords, and the distribution of the enemy's forces, in order to formulate his plans for further operations. What was ascertained regarding the natural and artificial difficulties (abattis, rifle-pits, and batteries in position) of effecting a crossing of Bull Run on the direct line to the Junction, made him abandon his original plan of turning Beauregard's right flank from the south and decide to attempt a flanking movement from the north, concealed by a front attack. He informed his division commanders accordingly on the evening of the 18th; but the engineers, not getting through with the necessary reconnoissances before the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th, the execution of the modified plan was not attempted before the next day.

On Saturday night the division commanders assembled at headquarters to receive their final instructions. The Warrenton turnpike formed the main street of Centreville and ran thence directly southwest to Bull Run, which it crossed on a solid stone bridge of two arches, to which Beauregard's left flank extended. General Tyler was ordered to move with his division over the turnpike to the bridge, a distance of three miles and a half, and there make a feint attack. Hunter and Heintzelman were ordered to make a circuitous night march northward, cross Bull Run at Sudley Springs, between two and three miles above the stone bridge, follow the stream down to the latter, and, taking from the rear the armed fortifications which the enemy were supposed to have at that point, open the way for the crossing of Tyler's division. The three divisions should then jointly attack the rebel left. Miles's division was to remain in reserve at Centreville. Richardson's brigade was to threaten Blackburn's Ford.

The army was aroused at midnight, and, soon after, the three attacking divisions were ready to move. I did not fully know the plan of battle, but supposed that Tyler's division, as it took the lead, would play the principal part and therefore joined its staff. There was unfortunately but the one turnpike for all to march on, so that Hunter and Heintzelman were delayed for hours, and it was nine o'clock when the advance reached Sudley Springs, where it crossed readily without opposition.

Tyler reached the stone bridge shortly after daybreak, but made his feint only after he had learned of the close approach of the other divisions to the ford above. We saw the rebel forces guarding the bridge retreat, but, as the bridge was supposed to be mined, no attempt was made to pass it. General Tyler let the infantry of Sherman's and Keyes's brigades cross the stream half a mile above, the men getting wet to their hips, and march over a mile of level bottom in the direction of the heavy firing that had been heard for some time. A junction was effected with Hunter, and the division made front with Sherman on the right and Keyes on the left, and moved forward in a westerly direction. General Tyler and staff followed in the immediate rear of Keyes's brigade. It soon became evident that, owing either to the nature of the ground or to the fact that Sherman was drawn away by keeping in close touch with the more oblique movement of Hunter's division—I never was able to learn the real cause—Keyes's brigade had become isolated from the rest of the attacking forces. Indeed, it remained after this a separate command, unable to hold communication during the battle either with Sherman or with General McDowell. It thus turned out that my accompanying Tyler was a fatal mistake, as, though we heard the constant rattle of musketry and booming of artillery, we were kept in entire ignorance of the course of events on the field. In fact, all we saw of the battle was the limited part played by Keyes's brigade in it. I realized all this early in the afternoon,

and felt very much tempted to strike out alone for the general headquarters, but, being utterly ignorant of their whereabouts, I concluded that a search for them at a venture involved too much risk, and remained. General Tyler and his staff also felt the awkwardness of their position very keenly, and vainly hoped from minute to minute to come again in touch with Sherman or the other divisions. Sherman had, indeed, by his movement come under the direct orders of General McDowell.

Keyes's brigade kept slowly moving to the left of the Warrenton turnpike over broken ground covered with woods and thickets, and gradually reached Young's Branch of Bull Run, crossing which, he came up with the enemy about two o'clock. Two regiments charged up a hill and drove the rebels from about a cluster of farm-buildings, but hostile batteries opened so severely upon them that they could not hold the gained position. During this attack I was again exposed to a heavy fire of small and large guns, but neither as severe nor as sustained as that at Blackburn's Ford. This was the only actual taste I had of the memorable first battle of Bull Run.

After this futile effort, Keyes's brigade rested on its arms along Young's Branch. The firing had steadily continued during the afternoon until after four o'clock, when it gradually died out. Ominous feelings came over us, and our fears that disaster had overtaken our side were soon after confirmed by an aide-de-camp of General Tyler, who had set out nearly two hours before for another effort to reach General McDowell, and returned with the terrible news that the Union forces were in full retreat. The General at once ordered the withdrawal of the brigade in the direction of the stone bridge. Feeling confident that I could find my way back alone, I rode in advance as fast as the ground permitted.

As my object in penning these memoirs is to describe my personal experiences, not to write formal history, I shall not attempt to give a full account of the course of the

action in the other parts of the field, or a full analysis of the causes that led to the disastrous defeat of McDowell's army. Even if I undertook to do this, I should no doubt fail in the task, for the official and unofficial accounts of the battle on both sides are extremely confused, fragmentary, and contradictory. It will suffice for me to give, from the most authentic sources, a brief summary of what happened to our right on the ill-starred day, including the personal statements made to me subsequently by General McDowell, the division and brigade commanders, and some of the staff officers.

The skirmishers leading the flanking movement of Hunter and Heintzelman's divisions became engaged with the enemy at about ten o'clock, and soon afterwards the advancing columns were fully exposed to showers of rebel bullets, balls, and shells. The advance came to a stop, and the artillery of the two divisions was brought into play for some time. Only a small force was at first opposed to the divisions, which they would doubtless have easily swept out of their way if they had not halted. The stop of the attacking columns enabled the enemy to bring up reënforcements in the shape of four regiments that had arrived the day before with General Johnston from the Shenandoah Valley. Sherman's brigade having in the meantime joined Hunter on the left, the advance was resumed by our side. The rebels, though much weaker, resisted vigorously, and the severest fighting of the day occurred then, lasting over an hour. The enemy were finally forced back along their whole line for nearly a mile, so that between one and two o'clock victory seemed certain for the Unionists. Jefferson Davis, who had come up from Richmond the day before, and Beauregard and Johnston were thrown into consternation by the stream of demoralized officers and men that came pouring back from the front. But the very success achieved by our troops was to be the cause of their failure. The advance, being on exterior lines, as it were, and spread-

ing the front wider and wider like a fan, resulted in loss of cohesion between the divisions, brigades, and regiments. The advantage of continuous unity of command was also wanting. It cannot be said that the army as a whole had the benefit of intelligent general direction at any time during the day. The division and brigade commanders and even partly the regimental commanders were left to their own devices. Much of this lack of guidance and the consequent confusion was due to the early compulsory retirement of Brigade-Commander Hunter from the field upon receiving a severe wound. Moreover, owing to the fatigue of the troops, who had been on their feet since midnight, and their exhaustion from the intense July heat, more and more men lagged behind as the forward movement proceeded, and the temporary success in the noon hour was probably achieved by less than two-thirds of the effective force that had set out from Centreville. Deducting the killed, wounded, and disabled, the stragglers and skulkers, from the effective number of the two and one-half divisions (Hunter's and Heintzelman's, with Sherman's brigade) at the start, doubtless only about ten thousand Unionists remained confronting the enemy at one o'clock, and they were drawn out on a long, irregular, and barely connected line, and were tired and suffering from hunger and thirst. Nor was there any reserve available to make up for the depletion of their ranks.

Only Beauregard's left flank, with the four regiments from the Shenandoah Valley, had so far been engaged. In falling back before the Union troops, it had reached a strong position on a wooded plateau commanding the lower ground over which the Federals would have to pass in pushing their attack. Here both the rebel commanders, Johnston and Beauregard, themselves took charge. They were now convinced that there the main effort of the Federals was being made, and that no other part of their line was actively endangered. So they ordered regiments from their centre and right to the threatened position. Most

luckily for them, too, the remainder of Johnston's command from the Shenandoah Valley arrived by rail during the early afternoon in time to participate in the action. Thus gradually a rebel force was gathered superior to their opponents in numbers and freshness and much better held in hand. When the Unionists resumed their advance, the rebels successfully resisted their rather desultory attacks at different points. With every unsuccessful onward attempt there was a rapid melting away of the assailants. Fewer and fewer officers and men could be rallied for another advance. Towards four o'clock, the rebels felt strong enough to take the offensive. A brigade with a battery under Earle managed to strike the Federal right on the flank and rear and throw it into utter confusion, which spread rapidly along the whole front. Now came the disastrous, disgraceful end. Without any formal orders to retreat, what was left of the several organizations yielded to a general impulse to abandon the field. Officers and men became controlled by the one thought of getting as far as possible from the enemy. Three-fourths were quickly reduced to the condition of a motley, panic-stricken mob. Not that resolute efforts were not made by the General-in-chief and some of the commanders under him to insure an orderly retreat. They were all in vain. The morale of the army was entirely gone, and the instinct of self-preservation alone animated the flying mass.

When I rode away from Keyes's brigade towards the stone bridge, this rearward movement had not yet reached its full dimensions, but the Warrenton turnpike was already swarming with fugitives from the battle-field, going towards Centreville. I made inquiries at the bridge from every passing officer as to the whereabouts of General McDowell's headquarters, but no one could direct me to them. I concluded to wait at the bridge for developments. I had not watched the tide of runaways for more than twenty minutes when one of Hunter's staff officers came dashing down the pike on horseback. I stopped him to repeat my

question about McDowell, when he exclaimed excitedly, "You won't find him. All is chaos in front. The battle is lost. Our troops are all giving way and falling back without orders. Get back to Centreville," and galloped on. I waited a while longer till other officers and the increasing flow of retreating soldiery confirmed the news of the general retreat, and then resumed my ride.

A quarter of a mile to the east of the bridge, I found the turnpike blocked by a double line of army wagons, so that my horse could hardly pass them. Half a mile further, I came upon an immovable mass of supply and ammunition wagons, ambulances, and other vehicles, that extended as far as I could see and made further progress on the pike impossible. Fortunately, the persons in charge had already opened a way through the adjacent fields by pulling down the fences. But it occurred to me at once to what further disaster to the Union army this choking up of their main line of retreat might lead. I took it upon myself to call the attention of a passing officer of the quartermaster's department to this danger, and he at once proceeded to try his best to remove the tangle. Time and again, owing to such obstacles, I had to leave the turnpike and proceed through the fields, even having to open a way myself by pulling down fences. I was lucky enough to find no obstruction on the small suspension-bridge over Cob Run. A short distance beyond this I came upon another blockade, in which were involved a number of hackney carriages with members of Congress, some of them known to me, who had driven out from Washington that day and were trying to get to the front to witness the great victory which the favorable course of the action up to the afternoon had led them to expect. They had heard nothing of the defeat, and would not believe me when I told them the bad news.

I passed on, and had not left them more than five minutes when I was startled by the sound of artillery in close proximity behind me. A rebel cavalry detachment

with a battery section, sent to cut off our retreat, had suddenly emerged from the woods to the south of the turnpike, and commenced shelling it. A shell hit the horses of a supply-wagon. Shell after shell exploded over and on the roadway, and some of the rebel cavalry dashed up, yelling with all their might. The turnpike and the adjacent fields became instantly the scene of a wild panic. The teamsters jumped off their wagons and ran away as fast as they could. Even ambulances with wounded were deserted. The retreating soldiers all the way from the stone bridge were seized with fright, and started on a full run through the fields in swarms of hundreds and thousands, throwing away their arms and accoutrements, knapsacks, haversacks, and blankets. Within a few minutes after the first rebel gun had been fired, a wild, senseless rabble came rushing by me on foot, horseback, and muleback. A good many soldiers detached animals from wagons and galloped off on them. The members of Congress and other civilians also abandoned their private vehicles, and joined afoot in the race for safety. Among the fugitives there was a well-known newspaper correspondent, who had caught and mounted bareback a badly bleeding artillery horse, and was urging him to extreme speed by merciless cudgelling. The terrified crowds presented a pitiful and humiliating sight. Starting again, filled with greater fears than before for the fate of the army, I rode all the way amid runaways, soldiers and officers of all ranks—I noticed among them fellows with the straps of majors and lieutenant-colonels—and a mixture of civilians, to Centreville, where I arrived shortly before six o'clock, travel-stained, dust-covered, and about as tired, hungry, thirsty, and disgusted with all the world as a human being could well be.

Our nice quarters had fortunately not been occupied, as I had feared, by other "invaders." After securing some food for myself and for my worn-out beast, I started on a hunt for the general headquarters in and about the vil-

lage, in order to learn what decision had been reached in consequence of the loss of the battle, and thereby govern my own movements. But I could not find any trace of the Commander-in-chief and staff. They had evidently not yet returned from the field, if they had escaped capture. Complete confusion prevailed in the village, nobody being able to find anybody or knowing what to do. While wandering about in search of information, I came up with the head of Colonel Blenker's brigade, which had advanced with the other brigade of the reserve division to near Blackburn's Ford, but was now retreating in obedience to orders from the division commander. Colonel Blenker had not yet heard the full extent of the disaster, but, on learning it from me, formed a line with his command across the main road from Centreville to Fairfax and awaited developments. The other brigade did likewise. Meantime the flow of the stream of demoralized mankind, on foot and mounted, and with no end of vehicles of every sort, poured steadily through the village. There was no attempt to stop or rally the troops by the numerous field and other officers who floated by with the current. I returned to my quarters and sat down on the porch, where I found Messrs. House and Stedman, Mr. Glenn of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, Mr. Painter of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and others.

Between eight and nine, the remnants of organizations of Keyes's, Burnside's, and Sherman's brigades reached the place, from whose officers we learned that McDowell was behind them, and that a stand would be made.[a] We watched the street sights till after nine, when my companions determined to seek a night's rest, in the belief that the army would rally about the village. I thought it more prudent to make sure of this, if possible, at headquarters, and set out again in quest of them. I discovered them at the further end of the village. General McDowell was in a building engaged in receiving reports, so that I could not reach him. Captain Fry, however,

told me that orders had been first given for a rally of the retreating army at Centreville, but the clear evidences of the hopeless demoralization of the troops which they had observed on the way from the battle-field had shaken the General's determination. He was then, however, informing himself, by consultation with sub-commanders and staff officers, as to whether a rally was still advisable and practicable. Shortly after ten, if I remember the time correctly, I was informed that a retreat to Washington had been determined upon, and would be immediately ordered. It was no surprise to me, as I had become satisfied during the evening that there was nothing else left.

I hurried back to our quarters, and did my duty to my friends by waking and telling them the news and urging them to lose no time in starting back. Two acted promptly and got away, but the other two—Glenn and Painter—could not rouse themselves sufficiently and fell asleep again. They woke late in the morning, and, when they had leisurely dressed themselves and come down for breakfast, found several officers in rebel uniform sitting on the veranda. Fortunately, they were taken by these to belong to the family owning the house, and politely asked whether breakfast could be had. They had presence of mind enough to answer, "Oh, yes, with pleasure"; and, pretending to go in search of the servants, managed to make their escape from the rear of the house by climbing over a fence into an adjacent corn-field, and so safely reaching the woods to which it extended. They arrived in Washington very much elated, of course, at their adventure.

I lost no time in making for the stable, saddled my horse, and in a few minutes was trotting along the Fairfax road. My newspaper instinct was fully aroused. I saw a chance of outstripping the rival correspondents with a report of the battle by reaching Washington as quickly as possible. For that purpose it was essential that I should get in advance of troops retreating in formation, and of supply and other trains. My horse had had three hours' rest

and a good meal, and would surely be equal to the eighteen miles' ride. But within a few hundred yards of the east end of the village, I found myself stopped on the highway not only by immense trains of loaded army wagons in the road, but by camps of teamsters and soldiers on both sides of it. I was obliged to dismount and find my way in the dark with the greatest difficulty through and around these impediments. It was nearly one in the morning when I at last was able to go ahead again at a fast trot on a clear road. Still, even for the rest of the way, I frequently passed squads of runaways from the front that must have left the field early in the afternoon and made the best use of their legs ever since. Some were wearily worrying on, others resting on the roadside or cooking meals at camp-fires. Some of those who were halting, being hidden from view by the darkness, amused themselves by sending forth rebel yells so as to frighten the passers-by into the belief that they had fallen upon a rebel ambuscade, and into a dead run for life or rather from imprisonment. The first attempt of the kind deceived me, too, so that I spurred my beast to his greatest possible speed.

About daybreak I passed the camp of a regiment of Pennsylvania three months' men, whose term of service had expired the day before, and who had insisted on marching away from the front to the very sound of the battle. So little martial spirit had been developed in a good portion of the army! A little while later I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me, and, looking back, perceived a mounted officer approaching at full speed. As he came nearer, I saw he wore nothing on his head and was very bald. I soon recognized in him Colonel Ambrose E. Burnside, of the First Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers, who had commanded a brigade under Heintzelman in the battle. There he was, hatless, swordless, and all alone, making the best of time on his fine black charger. I had made his acquaintance in his camp at Washington, and hence spoke to him as he hastened by. He did not

stop to talk, but merely exclaimed, "I am hurrying ahead to get rations for my command." But this struck me as preposterous, as such duties were not performed by regimental commanders, and as it did not account for his being without hat and sword. From this incident, I conceived a natural prejudice against his trustworthiness as a general officer, which my later observations of him as a corps and army commander confirmed.

I reached the fortifications on the Alexandria road, about a mile south of the western end of Long Bridge, near five o'clock. Here I was detained for a while, owing to my semi-military garb and the military accoutrements of my horse, which compelled the guards to apply their orders not to let any officers or men pass on to Washington. The officer on duty was finally called, and let me go on. It was half-past five when I reached the livery-stable where I boarded my horse, and thence sought my rooms. The streets of the capital were as lifeless as usual at that early hour, and most of the inhabitants were doubtless unconscious of the portentous events of the previous day.

It will be readily understood in what state of physical exhaustion I was, after eighteen hours of great fatigue and excitement with but one meal; but I had no right to rest before I had done my duty to the *Herald*. During the night ride I had thought out what seemed to be the best course in reporting the battle. My knowledge of the details of the fighting was very limited, but I had picked up enough information for an intelligible and nearly correct summary of what had occurred. I determined, therefore, to prepare first a succinct report of say six hundred words for transmission by wire when the telegraph-office opened at seven A.M. (In those days the unlimited telegraphing now universally practised by the press was not dreamt of, and I was not free to send more over the wires without special permission of the editor-in-chief, to obtain which would have meant fatal delay.) Next I would allow myself six or seven hours' sleep, and in the afternoon endeavor to col-

lect further material for a fuller account by the last evening mail. It took me only half an hour to write out my despatch, so that before leaving it at the main telegraph-office I had time for an early breakfast at Willard's Hotel. The despatch reached its destination before eight, and was printed at once as an extra. It was the first revelation to the New York public of the extent of the national disaster, and as such created a great sensation, but was not immediately credited.

I slept until two P.M., dined, and then went to the War Department in search of more matter for my mail report. I soon found that they knew less of details than I did, and that General McDowell had reëstablished his headquarters at Arlington Heights. I reluctantly rode there, and was fortunate enough to find Captain Fry, whom I persuaded to dictate to me substantially his recollections and impressions of the battle. What he told me of the orders that had been given by General McDowell, and to what extent they had not been executed, was especially valuable for my purpose. Equally so were his free comments upon the causes of the disaster, chief among which he considered the incapacity of commanding officers, the lack of courage and discipline among the troops, and, above all, the non-fulfilment of General Scott's promise that "if Johnston joined Beauregard, he should have Patterson on his heels."

As I did not get back to Washington before nearly six o'clock, there was no time left to get my full report ready for the last evening mail; hence I wired for leave to transmit it wholly by telegraph, which was granted. I commenced work at half-past six and was through at half-past ten. Two office-boys kept running to the main telegraph-office with the successively finished sheets of the manuscript, so that, within a few minutes after my work was done, the last instalment was being flashed to New York. I felt well satisfied with what I had written and confident that it would prove quite a hit for me. Alas! when it reached me in print, I discovered, to my great disgust,

that so much of it had been stricken out or altered that I could no longer feel any pride in the mutilated remnant as my own production. The reason for this treatment was that I had indulged in a good deal of merciless criticism on the lines indicated by Captain Fry, which my employers were afraid to publish. I had been particularly severe on some of the New York regiments and their officers, and the editor did not dare to print my fulminations on my authority alone. The excuse and compliments in the editor's explanatory letter to me were poor compensation for my disappointment.

There was plenty of work for some time in Washington in collecting and verifying more particular information about the battle, correcting first reports in the light of it, and obtaining lists of the casualties. But, by the beginning of August, the Government and Congress had settled down to still more determined endeavors, on a far greater scale than before, for the suppression of the Rebellion. It was evident that a long time would elapse before a new army could be organized and got ready for another offensive movement from Washington, and that nothing would be left for me to do at the capital. It was the general belief, shared by the Government, that Missouri and Kentucky would soon be the scene of active operations. I therefore proposed to the editor of the *Herald* that I be sent to one or other of these States. I was invited to come to New York for a personal consultation, and the result was that I was given a fortnight's vacation, at the end of which I was to go to Louisville, to watch the course of events in Kentucky.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK THREE

IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: SHILOH

CHAPTER XIV

Kentucky in the Summer and Fall of 1861

I REACHED Louisville during the last week of August, 1861, and took a room at the Galt House, the largest and best hotel in the city, kept by Captain Silas Miller, well known throughout the Southwest as a successful commander of Ohio and Mississippi steamboats. He was a staunch and enthusiastic Unionist, owing to which his house was sought by the Kentucky loyalists and shunned by the rebel sympathizers. Louisville could boast of a good deal of commercial activity in ordinary times, but its business was then at a standstill from the stoppage of trade between North and South, and the almost entire cessation of steamboating on the Ohio. Many of the business men and the majority of the young men of the place had gone South to join their fate to that of the Confederacy. Hence, the streets wore a very quiet and even deserted look. The hotel, too, was almost empty. I had a few letters of introduction, one to Mr. Speed, the postmaster, a friend of President Lincoln and brother of the future Attorney-General, and another to a Northern family by the name of Cowan. Both led to very pleasant, though limited, social relations, as four-fifths of the upper class favored the South and showed the utmost animosity towards the loyal element. I also made the acquaintance of George D. Prentice, the poet-journalist, editor of the Louisville *Journal*, and of his principal assistants, with all of whom I was soon on such good terms that their editorial rooms became a familiar resort for me. Mr. Tyler, the agent of the New York Associated Press, a native of Massachusetts, and his wife likewise became my friends.

They were elderly people, and had their peculiarities, but were very intelligent and ardent loyalists. His office was near the hotel, and it soon became my practice to visit it regularly after supper in order to learn and discuss the latest news.

The political situation in the State was stirring and threatening, and furnished ample material for correspondence. Ever since the secession of the cotton States, incessant efforts had been made by the local rebel sympathizers to make Kentucky join the Southern cause. The Governor, Magoffin, did everything in his power to bring this about. All through the winter and spring the outcome remained doubtful. Although secession sentiments prevailed among the upper classes, the majority of the people of the State were doubtless for the maintenance of the Union, but the loyal feeling was not strong enough for immediate, hearty, unconditional support of the Federal Government. There was a general disposition, indeed, even among the leading opponents of secession, to pronounce against the coercion of the rebellious States by force of arms, and to pursue a non-committal, selfish policy of neutrality between North and South, in order to protect the State from the horrors of civil war. Thus, they supported the rebel sympathizer in the gubernatorial chair in his direct refusal, in the name of the State, to furnish its quota of troops under the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men. They also approved the action of the Legislature in calling out a force of militia to prevent the "invasion" of its soil by either belligerent.

The Government at Washington was weak enough—mainly owing to Lincoln's tenderness for his native State—to bear with this undutifulness to the Union for a time, but the impracticability of such passiveness became gradually manifest. The incessant endeavors of Magoffin, Simon B. Buckner, the commander of the "State Guards" (the militia called out ostensibly to enforce neutrality, but ready to fight for the South), ex-Vice-President John

C. Breckinridge, George B. Crittenden, Humphrey Marshall, and other conspirators to implicate the State in the Rebellion soon compelled a different course. The Union leaders recognized the necessity of active counter-efforts, and brought about the organization of their followers in clubs and military bodies. The Government had sent General Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, to Cincinnati in May, on a secret mission for promoting the enlistment of volunteers from Kentucky and Virginia in the United States service. Simultaneously, William Nelson, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, a Kentuckian by birth, of unbounded loyal enthusiasm, to whom President Lincoln's attention had been called, was relieved from naval duty and permitted to go to his native State and take charge of the formal military organization of the Unionists. I had made his acquaintance in Washington through his brother, United States Minister to Chili under President Lincoln. He was thirty-six years old, over six feet high, with a mighty frame, a stentorian voice, a Jove-like head, of tireless, infectious energy, and altogether a remarkable personality. Under his direction, five thousand muskets, sent by the Government, were brought into the State and distributed among the "Home Guards," as the loyalists were designated in distinction from the secessionist "State Guards." Through the influence of General Anderson, nearly two thousand Kentucky Volunteers had been gathered in a camp on the Ohio side a short distance above Cincinnati, and formed into the First and Second Regiments of Kentucky Volunteers. Lovell H. Rousseau, a Louisville lawyer and politician, obtained authority to enlist a brigade of loyal Kentuckians, but likewise deemed it prudent to establish his recruiting camp outside of the State, just opposite Louisville on the Indiana side. These measures had strengthened the Union sentiment greatly and borne fruit in the August State election, which resulted in an overwhelming victory for the loyalists, three-quarters of the new Legislature being of their persuasion. Nelson

thereupon immediately established a recruiting camp on his native soil, called Camp Dick Robinson, in the central part of the State, between Danville and Lexington, and soon had gathered several thousand men together.

Meantime, the rebel leaders had not been idle. The "State Guards" had been strengthened. Mass meetings of their sympathizers were to be held during August at different points, at which it was presumed the secession of the State would be openly proclaimed and carried out by simultaneous military movements upon the State capital. Governor Magoffin was to furnish the pretence for the outbreak by making a formal demand upon President Lincoln for a discontinuance of Federal recruiting in the State, which, of course, would be refused. But the growth of the Union feeling brought these schemes to naught, and, when I reached Louisville, it was so greatly in the ascendant that the rebel leaders despaired of their ability to provoke rebellion in the State, and sought to persuade the rebel Government to compel it to share the fate of the Confederacy through invasion.

On September 5, the first news indicating that these efforts had been successful arrived. General Gideon J. Pillow had crossed the Mississippi the day before from the Arkansas side, with six thousand men, and occupied the Kentucky town of Columbus. Two weeks later, the still more startling announcement came that Buckner had invaded the State from the South with a rebel force of five thousand men. He had appeared in Washington in August, where he pretended to be determined to remain neutral, but suddenly disappeared, and made his way to Richmond, where he obtained a commission as brigadier-general, and immediately returned to his State to assume direction of the offensive movement by which it was expected to reach the Ohio and capture Louisville with a rush. He came very near succeeding. He seized the northbound trains on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, loaded them with his troops, and pushed on. But for the

displacement of a rail by a loyalist, causing the wreck of a south-bound train and obstructing the traffic, he might have reached Louisville. As it was, he stopped at Elizabethtown, thirty-five miles from the city, and, hearing of the approach of Federal troops, became himself alarmed and ordered the railroad bridge over a fork of Salt River, in his front, to be burned. About the same time, intelligence was received of a third invasion from another direction. During the second week of September, General Zollicoffer had started with a division of eight to nine thousand men from Eastern Tennessee for the Cumberland Gap, and reached the Cumberland River about a week later. Thus the neutrality farce—it had been nothing else for months before—came to an end, and Kentucky became one of the theatres of the Civil War, and not the least bloody and devastated.

The rebel offensive against the State naturally led also to a radical change in the attitude of the Federal Government. Just before the occupation of Columbus, General Anderson had visited Washington for consultation, and he returned to Cincinnati with Brigadier-Generals W. T. Sherman and George H. Thomas, who were to serve under him. General Thomas was at once sent to take command of the camp formed by Nelson, and General Sherman to St. Louis to solicit aid for Kentucky from General Frémont. General Anderson himself assumed active command in Kentucky, transferring his headquarters to Louisville. My friend Captain Fry came with him as assistant adjutant-general. General Sherman also reported there to him on his return from the West.

The news of the rebel advances toward the centre of the State produced great excitement and, to tell the truth, consternation and fright in Louisville. Everybody believed that Buckner would make as fast as possible for the Ohio River, and Zollicoffer would lose no time in making for the State capital. There were practically no troops available for contesting such movements but the half-drilled volun-

teers in Rousseau's and Nelson's camps. I had visited both, and knew that they were very far from being ready to take the field. Indeed, they were not half as efficient as the three-months' men in the Bull Run campaign. Help was telegraphed for and promised by the Federal Government and by the Governors of Ohio and Indiana. But as none could be expected immediately, and as General Anderson fortunately had timely warning of Buckner's contemplated *coup de main*, he at once ordered Sherman to take Rousseau's men and the Louisville Home Guards, numbering in all about twenty-five hundred, and move them by rail to a commanding position known as Muldraugh's Hill, about twenty-eight miles south of the city, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. This was promptly done, and that point occupied and fortified as well as possible. Union scouting parties sent out from it ascertained, a few days later, the reassuring fact that Buckner had fallen back to Bowling Green on Green River. Zollicoffer's intended march northward from the Cumberland River to the Blue Grass region, the heart of the State, was also stopped by the counter-movements of General Thomas. Evidently, both sides had exaggerated ideas of each other's strength, and each was afraid of being attacked by the other. Yet I could not help thinking at the time, and still am of the opinion, that, if Buckner and Zollicoffer had really pushed vigorously on, they had a good chance of compelling the at least temporary abandonment of Kentucky by the Federal Government and getting possession of the important city of Louisville and the main railroad artery connecting the Ohio River with the South.

Thus I was thoroughly disappointed in my expectation that active operations would give me plenty of interesting work. The rebels made themselves as secure and comfortable as possible at Bowling Green and in front of the Cumberland Gap, and their opponents no longer looked for the appearance of the enemy "at any moment," but settled down to the work of drilling, disciplining, clothing,

and equipping for the winter the Union forces already on the ground, and the reinforcements they steadily received by the arrival of newly-enlisted Ohio and Indiana regiments. By the end of September, nothing was left for me to do but to watch the curious developments in Washington and in Louisville, which I will now describe, in connection with military affairs in Kentucky.

Owing to his age and feeble health, General Anderson found himself unequal to the work and responsibility of his command, and asked to be relieved from duty soon after he had moved his headquarters to Louisville. His wish was reluctantly granted by President Lincoln, and a formal order to that effect issued by the War Department on October 7, and General Sherman directed to take his place. The change was not favorable for me, for, while General Anderson was very accessible and communicative to representatives of the press, General Sherman looked upon them as a nuisance and a danger at headquarters and in the field, and acted toward them accordingly, then as throughout his great war career. I did not, of course, agree with him at that time as to my own calling, but candor constrains me to say that I had to admit in the end that he was entirely right. For what I then observed, on the one hand, of the natural eagerness of volunteer officers of all grades (of whom so many were aspiring politicians at home) to get themselves favorably noticed in the press, even at the cost of indiscretions, and, on the other hand, of the indifference of press-men to military interests in publishing army news, must lead any unprejudiced mind to the conclusion that the harm certain to be done by war correspondents far outweighs any good they can possibly do. If I were a commanding general I would not tolerate any of the tribe within my army lines.

Under the circumstances, it was perfectly useless to approach General Sherman formally as a news-gatherer. I was, however, brought in contact with him in another and more satisfactory way. He appeared every night, like

myself, at about nine o'clock, in the office of Mr. Tyler, to learn the news brought in the night Associated Press report. He knew me from the Bull Run campaign as a correspondent of the press. Furthermore, I had been especially commended to him by his brother John (then a member of the House, and subsequently Senator from Ohio and Secretary of the Treasury); and as we met on neutral ground and I asked him no questions, we were soon on very good terms. He was a great talker, and he liked nothing better than to express his mind upon the news as it came. There he sat, smoking a cigar (I hardly ever saw him without one), leaning back in a chair, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. Or he was pacing up and down the room, puffing away, with his head bent forward and his arms crossed behind his back. Every piece of military intelligence drew some comment from him, and it was easy to lead him into a long talk if the subject interested him. He expressed himself without any reserve about men and matters, trusting entirely to the good faith of his hearers, who, as a rule, consisted only of Mr. Tyler and myself. As will be readily believed, we found the hours thus spent in his company a great treat, although we did not dream of the celebrity the General was to achieve. I have often wished I had made notes of his sayings. His estimates of military and political leaders particularly would have been worth preserving. Nearly all of them proved to be correct.

In his conversations with us, he discussed also the political and military situation in Kentucky and his own task in connection with it, and I could not help thinking that, in so doing, he said more than was wise and proper. He openly confessed, after he had been assigned to the command of the department, that he had not wished it and was afraid of his new responsibilities. With the vivid imagination inherent to genius, he clearly saw how formidable were the difficulties of the part he was expected to play in the suppression of the Rebellion. They simply

appalled him. He found himself in command of raw troops, not exceeding twenty thousand in number. He believed that they should be multiplied many times. He feared the rebel forces in the State largely outnumbered his own, and he could not rid himself of the apprehension that, if he should be attacked, he would have no chance of success. It was not really want of confidence in himself that brought him to this state of mind, but, as it seemed to me, his intense patriotism and despair of the preservation of the Union in view of the fanatical, bloodthirsty hostility to it throughout the South. This dread took such hold of him that, as I was informed by those who were in hourly official intercourse with him, he literally brooded over it day and night. It made him lapse into long, silent moods even outside his headquarters. He lived at the Galt House, occupying rooms on the ground floor. He paced by the hour up and down the corridor leading to them, smoking and obviously absorbed in oppressive thoughts. He did this to such an extent that it was generally noticed and remarked upon by the guests and employees of the hotel. His strange ways led to gossip, and it was soon whispered about that he was suffering from mental depression.

Such was his condition when Secretary Cameron arrived in Louisville for a conference with him. The Secretary had been to St. Louis to remonstrate with General Frémont about his extravagances and arbitrary assumption of power, and came to see General Sherman, who seemed to the Washington authorities to stand very much in need of being brought to reason, in view of his highly exaggerated theories as to the forces required for the extinction of the Rebellion in the Mississippi Valley. Secretary Cameron had with him Samuel Wilkeson, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*—afterwards for nearly twenty years secretary of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company—whom he allowed to listen to his official and confidential conversations with

the General, without, however, disclosing Wilkeson's journalistic character. The conference is fully described in Sherman's Memoirs. The General demonstrated on a map his strategic programme for subduing the Confederacy. He indicated the lines of operation which the several Federal armies in process of formation should follow in the South. He also made an estimate of the numerical strength they should possess, and contended that, to destroy the military power of the Confederacy in the rebel States watered by the Mississippi and its eastern and western tributaries, would require not less than two hundred thousand men. This contention was so contrary to, or rather in advance of, the then still prevailing ideas of the limited power of resistance of the Confederacy and the means necessary to overcome it, that it startled the Secretary and excited doubts as to the state of the General's mind. Wilkeson told me, indeed, immediately after the conference, that Cameron thought the General was unbalanced by exaggerated fears as to the rebel strength, and that it would not do to leave him in command.

This was a great bit of news, but, in the public interest, I did not feel free to use it. My friend Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, being very much attached to the Sherman family, I communicated it to him in a private letter the same evening. But Halstead could not resist the temptation of utilizing the sensational information for his paper. To my painful surprise and great indignation, he printed, in the first issue after receiving my letter, an editorial paragraph saying in substance that "the country would learn with surprise and regret that Brigadier-General Sherman had become insane." Thus I was the innocent cause of the publication of this cruel misstatement, which resulted in so much annoyance and distress to the General and his friends. But the worst result of the conference was yet to come. In spite of the fact that Cameron had concealed Wilkeson's connection with the press, so that Sherman talked with much more

freedom than he would otherwise have done, the Secretary allowed Wilkeson to print every detail of the talk in the *Tribune*, accompanied by sarcastic criticisms of the timorousness of the General and his absurd demands for troops, as evidenced by his requisition for two hundred thousand men, and also by broad insinuations that his mind was upset and that he could not safely be permitted to exercise an important command. This was an abominable outrage, and a striking illustration of the utter unconsciousness at the time, in ruling circles and withal in the public at large, of the detriment to public interests and especially to army discipline wrought by such scandalous improprieties. As was to be foreseen, General Sherman asked to be relieved from his command, and, early in November, his request was readily granted. In fact, it was the general impression that the design of the publication in the *Tribune* was to compel him to retire.

A new military department, "of the Ohio," was formed, and Brigadier-General Don Carlos Buell placed in command, with headquarters at Louisville, where he assumed charge in the second week of November. He held the same views regarding war correspondents as General Sherman, and would not allow them to approach him on any ground. But I continued to enjoy the special advantage of having a friend at court in Captain Fry. General Buell, besides his aversion to members of the press, was by nature reserved, taciturn, and cold in his manners—just the opposite of General Sherman. He repelled rather than attracted not only his subordinates, but all who came in contact with him. He was the choice of General McClellan for the position, and, like him, was destined to prove a failure.

I have referred to the exaggerated estimates of the rebel forces in his front that warped General Sherman's judgment. Together with the unreadiness of the troops under him, it had given rise to his disinclination to think of an early offensive as at all possible. One of the motives

of the Government in substituting General Buell for him was its desire that something should be done for the relief of the loyalists in East Tennessee, whose steadfast adherence to the Union, in spite of the merciless persecution and oppression practised toward them by the rebel Government, appealed most strongly to the sympathies of the Northern States, and for whose protection active measures were warmly advocated in the press and in Congress. President Lincoln's interest in their cause was enlisted by the constant pleadings of Andrew Johnson, Horace Maynard, and other leaders on their behalf. He evidenced this by one of the famous documents of the war, the sketch of a plan which he had prepared, in the latter part of September, for an advance into East Tennessee, and sent to the War Department as a positive command, as shown by the first words: "On or about the fifth of October, I wish a movement made to seize and hold a point on the railroad connecting Virginia and Tennessee near the mountain pass called Cumberland Gap." The plan and the ways and means indicated for its execution were unquestionably sound, and proved, like similar emanations at later stages of the war, that Mr. Lincoln's perception of the military situation was a very creditable one.

It was expected that General Buell, upon whom the Commander-in-chief, General McClellan, had himself urged, in his verbal instructions, the necessity of prompt action, with the promise of reinforcements for that purpose, would not be long in starting an expedition for East Tennessee. But it soon turned out that he also was unwilling to take early action. The more his command was swelled by additional troops from the North, the less he apparently became inclined to take the field—this notwithstanding the eagerness of General George H. Thomas to go for Zollicoffer from central Kentucky. On November 25, McClellan repeated his previous oral and written instructions in the strongest language, saying in his letter: "I am still convinced that political and strategical con-

siderations render a prompt movement in force on Eastern Tennessee imperative. . . . I think we owe it to our Union friends in East Tennessee to protect them at all hazards." He followed up this letter two days later with a despatch: "I urge movement at once on Eastern Tennessee unless it is impossible." But Buell did not budge. He pleaded that his troops were anything but ready to take the field. He described them as "little better than a mob." The fact that he was being vainly urged to move became public, and he was attacked in the press and in Congress. But this did not influence him any more than the orders and remonstrances of his superiors. These continued to reach him by mail and wire, but he contrived to find excuses for not complying.

In the latter part of December, the pressure from Washington at last extracted from him the admission that he had never really thought a movement into East Tennessee advisable, and that his programme was a defensive one in an eastern and an offensive one in a western direction. Finally, President Lincoln lost his long-tried patience, and on January 4 wired him: "Please tell me the progress and condition of the movement in the direction of East Tennessee. Answer." Buell, in his reply, amplified his previous admission that the East Tennessee movement had been decidedly against his judgment from the very first, as likely to render doubtful the success of "a movement against the great power of the Rebellion in the west, which is mainly arrayed on the line between Bowling Green and Columbus." President Lincoln replied by mail, commencing his letter thus: "Your despatch of yesterday has been received and disappoints and distresses me," and then argued that, in his judgment, the possession of the railroad between Virginia and East Tennessee seemed to him more important and more to be desired than that of Nashville. Next he lamented the sad fate of the loyalists, if left without help. "But my distress is," he said, "that our friends in East Tennessee are being hanged and driven

to despair." "My despatch to you was sent with the knowledge of Senator Johnson and Representative Maynard, and they will be after me to know your answer, which I cannot safely show them." This characteristic wail of the President, with the extraordinary ending, "I do not intend this to be an order in any sense, but merely to show you the grounds of my anxiety," was followed by far more emphatic expressions from General McClellan. "I was extremely sorry," he wrote to Buell, "to learn from your telegram to the President that you had from the beginning attached little or no importance to a movement into East Tennessee. I had not so understood your views, and it develops a radical difference between yours and mine, which I deeply regret." He then gave his reasons for preferring a movement towards East Tennessee to one against Nashville, emphasizing the fact that "the latter would work a prejudicial change in my own plans." On January 13, McClellan wrote again in a way that obliged Buell to promise to comply with the wishes of his superiors. Yet he failed to keep his promise promptly, further excusing himself by reason of want of transportation and the impracticability of the roads.

Meantime, the lack of stirring events and the absolute silence imposed by General Buell's orders upon correspondents in regard to the large army under his command, on penalty of expulsion from the department, made time hang rather heavily on my hands. My social relations were too limited, for the reasons already explained, to relieve the monotony of my daily life. Moreover, no public entertainments of any kind were going on in Louisville, owing to the state of war. But I had a pleasant interruption of my dull existence by spending Christmas week among my friends in Cincinnati. The continual inclemency of the weather added no little to the dreariness of those winter months, during which not a single personal incident worth recording occurred.

My usefulness to my employers would thus not have

been very great but for the accidental discovery and exploitation of a new mine of valuable intelligence. The war having cut off all the former communications between the loyal and rebel States by mail and telegraph, railroad and steamboat, the Northern press was deprived of its regular supply of Southern news. Its scarcity very much increased the demand for and the value of it. The curiosity of the Northern public regarding current events in the South seemed to be even greater than about home affairs. It occurred to me during the fall that, what with the large number of Louisville people who had gone South to help the Confederates and their natural desire to hear from home and to be able to send tidings of themselves, some channel of intelligence might be opened. On close investigation I found out that there were men and women travelling regularly between Louisville and Nashville, who made it their business to carry letters, papers, and other things between the two points—a sort of "underground railroad." By paying liberally for them, I managed to receive through this agency all the leading papers in the South. With clippings from them, which I accompanied by proper comments, I made up regular budgets of Southern news, which became a highly prized feature of the *Herald*. None of its contemporaries was so well served in this respect as long as I remained stationed in Louisville.

CHAPTER XV

The Occupation of Nashville.—1862

THE quietude that reigned in Kentucky was suddenly broken in the latter part of January, 1862, by the collision between General Thomas and General Zollicoffer in what is known as the "battle of Mill Springs," though it hardly deserved the name. Zollicoffer, having established himself on the north bank of the Cumberland River, on the road from the Gap to the central part of the State, caused a good deal of annoyance and suffering by sending raiding parties in different directions, as well as by repeated advances and retreats with his main body, which were met by counter-movements by the Federal brigade of General Schoepf, charged by General Thomas to watch the enemy. To put an end to these inflictions, Buell finally authorized Thomas to advance with his division toward the Cumberland. He reached a point ten miles from the rebel encampment on January 18, with part of his forces. The enemy was apprised of his approach, and decided to attack him before all his command had come up. The encounter took place on the following day. Zollicoffer having been killed early in the fight, the rebels lost their cohesion, and were beaten back after a struggle of several hours. They retreated in disorder to their fortified camp at Mill Springs. The Unionists followed them closely and surrounded their position during the night. In the morning it was discovered that the enemy had crossed the Cumberland in the darkness, leaving behind them twelve pieces of artillery, small arms, supplies, and their wounded. It was a very creditable victory for the Union cause, as the rebel strength was one-third greater than General Thom-

as's; and it had a great moral effect in the loyal States. The principal part in it was borne by the Ninth Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Robert L. McCook. He was a prominent lawyer and partner of John B. Stallo, the well-known German leader at Cincinnati, and was one of the famous family of which no less than ten members, comprising the father and nine sons, bore arms during the war. The regiment had been recruited from among the Germans of Ohio, and was officered in part by ex-officers of the Prussian army, who had brought it up to a high degree of drill and discipline. Colonel McCook himself was wounded. The way to Cumberland Gap and into East Tennessee was now unobstructed, and Thomas was ready to push forward, but he received no orders to that effect, and remained on the Cumberland until the important developments in western Kentucky shortly afterwards changed the entire course of events.

Before speaking of these, it will be proper to describe the composition of Buell's army, whose coming experiences I was to share. It had gradually increased through the fall and winter, by steady reinforcements, until it numbered nearly seventy-two thousand men on the rolls, of whom about three-quarters were effective. They included nearly eighty-four infantry regiments, organized in the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota; half a dozen regiments of cavalry from Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio; and twenty batteries of six guns each. They first were formed into brigades of four foot regiments and one battery each, numbered consecutively up to twenty-one, and subsequently into six divisions, of four and three brigades, with a cavalry regiment each. The division commanders were, in the order of the numbers of their divisions, Brigadier-Generals George H. Thomas, Alexander McDowell McCook, Ormsby M. Mitchel (a regular-army officer), William Nelson (who had been formally transferred in August from the navy to the army, with the rank of brigadier-general),

Thomas L. Crittenden, and Thomas J. Wood (of the regular army). Among the brigade commanders figured a number who afterwards became well known, such as M. D. Manson, L. H. Rousseau, R. W. Johnson, J. S. Negley, J. B. Turchin, Jacob Ammen, W. B. Hazen, Charles Cruft, M. S. Hascall, and C. G. Harker. During the active operations that followed, I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of nearly all of these commanders and entering into friendly relations with a number of them, which continued even after the close of the war.

All through November, December, and January there had been, as is shown by the printed official records, correspondence by wire and mail between the Government at Washington and Generals McClellan, Halleck (who had superseded Frémont as commander-in-chief of the military department comprising Missouri and Illinois), and Buell, regarding the future programme for combined action upon the Western theatre of war. As early as the latter half of November, Buell had expressed himself in a general way in favor of using the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers as offensive lines, with Nashville as the main objective-point. Halleck favored the line of the Tennessee alone, as the movements along two lines would require too much force. But Buell did not urge his general suggestion, nor submit any plans in detail. Hence the protracted discussion had led to no agreement or decision up to the end of January. Buell had, however, slowly crept with his forces nearer the rebel front at Bowling Green, and, at that time, his lines extended from near that place eastwardly to Glasgow, Columbia, and Somerset. He still believed that the rebel forces in his front under Albert Sidney Johnston outnumbered him, and, owing to this illusion, his every forward step was characterized by excessive caution. The truth was, that Johnston's command was only little more than one-third as strong as Buell's army.

The dissensions and hesitations of the commanding generals were brought to an end in an unexpected manner. At

the close of January, General Grant, in command at Cairo, and Rear-Admiral Foote, commanding the fleet of river gunboats, succeeded, after several vain attempts, in extracting permission from General Halleck to attack and, if possible, capture Fort Henry, constructed by the rebels for the defence of the Tennessee River near its mouth. On February 6, the loyal public was made joyful by the laconic news from General Grant: "Fort Henry is ours," with the hope-inspiring addition: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the eighth." The latter fort was erected at a distance of only a day's march from Fort Henry to lock the Cumberland against Northern troops and gunboats. When Grant sent this confident despatch, he had no idea how difficult it would be to make good his word, and how important his success would be in really determining the whole course of the war in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. The moment he received the news of the fall of Fort Henry, the rebel commander Johnston, at Bowling Green, realizing the danger it involved of the capture of Fort Donelson and of thereby having the centre of the rebel line from Bowling Green to Columbus pierced and his own left flank turned through the opening of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers to the Federals, held a council of war, at which, on his recommendation, it was decided to abandon his long-held position in Kentucky for the protection of Tennessee, and to fight for that object at Fort Donelson. This resolution was carried out with admirable promptitude. Fourteen thousand infantry were at once detached, under the command of Generals Buckner and Floyd, for the reinforcement of Donelson, and sent by rail to Clarksville and thence the short distance down the river by boat. The remaining eight thousand of the twenty-two thousand men, all told, that Johnston's army actually consisted of, broke camp and fell back on Nashville. Donelson was further reinforced by four thousand men from General Pillow's command. This throwing of a heavy force into the fort was sound

and justified by the circumstances, but it utterly miscarried, owing to the determined offensive of General Grant and the lack of fighting spirit in the garrison. On February 16, the Northern States were electrified by the astonishing tidings of the unconditional surrender of Donelson with fifteen thousand rebels (including General Buckner), twenty thousand stands of arms, forty-eight small and seventeen heavy guns, thousands of horses, and great quantities of commissary and quartermaster's stores.

This great triumph of General Grant not only raised the patriotic enthusiasm of the loyal people to the highest pitch, but instantly broke the spell of apprehension that had kept the Union commanders in the West on the defensive. The force of events carried them irresistibly along. It ended the conflict of their strategic theories by compelling them to take advantage of the unexpected achievement on the Cumberland, which did nothing less than open the way for the Union armies to the very heart of the Confederacy west of the Alleghanies.

Already the fall of Fort Henry had roused Halleck and Buell. They had early information of the abandonment of Bowling Green by the enemy, and correctly divined that Johnston meant to use his forces to save Donelson. Buell was ready enough to take up his former plan of moving up the two rivers. He took the initiative in supporting Grant's operations by ordering Cruft's 13th brigade, stationed at Calhoun on the lower Green River, to join Grant, which it did in time to participate in the attack on Donelson. He started eight additional unassigned regiments by water for the same purpose, and, in response to an appeal from Halleck, he ordered three of his divisions, under Thomas, Nelson, and Crittenden, to make as quickly as possible for Louisville and embark thence on steamboats down the Ohio for the Cumberland. They could not get under way from Louisville, however, until the day of the surrender of Donelson. In consequence of that event, the other three divisions of Buell were at once ordered to move

in forced marches upon Nashville. Buell himself joined the advance of General Mitchel's division. The march was made so rapidly that some of the cavalry arrived at Edgefield on the north bank of the Cumberland, opposite Nashville, on the morning of Sunday, the 23d. General Buell himself did not reach the same point with the division, nine thousand strong, till the evening of the following day. He was met there by the mayor of Nashville and a committee of citizens, who reported the evacuation of the city by the Confederate forces, and obtained an appointment for the next morning for the formal surrender. The destruction by the rebels of the suspension bridge for ordinary traffic, as well as of the railroad bridge across the Cumberland, made it impossible for General Buell to enter the city immediately. This deprived him of the satisfaction of being the first Federal commander in the capital of Tennessee, for, early next morning, a fleet of boats, escorted by the gunboat *Conestoga*, came in sight with a large body of his own troops under command of General Nelson, who landed at once and took possession.

The inspiring news of the attack on Fort Donelson caused me much perplexity. I had been at the front a fortnight before the capture of Fort Henry, but returned to Louisville when I learned of the decision to send reinforcements to Grant by the river route, with a view to accompany them. General Nelson, whose division was to take part in that expedition, invited me to come on his boat. I accepted and expected to go on board on the morning of the 16th. But the reports from Donelson in the morning papers of that day indicated such confidence by General Grant in its impending fall that I concluded to wait another day before deciding upon my course, lest, by starting down the Ohio, I might be too late for the capture of the fort, and also miss some important movement by General Buell. I went early in the evening to the Associated Press office, and impatiently awaited, with half a dozen others, the night report. The very first sentence an-

nounced the surrender of Donelson, and made all present break out into shouts of delight. I congratulated myself on my wisdom in not going with General Nelson, but in the morning I was obliged to doubt whether I had chosen the better part, on learning that Buell, on hearing of Grant's success, had immediately put his army in motion for Nashville. My quandary was, however, solved on ascertaining later in the day that, in addition to Nelson's division, the divisions of Generals Thomas and Crittenden had been ordered to embark as fast as possible for the Cumberland. Learning that I could not overtake Buell by land, I made up my mind to go by water. Fortunately, a boat started down the river the same evening, with quartermaster's and commissary's stores for Nelson's division. Captain Miller, of the Galt House, knew the captain, and introduced me to him, thanks to which I was very well taken care of on the trip. I left most of my belongings behind, and set out, wearing my campaign army-blue suit and a regulation overcoat.

We reached Fort Donelson the next morning. It lay in a bend of the river on steeply rising bluffs, about a hundred feet above the water. We found a great fleet of boats, including those having on board Nelson's command, which was waiting for telegraphic orders. It took us some hours to make a good landing, owing to the number of craft in the way, and it was nearly dark before I managed to find General Nelson. No orders had yet reached him. He repeated his invitation to come on his boat, but, seeing that it was very crowded, and being assured by him that my boat would follow him wherever he went, I thought it best not to change. We were kept stationary and uncertain as to our final destination for four days. But I found myself in the midst of striking scenes of actual war that made our stay most interesting. There was the Fort itself, a rectangular work, inclosing about one hundred acres, with high ramparts and well-protected water-batteries of heavy guns; its earthen embankments ploughed and torn

by our gunboat fire. There were camps of Union soldiers and of rebel prisoners, but few of whom had yet been sent North. The great majority of the latter were only partially uniformed, or were wholly in civilian clothes, and presented a very motley, dirty, and anything but respect-inspiring appearance. I talked much with them, and found them very ready, as defeated soldiers always are, to blame and denounce their officers. There was a chaos of thousands of captured wagons, horses, and mules. Mournful was the sight of long rows of fresh graves containing the killed on both sides, and of the field-hospitals crowded with Federal and Confederate wounded. A striking border to this picture was formed by the score and more of side-wheel and stern-wheel steamboats and grim-looking gunboats, puffing, blowing, and whistling, loaded with human and other freight. Altogether, there was enough to see and describe to keep me fully occupied. In one respect I was, however, disappointed. I failed to see "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, as he did not leave his boat while we remained, and, not knowing anybody on it, I did not feel bold enough to go on board.

At last, on the afternoon of the fourth day, orders reached General Nelson to proceed up the river as far as Clarksville and there await further instructions. We immediately got under way, and reached our destination in a few hours. The banks were well settled and quite attractive. We anchored in the river, not far from the great bridge of the railroad from Louisville to Memphis. Again our patience was tried by lying still for more than twenty-four hours, after which, late in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, the welcome report came that the way to Nashville was clear, and that we should start for that city at daybreak next morning.

Accordingly, our flotilla of seven boats, convoyed by the gunboat *Conestoga*, got in motion in single file up the river as soon as there was light enough to find the way. The valley proved to be quite picturesque. Bluffs of a very

diversified character, now of solid, barren rock, and again heavily timbered, rose close to the banks or bordered wide bottoms forming rich plantations. Half an hour before reaching Nashville, we passed Fort Zollicoffer, an unfinished river-battery with eight guns in position, but deserted. Soon after, we caught sight of the imposing State capitol, standing upon the highest hill within the city limits. A little further, and the ruins of the two bridges connecting the city with the north bank of the river came into view, and in twenty minutes more we were tied to a wharf at the foot of one of the leading streets.

Nashville had then a population of less than twenty thousand. (It had more than eighty thousand in 1890.) It was compactly and regularly built up over an undulating area, rising rather steeply at first and then more gradually from the river to a broken plateau. The lower streets, as in all river-towns the world over, were devoted to business, and the upper ones to residential purposes. The site was crowned by the hill on which the great State-house—greater in size than in correct architectural style—occupied a most commanding position. The business buildings, as well as the private residences, were mostly made of brick and stone, and had a solid but unpretentious look, although the style and proportions of a number of the homes gave evidence of wealthy ownership. Altogether, the appearance of the place indicated considerable thrift, and impressed me more as that of a Northern than of a Southern city.

I was among the very first to jump ashore. We supposed General Buell to have taken possession, and were surprised to learn that we were the first "invaders" to enter the city. Having learned also that not a single Confederate soldier remained in it, I did not hesitate to set out alone to see the place and to gather information as to the local events previous to our arrival. In an hour I had walked through all the principal streets. I found the wholesale and retail stores and most of the better class of

residences shut up. Very few whites, but plenty of blacks were visible. The State-house presented a curious sight. I discovered only one person—a colored doorkeeper—in the big edifice that had contained, but a few days before, the whole State Government and the State Legislature with all its throng of attendants. They had all "done gone" a week ago, as the sole occupant informed me. Not a door was locked, and a good many stood wide open, indicating a most rapid disappearance of the executive and legislative branches. They had adjourned as far west as was possible within the State limits, viz., to Memphis.

I next sought the American House, the leading hotel, in order to secure board and lodging. The house was open, but seemed utterly deserted. After much ringing of the office bell, a colored man appeared, who, on my inquiry for the proprietor, answered, with a broad grin: "Massa done gone souf." Not a guest had been entertained for several days, and he could not tell what would be done with the hotel. But I boldly ordered him to show me the better rooms and selected the best one, which I told him to reserve against all comers till I returned. I hurried back to the boat, got my saddle-bag and said good-bye to the captain, and within half an hour had taken actual possession of the room. It was well I had acted thus promptly, for, by noon, the hotel swarmed with other correspondents and staff-officers. A quartermaster's clerk with hotel experience was put in charge, the chief cook hunted up, and, with the supplies found in the store-room and meat procured from a butcher, the caravansary was soon in full running order. In a few days the proprietor returned and resumed control.

I lost no time, after securing my quarters, in making for the office of the *Daily American*, the principal paper of the city. I purchased the back numbers for three weeks and found them a mine of interesting information. Especially were the full accounts of what happened in the city after the fall of Donelson of great value to me and to Cap-

tain Fry, Buell's chief of staff, to whom I lent them in the evening, as they gave him a clear idea of the rebel military movements throughout the South. I found one of the owners and some of the editors of the paper in the office. I introduced myself as a "Northern colleague," and they were evidently very glad to have some one to consult with as to the course they should pursue. They had continued the publication up to that day, but were in doubt whether it would be safe and profitable for them to go on with it. I advised them to do so by all means, but to print only news from the North and South and local intelligence, without any editorials or biased comments. I assured them that the military authorities would allow this. They followed my suggestion and printed the paper right along. Within a few days, they were able to publish the Northern Associated Press reports, but their Southern news naturally became meagre.

According to appointment, the mayor, B. B. Cheatham, a member of the prominent family of that name, which played a conspicuous part on the Southern side during the Rebellion, called on General Buell, at Edgefield, with a deputation of leading citizens, shortly after our landing. He received assurances that, in view of the surrender of the city at discretion, all law-abiding persons and their property would receive the fullest protection from the Federal troops. Soon after the conference, General Buell crossed over with his staff on a boat, and established his headquarters in a commodious mansion abandoned by its owner. The transfer of the troops he had led also commenced, and on that and the next day about fifteen thousand "Yanks" marched through the streets to encampments selected for them in the suburbs. For ten days, additional arrivals took place to the number of thousands a day, including the divisions that had marched from Bowling Green, as well as those carried up the Cumberland by boats, and before the middle of March the whole of Buell's army was concentrated about Nashville. The only troops

quartered in the city, however, were a large provost-marshal's guard, charged with preventing officers and soldiers from entering the city except on duty or with proper permits, which were only sparingly granted.

The mayor at once issued a proclamation announcing the promise of protection and maintenance of order by General Buell, and calling upon all citizens to resume their occupations, and especially to reopen all stores for business, which was gradually done. He also called on the farmers of the vicinity to resume bringing their supplies to the city markets. This was quite in contrast with the bombastic manifesto issued by the Governor of the State, Isham G. Harris, at Memphis, against the ruthless invaders of Tennessee's soil.

A brief account of what happened in Nashville after the fall of Donelson and before the advent of the Federals will be in place here. The rebel commander-in-chief, Johnston, reached Nashville ahead of his troops on February 17, and at once informed the State and city authorities of the impossibility of defending the city, and his direct intention of retreating with his forces beyond it. He expressed his fear at the same time that the Federal gunboats and troops might appear within a few hours. The suddenness and portentousness of this announcement, which immediately became known to the inhabitants, produced at once the deepest consternation among all classes. The measures adopted by the Confederate commander before abandoning the city to its fate intensified the general fright into a regular panic. In order to obstruct and delay the Federal pursuit, the destruction of the railroad and suspension bridges was ordered and carried out—a wanton, useless act, as the height of the river made its use by the largest boats practicable. This only increased the general scare, as indicating want of faith in the re-establishment of Confederate rule. The papers stated that "this brutal outrage upon the city was perpetrated against the earnest and persistent protest of the leading citizens."

Next in folly was the conduct of the officers of the rebel commissary and quartermaster's department, who hastily abandoned their posts, and, before doing so, threw open the magazines holding the immense stores of miscellaneous supplies for the Confederate army, and allowed the public to help themselves to them in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Naturally, a wild scramble for this public prey ensued among the lower classes, and, as might have been expected, led to disorder and violence. A lawless, defiant mob had virtual possession of the city. The newspapers reported the street scenes that were enacted for several days as "beggaring description." "The untiring energy of the mayor and city authorities was inadequate to keep down the selfish, grasping spirit from running riot." "Irish laborers and negroes competed with *'gentlemen'* in *'toting'* off *'hog,'* flour, sugar, crackers, clothing, and other things." The Governor at the same time pranced about the streets on horseback, vainly appealing for volunteer help in removing the State records. At a subsequent investigation ordered by the Confederate Congress, it was proved that the loss to the rebel Government from this authorized plundering was over one million dollars, and that it was an entirely unwarranted and culpable waste of public property, as almost a whole week elapsed before the Federals appeared after the retreat of Johnston. The pillage was finally stopped by the energy of the rebel cavalry leader Forrest, who later attained such notoriety as a daring and successful raider. With a command of only forty men, he succeeded in restoring order after several days, and maintained it till our arrival compelled his retirement.

The panic manifested itself in a general effort to run away from the coming "ruthless Northern hordes." The reckless falsehoods that had been circulated by the Southern press about the savage warfare waged by the Northern armies, now bore their natural fruit. Having been constantly told that slaughter, pillage, "booty and beauty"

were their insatiate longing, thousands sought safety in instant flight, abandoning homes and business and taking with them only what they could carry on their persons or in vehicles. Even the many sick and wounded soldiers from the hospital swelled the tide. The general fear, in view of the fate of the bridges, that the city would be burned so that the "Yankees" might find another Moscow, had much to do with this needless hegira. There were, indeed, some crazy secessionists who openly proclaimed their purpose to fire every house in the city.

Two days after our landing, I had the satisfaction of getting my first view of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. He had unexpectedly come up from Clarksville, by boat, for a conference with General Buell. I met him with his staff riding up to the latter's headquarters. I could not help feeling rather disappointed by the commonplace appearance of the man. He stayed only a few hours, but took time to see the city and to pay his respects to the widow of ex-President Polk, who made her home in a stately mansion on the finest residence street, and was one of the few Nashville gentlewomen not scared away by the dread of the Northern vandals. Mrs. Polk, while not concealing her Southern sympathies, received him in a very ladylike manner. Her behavior was very different from that experienced by the Grant party from other women, having the appearance of ladies, in passing through the streets. These "Yankee haters" went so far as to show their venom by spitting contemptuously, sticking out their tongues, and hissing like snakes. I can bear personal testimony that such low manifestations of viragoism were of frequent occurrence during the first weeks after the Federal occupation; but they gradually disappeared.

I am tempted to recall, in this connection, that Grant's visit to Nashville came very near bringing his career as a Federal commander to an early end. He undertook the trip without giving notice, as required by the general field orders, of his intended absence from his command to his

immediate superior, General Halleck, who in very strong terms reported this neglect of duty to the War Department, which replied giving him authority to relieve the offender from duty and put him under arrest. Halleck had also wired a severe reprimand to Grant, on receiving which the latter asked to be relieved before the order to the same effect had come by mail from Washington. But the difficulty was made up, most fortunately for the Union cause.

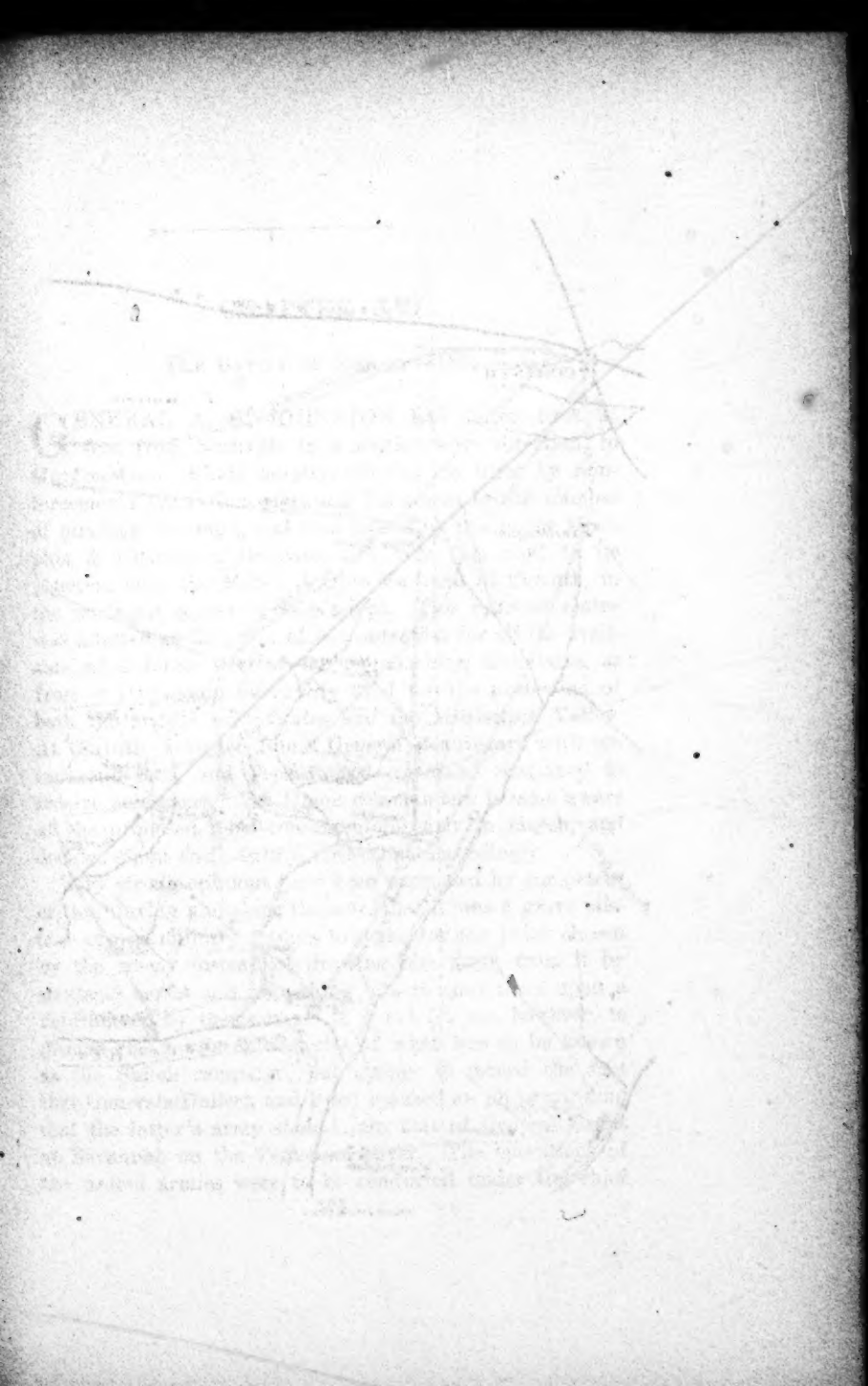
I had plenty to do for a fortnight in writing up the "past and present." Communication by mail and telegraph with the North was opened within forty-eight hours after Buell's advent, and the first week I sent letters daily, and the second every other day. Military and other affairs in and about the city had then, however, settled down to a regular routine, so that material grew very scarce. Not a shot had been fired by either side in occupying and retreating from Nashville, nor was any sound of war heard afterward, so complete had been the disappearance of the rebels from the adjacent portions of Tennessee. Unfortunately for the loyal cause, there was no unity of appreciation among the Federal commanders of the logical strategic consequences of the February victories, or proper recognition of the vital importance of following them up with enterprise and energy. They were engaged for weeks in telegraphing suggestions and counter-suggestions, and, before they had agreed among themselves whether it would be best to advance from Nashville or from middle Tennessee or down the Mississippi, the enemy's movements were again to determine their own. Thus Buell's army remained encamped about Nashville, making good use of the time, however, by assiduous drilling and by completing its field equipment. The Tennessee capital became a new base of operations, and supplies of every kind and of ammunition were accumulated as fast as possible by rail and river.

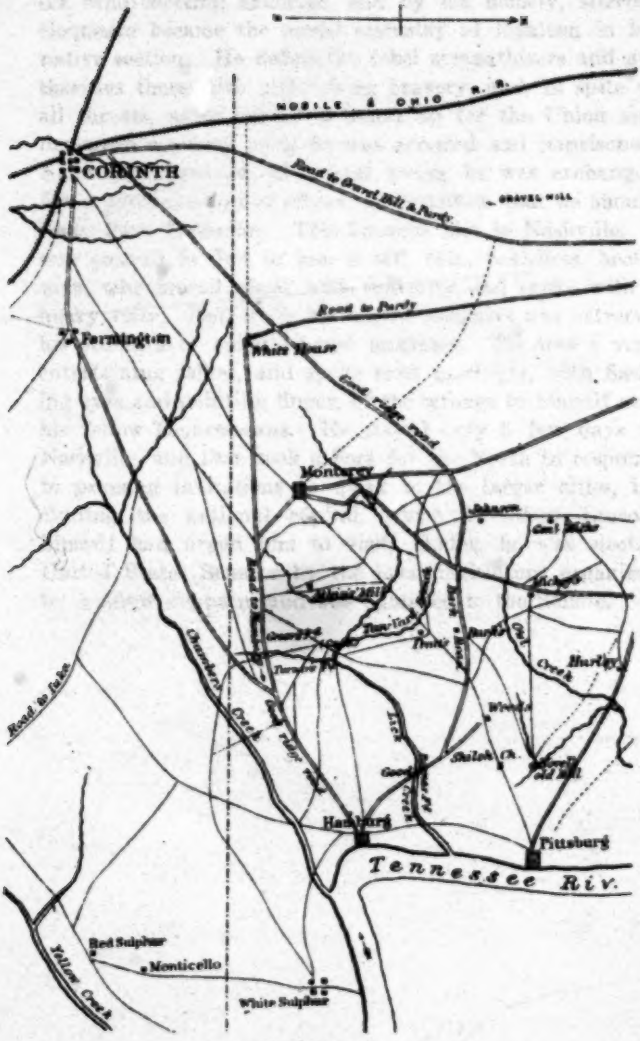
The monotony into which matters had fallen was relieved

by the advent in Nashville, about the middle of March, of Andrew Johnson. As United States Senator from Tennessee, he had achieved great renown and popularity, upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, by his unswerving, passionate loyalty. On the fall of Nashville, President Lincoln nominated him brigadier-general of volunteers, and, on his immediate confirmation by the Senate, vested him with the special function of Military Governor for the State of Tennessee, which he was to exercise till a regular civil government, faithful to the Union, could be re-established. He took possession, very properly, of the capitol, and at once adopted very vigorous measures for the assertion of his authority and the protection of the loyalists in the State. One of his first acts was to call on the mayor and the city council to take the oath of loyalty to the Federal Government. They refused to do this, by a vote of sixteen to one, whereupon Governor Johnson issued an order removing them and appointing an "acting" mayor, who thenceforth administered the affairs of the city without the control of a council. I saw Johnson almost daily, and watched him closely, in his official and his private relations. My judgment of him was that, while he was doubtless a man of unusual natural parts, he had too violent a temper and was too much addicted to the common Southern habit of free indulgence in strong drink. These failings really unfitted him for his task, and he proved even then as little qualified for the proper fulfilment of high executive responsibilities as he did three years later when a national calamity made him an accidental President of the United States.

Another noted character, popularly known as "Parson Brownlow," appeared about the same time at Nashville. He was a popular preacher in East Tennessee when the Rebellion broke out, and, upon the first active secession movements in the Cotton States, denounced them with extraordinary boldness, energy, and ability, from both the pulpit and the rostrum. He had all the fervor of a regu-

lar camp-meeting exhorter, and by his homely, stirring eloquence became the moral mainstay of loyalism in his native section. He defied the rebel sympathizers and authorities there with unflinching bravery, and, in spite of all threats, never ceased to stand up for the Union and denounce secession until he was arrested and imprisoned. After a confinement of several weeks, he was exchanged for a prominent rebel officer, on condition that he should leave East Tennessee. This brought him to Nashville. I was amazed to find in him a tall, thin, beardless, hectic man, who moved about with difficulty and spoke with a husky voice. But, while his bodily weakness was extreme, his strength of spirit seemed unabated. He was a very entertaining talker, and spoke most movingly, with flashing eyes and pointing finger, of the wrongs to himself and his fellow-Tennesseeans. He stayed only a few days in Nashville, and then took a boat for the North in response to pressing invitations to speak in the larger cities, including the national capital, which President Lincoln himself had urged him to visit. Later, he was elected United States Senator by the loyal legislature organized by Andrew Johnson, and was admitted to the Senate.




MOBILE & OHIO R. R.
CORINTH
Road to Guard Hill & Purdy
GRAVEL HILL
Road to Purdy
Farmington
White House
Coal ridge road
Monterey
Shiloh
Coal Mine
Nichols
Mount Hill
Tom Tate
Thicket
Burch's
Hurley
Creek
Chambers
Creek
Road to Farm
Tate's
Shiloh Ch.
Old Mill
Hamburg
Pittsburg
Tennessee Riv.
Red Sulphur
Monticello
Yellow Creek
White Sulphur
JULIUS BIEN & CO. N.Y.

CHAPTER XVI

The Battle of Shiloh.—1862

GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON had fallen back at first from Nashville in a southeasterly direction, to Murfreesboro', where he strengthened his force by reinforcements from Kentucky and Tennessee to the number of nineteen thousand, and then moved by rail to the Memphis & Charleston Railroad and over this road to its junction with the Mobile & Ohio Railroad at Corinth, in the northeast corner of Mississippi. This railroad centre was selected as the point of concentration for all the available rebel forces west of the Appalachian Mountains, as from it they could be readily used for the protection of both the middle rebel States and the Mississippi Valley. At Corinth, Johnston found General Beauregard with ten thousand men, and their united command continued to receive accessions. The Union commanders became aware of the proposed rebel concentration early in March, and decided upon their future operations accordingly.

Very strong opinions have been expressed by competent critics, during and since the war, that it was a grave mistake of our military leaders to make for the point chosen by the enemy instead of drawing him away from it by strategic moves and compelling him to meet them upon a field chosen by themselves. It is not for me, however, to discuss the merits or demerits of what was to be known as the Shiloh campaign, but simply to record the fact that Generals Halleck and Buell reached an understanding that the latter's army should join that of General Grant at Savannah on the Tennessee River. The operations of the united armies were to be conducted under the chief

command of General Halleck. The railroads being destroyed, there remained for General Buell only the long march from Nashville to Savannah, for which he accordingly prepared.

The orders for the march were issued on March 14. Five divisions—to wit, the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, under Generals Thomas, McCook, Nelson, Crittenden, and Wood, aggregating thirty-seven thousand effective men—were to move under the direct command of General Buell, while the Third, under General Mitchel, and the newly-formed Seventh, under Brigadier-General G. W. Morgan, were to remain behind to protect Nashville and clear middle Tennessee of rebels, and to take possession of and repair the railroads in that portion of the State. The route to be followed led first in a southerly direction to the considerable towns of Franklin and Columbia, thence turned to the southwest as far as Lawrenceburg, and from this point almost due west through Waynesboro' to Savannah, a total distance of about one hundred and ten miles. On March 15, a cavalry force was sent to save the bridges at the two first-mentioned places, but they had already been destroyed. McCook's division started the next day as the head of the army. The Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and First divisions followed in the order mentioned, with an interval of a day between them.

I accompanied General McCook by invitation, messing with his division quartermaster. I was well mounted on a fine-looking, strong black horse that I had bought at a low price at Nashville. General Buell had no instructions to hasten, and hence we moved at a moderate pace. The marching, too, was easy at first, over the fine turnpikes from Nashville to Columbia. The country was rolling, picturesque, and well cultivated, the home of large slaveholders living in fine brick mansions on their broad plantations until frightened off by the invaders. The crossing of the stream at Franklin was not difficult, but when we reached Columbia, thirty-five miles from

Nashville, on the third day, we were stopped by the swollen waters of the Duck River, which proved so wide and deep that we had the alternative of bridging it or of waiting for its subsidence. Strange to say, General Buell's army was not provided with any pontoons. The construction of a bridge being decided upon, General R. W. Johnson's brigade of McCook's division was detailed to erect it. The work was mainly performed by the numerous mechanics in the Thirty-second Indiana Regiment, entirely composed of Germans and commanded by Colonel August von Willich. He was descended from the old military family of that name in Prussia, and had been an artillery officer in the Prussian service until he embraced the revolutionary cause in 1848 and 1849. After its failure, he became an exile. He had brought his regiment up to a high point of drill and discipline. It was considered the best in Buell's army in these respects. I made the Colonel's acquaintance on this occasion, and found him a stern and most able and energetic soldier, with astonishingly radical political views for one of his antecedents. The personal relations then formed continued till his death, long after the close of the war.

The bridge construction delayed us ten days on Duck River, and thereby came near entailing disastrous consequences upon the Union cause that might have changed the outcome of the Civil War. As all Buell's advices from Halleck indicated that he (Buell) would meet Grant on the right bank of the Tennessee—that is, with the river between them and the enemy—he felt no apprehension as to Grant's safety before his junction with him. But, unknown to him, it had been decided to transfer Grant's command to the left bank at Pittsburg Landing, some eight miles above Savannah. This transposition, together with the knowledge of Buell's detention at Columbia, had determined A. S. Johnston and Beauregard to strike a blow at Grant before he was reinforced by Buell. The official records make it plain that they would thus have

succeeded in overwhelming Grant at Shiloh and destroying his army but for the inspiration or foreboding of Buell's division commanders. The naval soldier, General Nelson, in his ever alert, anxious loyalty, grew fearful that Grant was in great danger from the rebel concentration at Corinth. He urged Buell in the last week of March to hurry to his relief as rapidly as possible, but failed to convince him of the need of any haste. His commander, moreover, pointed out the difficulty of resuming the march before the completion of the bridge over Duck River, which would be finished anyway in a few days. Nelson then offered to get his division over the river by fording it, as the river had rapidly fallen and reached its ordinary stage. Buell yielded to his earnest pleading for permission to try this, and even consented to his forming the advance in place of the Second Division, in case not only his infantry, but also his cavalry and artillery and trains, could be got across. The venturesome mariner immediately commenced his preparations, and on the 28th issued formal orders for the experiment. Reveille was sounded at four A.M. the next day, and in two hours his command was ready to move, with one day's rations in their haversacks.

Having obtained General Nelson's permission to accompany him, I was on the bank at six o'clock, a witness to very exciting and amusing scenes. As each infantry regiment reached the ford, the men, stripping off their pantaloons, rolled them up into small bundles which they carried on the points of their fixed bayonets. The cartridge-boxes were hung around their necks. The men then waded into the river, which was about one hundred and seventy-five feet wide at the ford, and made the passage without any difficulty, the bottom being hard and the greatest depth of water not exceeding three and one-half feet. Approaches having been made down the steep bank, the cavalry, artillery, and wagons effected the crossing also, with but small mishaps, and the whole division was safely encamped on the south bank before dark. The

experiment was not repeated by the other troops, as the bridge was completed the next day and McCook's division made use of it on the second day. But the structure was narrow and not strong enough to bear great weight, so that much caution had to be used in moving the army over it. The passage took four days. Nelson's fording exploit was looked upon as an uncalled-for piece of bravado by his fellow-commanders and the rank and file of the army generally. But the two days' start he gained thereby for his division was to be a great boon to the Union cause.

The Fourth Division started early on the 29th en route for Savannah. Instead of hard turnpikes, we found now ordinary dirt roads, which the rain that had set in soon reduced to six and more inches of mud. They were so narrow that the fences on each side had to be thrown down to make room for the troops. The soil deteriorated, too, and the smaller size of the farms and the inferior cultivation indicated plainly that we were no longer in a region where the "peculiar institution" prevailed, but in the domain of the "poor whites." It was very sparsely settled, and we passed only at long intervals a few struggling hamlets consisting of a small number of unpainted, shabby frame buildings. Even the so-called towns we came through—Lawrenceburg, Mount Pleasant, and Waynesboro'—were so small as not to deserve to be called even "villages," and had a very thriftless, decayed appearance. Rain continued to fall and seemed to grow heavier from day to day. It made the march a very dreary and trying one to the troops. In spite of all efforts, no more than an average of ten miles a day could be accomplished, owing to the heaviness of the roads. As the trains followed in the rear of the division, the hardship of bivouacking without tents was imposed on all except the commanders and their staffs, who managed to occupy the few human habitations. I had a roof over me every night, but had to sleep on the bare floor.

Either before or after leaving Columbia, General Buell

decided to make a halt for concentration and rest at Waynesboro', two days' easy march from Savannah, and advised Generals Halleck and Grant, and instructed his division commanders, accordingly. By a fortunate delay of the cavalry detail carrying the order, it failed to reach General Nelson. For some reason or other, the other division commanders also did not receive their orders before passing Waynesboro', so that General Buell's plan (regarding which Halleck wired him as late as April 5, "You are right about concentrating at Waynesboro' ") to stop there for a few days miscarried. Buell notified Grant on April 3 from his camp, seven miles south of Columbia, that he would come right through to Savannah with his leading division. He rode so rapidly with his staff that, on the evening of the following day, he could send a message to Grant three miles west of Waynesboro' (a field-telegraph line had been erected by an advance party), that he desired to meet him in Savannah the next day. He also asked for information about the position and strength of the enemy. Grant answered from Savannah on the 5th: "Your despatch just received. I will be here to meet you to-morrow. The enemy at and near Corinth from sixty to eighty thousand. Information deemed reliable." This message constitutes indisputable proof that its author did not dream of the fearful struggle that burst upon him the next day.

In the meantime, Nelson pushed along with his division as fast as possible. His cavalry advance reached Savannah on the afternoon of April 3; himself and his staff, with whom I rode, and the leading brigade arrived early on the 5th. Savannah turned out to be no better than the villages we had passed. It was situated on elevated ground some distance from the river. As it was already crowded with various headquarters and surrounded by train-camps, camping-grounds for Nelson's division were selected about one and a half miles east of the place. Having hardly a dry thread on me, owing to the incessant rain, I con-

cluded to ride to the river and try for quarters on one of the several boats made fast to the bank. Luckily, I succeeded in this, which meant not only a chance to dry my clothes, but also my first decent meal in almost a week and twelve hours' unbroken sleep in a good bed. General Buell, with his staff and body-guard,[1] also reached Savannah on the evening of the 5th, but so late that he did not try to hunt up General Grant before his appointment with him for the next day, and simply notified him of his arrival.

Early in the morning, the report of musketry and artillery fire was heard from up the river. It was so heavy that General Buell felt sure a serious conflict had commenced. He hastened to Grant's headquarters only to find that he had already started up the river, leaving the following message for him:

SAVANNAH, April 6 [Sunday], 1862.

Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe that the attack could be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day as I had contemplated. I have directed Nelson to move to the river with his division.

It must be admitted that, if Grant had really been "looking for this," it was his duty as commander-in-chief to be with his troops and not miles away and separated from them by a river. His absence involved, indeed, the lack of unity of command, the most essential condition of success in battle, and actually compelled his division commanders to take care of themselves as best they could.

[1] A select company of young Philadelphians of the better classes, especially recruited for this service and commanded by William J. Palmer, who, after the war, made quite a name for himself as a railroad builder and manager in connection with the Denver & Rio Grande system. The company, I believe, was afterwards increased to a regiment, and Palmer came out of the war with the rank of brigadier-general.

When he reached the scene of the conflict, the worst blows had already been suffered by his forces.

The directions to General Nelson referred to in Grant's message were in the following form:

An attack having been made upon our forces, you will move your entire command to the river opposite Pittsburg Landing. You can easily obtain a guide in the village.

As General Buell had reported his arrival the night before to General Grant, the issue of this order direct to Nelson can be explained only on the theory that Grant failed to hear of Buell's presence. This is confirmed by the following message sent by Grant after he had learned in person the condition of his command at Pittsburg Landing, not to General Buell, but to the "Commanding Officer, Federal forces, near Pittsburg, Tennessee."

GENERAL: The attack upon my forces has been very spirited from early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops on the field now would have a powerful effect, both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage and possibly save the day to us. The rebel force is estimated at over one hundred thousand men.

This appeal for help, as well as Grant's first message, fortunately reached Buell and made him alive to the necessity of promptly giving all possible aid to his fellow-commander. He at once sent peremptory orders to all the division commanders still en route (Crittenden was just arriving), to hurry on to the river with the utmost despatch. He next hunted up General Nelson (who, for some never explained reason, did not receive Grant's order till noon), and ordered him to move at once to Pittsburg. There was some delay, too, in finding a guide, so that the division did not get fully under way until after one. The road crossed a bottom partially under water, and was in so bad a condition that the artillery could not be moved

over it at all. Even the infantry had to flounder all the way through mire, sometimes over a foot deep. But the officers and men struggled along most willingly, spurred on by the constantly increasing roar of battle, and by the inspiriting feeling that they were hurrying to the rescue of their brethren-in-arms. Yet it took them nearly four hours to accomplish the distance of seven miles, and it was nearly five o'clock when the head of Ammen's brigade, which had the lead, reached Pittsburg Landing.

The general belief at Savannah was at first that the firing we heard was incidental to a reconnoissance in force, or to a skirmish of outposts; but, as it grew more violent and continuous, the conviction spread that a general engagement was going on. Grant's second message determined General Buell to go at once to the scene of action with part of his staff, and for that purpose he luckily ordered the very boat on which I had taken up my abode to get up steam. It was, however, only between three and four P.M. that we got under way. We had not proceeded very far when we began to notice numbers of soldiers on the west bank, and became satisfied that they were skulkers from the fight. More and more of them came in sight, and when we were still some distance from our destination they had increased to frequent and thick crowds. But, as our boat turned towards the Landing, we saw before us a dense mass apparently numbering thousands. I was standing with Captain Fry, the chief of staff, on the upper deck, and, appalled at the sight, exclaimed to him: "Oh, heavens! Captain, here is Bull Run all over again!" We heard the unbroken roar of artillery as we steamed up, and, as we neared the scene of the struggle, the sounds of rapid musketry discharges also became distinct, and we could see the flight of shells from the heavy guns of the two Union gunboats in position just above the Landing. We shuddered when we perceived ball after ball from rebel guns fall on the top of the very bluff under which the multitude of fugitives had sought shelter—unmistakable,

distressing evidence of the nearness of the enemy. Our first impression could not be other than that the rebels had swept Grant's forces from the field, and that those who had not been killed, wounded, or captured were cowering before us, awaiting their inevitable fate.

On landing, we were met by an overwhelming confirmation of our apprehensions. We found ourselves, indeed, amid an immense, panic-stricken, uncontrollable mob. There were between seven and ten thousand men, of all arms and of all ranks, from field officers downward, all apparently entirely bereft of soldierly spirit, with no sense of obedience left, and animated by the sole impulse of personal safety. A number of officers, mounted and on foot, were making strenuous efforts to re-form the disorganized and demoralized throng; but neither exhortations, orders, adjurations nor threats produced any effect. General Buell brought his authority into play, but was no more obeyed than the others. Nothing availed against the increasing fright caused by the rebel balls and bullets that now began to fall among the crowd, killing several. At this critical moment, hope was revived by the landing of Colonel Ammen's brigade of the Fourth Division, brought over by boat from the opposite bank. It was accompanied by General Nelson himself. With that Jupiter head on his herculean figure, mounted on a heavy charger, he looked the personification of Orlando Furioso, as he rode up through the packed crowds, waving his hat and shouting: "Fall in, boys, fall in and follow me. We shall whip them yet." Finding this did no good, he drew his sword and commenced belaboring the poltroons around him, berating them at the same time with his stentorian voice, in language more forcible than polished. His extraordinary swearing indicated plainly that he had had great practice in that sort of admonition on the quarter-deck. Finding that this method also availed nothing, he applied to General Buell, who had waited for him at the Landing, for permission to drive the stragglers back at the point of the

bayonet, and, if they resisted, to fire on them. But he was not allowed to resort to extreme measures.

Buell, without wasting time in trying to find Grant, as immediate action was necessary to prevent the enemy from reaching the river, joined Nelson in leading Ammen's brigade up the bluff. On reaching the plateau, it found itself directly under the fire of the hostile artillery. It was then between five and six o'clock, and the light was fast giving way to darkness. Two regiments of the brigade, the Sixth Ohio and the Thirty-sixth Indiana, were at once deployed and pushed forward. Their vigorous advance caused the rebel guns to retreat. They came close enough to the rebels in front to exchange several volleys with them. Their advance, together with the enfilading fire of the gunboats, checked the enemy. Night put an end to the battle.

I had followed Nelson's men to the top of the bluff, and remained there awaiting developments. I had as little idea of what had really happened to Grant's army as General Buell himself. Nor could I get any connected account out of the runaway officers I met. They had nothing to say except this: "We were surprised at breakfast by rebels four times as strong as ourselves;" "My regiment was cut all to pieces;" "We were ordered to retreat," and such other excuses for knowing nothing. Grant's headquarters were said to be near, but I could not get to them before dark. I made my way back to the Landing, after the firing had ceased, thinking that my best plan would be to find shelter for the night—which threatened to be very trying, as a pouring rain had set in—on the boat on which I had come. But it had been ordered to help bring the remainder of Nelson's division and the other divisions of Buell's army across the river as fast as possible, and I had to wait nearly an hour before it returned from the opposite bank with a huge load of men. It took a long time to discharge them, and then I found to my great chagrin that I could not possibly get my horse on board again, so that I had to choose between abandoning him and pass-

ing the night as best I could on the bank. Of course, I faced the latter necessity. After spending some time along the Landing in vain attempts to find something to eat for myself and my animal, I decided to follow the next arrival from Crittenden's division, which followed Nelson's, wherever it might be led, so as to be at any rate at the front in the morning. In so doing, I luckily came by the bivouac of Nelson's headquarters, where I was made welcome by one of the staff to the partial shelter of a rubber blanket hung between two trees near a big log fire, and also to some hard-tack, cold bacon, and brandy and water. My horse was taken charge of by an orderly, but was neither fed nor unsaddled.

None of us attempted to sleep during that memorable, dismal night. Nor would sleep have been possible, as the gunboats sent roaring eight-inch shells over us every ten minutes (in pursuance of the recommendation of General Nelson), in the direction of the enemy, in order at least to deprive the rebels of rest. We sat around the fire, protected as much as possible from the incessant rain by waterproofs, discussing the disaster of the day and the chances for the morrow. Little being known as to the actual condition to which Grant's command had been reduced by its defeat, there was anything but confident expectation. On the contrary, all were very anxious about the outcome of the next twenty-four hours.

The movement of Buell's troops from the right to the left bank continued all night long. The commanders not only managed to get the full infantry force of Nelson and Crittenden's divisions, but also three batteries of artillery, across the river before daybreak. Even General McCook's division reached the front in the morning, after an extraordinary all-night march. Buell and the two first-mentioned division commanders labored as best they could in the darkness, being ignorant of the ground, to get the troops in proper position for an offensive movement as soon as it was light enough for it. With Nelson's staff, I was

up and stirring at four on the morning of April 7. The General himself roused his command quietly by riding through the bivouac. At five, he was able to report to General Buell, by an aide-de-camp, that his line of battle with skirmishers in front was ready to move, and received orders to advance on the enemy. Crittenden advanced simultaneously on Nelson's right. I followed in the rear with the ambulances. At half-past five the first shots fell, and, in a few minutes, the musketry-firing was heavy, and presently hostile balls and shells were whizzing over us. Nelson was ordered to stop till Crittenden had closed up on his right and the two field batteries were brought up and put in position to answer effectively the artillery on the other side. Our divisions then moved on again, but were confronted, at about seven, by a strong rebel force that attempted to turn Nelson's left, and, though foiled in this, attacked him so vigorously, supported by a heavy fire from two batteries, that his command began to yield, when the enemy was checked by the well-directed fire of Mendenhall's regular battery. By eight o'clock the musketry and artillery fire from both sides combined into a terrific roar, and hissing and humming missiles flew thickly around us. It seemed as if Crittenden and Nelson were not strong enough to make headway against the bodies opposed to them. But, fortunately, Rousseau's brigade of McCook's division then reached the ground and was immediately formed in line on the right of Crittenden. The other brigades of the same division followed it closely and took up position on its left.

Our line now extended about a mile and a half. The ground in front of it consisted partly of open fields and partly of patches of wood, with thick undergrowth. It was almost level before Nelson, but broken by ravines before Crittenden and McCook. The right wing was not in touch, however, with Grant's command. About nine o'clock we were ready for another advance along the whole line. The battle was speedily raging again with great vio-

lence. From one end of the line to the other, the combat lasted for hours, with hardly a lull in the deafening discharge of small arms and guns. Although but a short distance in the rear of the fighting front and actually under fire, it was not possible for me to follow the course of the struggle from my position, owing to the character of the ground and the thickness of the atmosphere from the falling rain mixed with the dense powder-smoke that hung over the field. Nor could I expect to learn anything reliable and connected by remaining in one spot. A sort of field-hospital was established near by, to which the wounded were being brought, in steadily increasing numbers, presenting sights that made me heart-sick, as I had not seen human blood spilled since the battle of Bull Run. But what intelligence the carriers of stretchers, and the surgeons that passed to and fro, brought from the front confused rather than enlightened me. Hence I mounted and set out in search of Buell's and the division headquarters.

I soon found the former, but obtained only very scanty information. Then I tried to discover McCook, in whose direction the heaviest firing was heard. I met the General and staff at a critical moment. Rousseau's brigade, soon after being placed in line, had been vigorously attacked. It repelled the enemy and drove him some distance, capturing a battery. Its advance caused an opening in the line between McCook and Crittenden through which the rebels quickly attempted to push with a very strong force. Perceiving this danger, Colonel von Willich, with his Thirty-second Indiana Regiment, was ordered to strike them, and made a most gallant attack, first delivering several volleys and then charging with the bayonet. Von Willich's was followed by the other regiments of Gibson's brigade, but they were caught in a withering cross-fire and compelled to fall back in considerable confusion. General McCook was doing his best to check this untoward turn when I found him. Kirk's brigade was brought to the

relief of Gibson, and stemmed the rebel advance till Rousseau's brigade had replenished its cartridge-boxes and could again take the offensive. Then the whole division once more advanced, and pressed the still vigorously fighting enemy steadily back till his resistance ended in retreat. During the desperate struggle of Gibson's and Kirk's brigades, there was a continuous whistling of bullets above and around us, and it was marvellous that none of the staff were wounded. McCook's part in the conflict was so severe that I felt sure he was bearing the brunt of it, and hence I remained with him till it closed. After the firing had ceased altogether, I hunted up successively Crittenden and Nelson, and only then learned that they, too, had been engaged right along in meeting hostile attacks and following them up with counter ones, resulting in a steady gain of ground. They forced the enemy finally into full retreat by a flank attack by the Fourth and a front one by the Fifth Division, supported by a concentric fire from three batteries. Crittenden's command captured seven field-pieces in this decisive movement. Just before the close of the fighting, two brigades of General Wood's Sixth Division appeared, one of which, Colonel Wagner's, was started in pursuit of the enemy, but stopped by order after following him about a mile.

My recollection is, that it was about four o'clock P.M. when the sound of battle had entirely died away, but, strange to say, no reference whatever to time is made in the official reports of General Buell and his division commanders. I am sure, at any rate, that it was daylight still for nearly two hours after the end of the battle, enabling me to gather many additional details of the contest relating to the engaged portion of the Army of the Ohio. I saw enough killed and wounded Unionists and rebels scattered over the battle-field to indicate heavy losses on both sides, but accurate figures were, of course, unobtainable on that day. The usual suffering of the wounded from thirst was alleviated by the heavy rain that was still fall-

ing, yet many moanings and cries for help reached my ears. Buell's troops had recovered the camps from which the rebels had driven Sherman's, McClernand's, Hurlbut's, Prentiss's, and Wallace's divisions of Grant's army the day before, but were not permitted to make themselves comfortable in them, and had to bivouac as best they could for another night. I was so very tired, wet, and hungry—my animal also being in an entirely fagged-out condition—that I made up my mind to find something better for us both than the scanty fare and wet ground that had been our lot for nearly thirty hours, and made for the Landing some time before dark. There were eight boats lying there, and great was my joy when I spied, standing on the bow of one of them, a division quartermaster whom I had become well acquainted with at Louisville. I hailed him, and he responded at once in the heartiest manner to my request for food and shelter for "man and beast." My horse was turned over to a deck-hand. I was shown to a stateroom, and soon I sat down to a generous hot supper, to which I did the amplest justice. I was too exhausted for any brain work that evening, and sought sleep as early as possible.

After ten hours' solid, unconscious rest and a hearty breakfast, I was ready and eager for work. I had but partial material for a complete account of the two days' battle; hence my first object had to be, if there were no more fighting, to secure information regarding the experiences of Grant's army during the two days, and, if possible, also something about the enemy. By eight o'clock I was riding up the bluff again. The swarms of skulkers had almost disappeared, and in their place there was a great jam of ambulances, bringing wounded to the two hospital-boats, and army wagons loading provisions, forage, and ammunition. I proceeded first to Buell's headquarters. There I learned that Wood's two brigades had been ordered to resume the pursuit of the enemy and were already in motion, and that Sherman's division had received orders

to the same effect. As I was anxious to obtain Sherman's version of the battle, and feared the pursuit might take him beyond reach, I rode immediately in search of him, and luckily succeeded in finding his camp. He was just ready to mount. On the first day he had been slightly wounded in the right hand, which was bandaged, but he would not allow this to interfere with his duties. He favored me with a succinct, clear, very frank, and strictly truthful account of his own varied fortunes on Sunday and Monday, as well as those of the other division commanders of Grant in their relations to him. These I then tried to hunt up, and to revisit McCook, Crittenden, and Nelson—a harder task than I had supposed, for rain was still pouring down, and the ground fought over everywhere had turned into mire from one to two feet deep. On Grant's line there was still a good deal of confusion. I did not get through with my tour of exploration till nearly three o'clock.

I had spent considerable time in studying—no, this is too strong an expression—in contemplating the "horrors of war," as exemplified by the dreadful sights all over the battle-field. Once only, later in the war, did I behold a spectacle equally grim, shocking, and sickening. There was bloody evidence in every direction that the slaughter had been great. Neither the one side nor the other had removed its dead, and there they were, blue and gray, in their starkness, lying here singly and there literally in rows and heaps. I passed more than a thousand of them. It was morbid, perhaps, on my part, but I lingered to see the effect of sudden violent death on features and limbs. It surprised me that the faces of most of these victims of battle bore a peaceful, contented expression, and that many lay as though they had consciously stretched themselves out to sleep. But there were also many ghastly exceptions, with features repulsively distorted by pain and hatred. There seemed to be but few killed by heavy missiles. Hundreds of severely wounded

were likewise still lying about—some in the last agonies, others awaiting quietly their fate, and, alas! many writhing and shrieking in torture from horrible wounds. There was a little frame church near where I had found Sherman, known as the Shiloh meeting-house (it gave its name to the battle), whose interior presented the most woeful scene in all this sadness. The seats for the worshippers had been removed, and on the floor were extended, in two rows, on the bare planks and without any cover over them, twenty-seven dead and dying rebels, officers and men. Not a human being was about to offer them tender mercies. They had been left to their fate, all being obviously beyond relief. Passing the field hospitals, other awful evidences of the bloody work forced themselves upon my observation in the form of piles of amputated limbs. No one as yet knew the extent of the casualties, but I was satisfied that there must have been between eight and ten thousand killed and wounded on our side, which estimate was not far from the actual figures.

I had made some inquiries as to telegraph and mail facilities at the different headquarters, and ascertained that of the former there were as yet none, and that even after they should be secured, newspaper correspondents would not be permitted to use them. As to mails, they would be sent by boats to Cairo, one of which was to start that evening. I stopped again at Buell's headquarters on my way to the Landing, and learned that Wood's pursuit had been continued for eight miles without coming up with the enemy. Sherman had struck the Confederate cavalry rear-guard and driven it back after a lively skirmish. He had obtained positive information that the rebel army was retreating to Corinth. As this rendered it certain that fighting would not occur for some days at least, the thought came to me that it would be a good plan, in order to save time in preparing and sending forward my account of the battle, to go down the river on the first boat, write out my report on the way, and mail it at Cairo on

arrival. In pursuance of this, I asked my friend the quartermaster to get me a permit to go on the boat, and to take care of my horse till my return. He agreed to both, and by four o'clock I was properly installed on the side-wheeler that was to leave the same evening for Cairo. I was already congratulating myself on my smartness in hitting upon this scheme, from which I expected a decided advantage in time over other correspondents, when I discovered that two other correspondents had been equally acute and were fellow-passengers. I made their acquaintance, and found them very pleasant companions. One of them was Whitelaw Reid, who achieved a considerable reputation as a war-correspondent, tried cotton-planting unsuccessfully after the war, and then returned to the journalistic profession. He became the regular Washington correspondent and part owner of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and subsequently editor and owner of the New York *Tribune*, and United States Minister to France. As my colleagues had been with Grant's army and knew very little of Buell's part in the conflict, we helped each other by exchanging notes.

I repeat that I am not trying in these memoirs to write formal history, but to relate personal happenings and observations. Yet in this particular case it seems to me proper, in order to render the foregoing more complete and intelligible, to describe also what happened on the field previous to the appearance of Buell's army. In so doing, I shall not enter into details, but shall merely outline the preceding operations of Grant's command, for the double reason that this will be sufficient for a clearer comprehension of what I have written, and that nothing like accurate particulars have ever been available. With all the official reports before me, I do not hesitate to say that it is impossible to make up from them a lucid, full, and correct description of the battle. I do not believe that the official records of any other battle of the Civil War left so many points in doubt. In order to impart greater accu-

racy and perhaps some novelty to my sketch, I feel justified in availing myself also of the authoritative rebel accounts, and especially of General Beauregard's official report to the Richmond authorities. I make these references to my sources of information so that I may not be charged with pretending to greater personal knowledge of the battle than I actually acquired.

According to the rebel records, Beauregard, with the approval of his Government, decided and acted on the plan of foiling the supposed purpose of the Northern commanders of cutting the Confederacy in two through the destruction of the railroad lines of communication in southwestern Tennessee and northern Mississippi and Alabama, by rapidly concentrating all the available forces west of the Alleghanies at and about Corinth. He pushed this concentration very energetically, and, by the end of March, the commands of Generals A. S. Johnston, Polk, and Bragg and other troops sent by the governors of the States named were collected in that locality, to the aggregate number of forty thousand fighting men. General Johnston, by virtue of his superior rank, assumed chief command on reaching Corinth. He approved of the previously conceived plan of Beauregard described by the latter in his report on the battle (in which Johnston had been killed), to wit: "to assume the offensive and strike a sudden blow at the enemy in position under General Grant on the west bank of the Tennessee at Pittsburg and in the direction of Savannah, before he was reinforced by the army under General Buell, then known to be advancing for that purpose by rapid marches from Nashville via Columbia. By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured in time to enable us to profit by the victory and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell on the scene." The proposed attack was bold and sound strategy, directly

invited by General Grant's grave mistake in placing his command on the west bank and thus exposing it to attack, with the river between him and his expected reinforcements. This flagrant blunder, contrary to elementary strategic rules, appears the more inexcusable in view of Grant's belief, as expressed in his dispatches to Buell before quoted, that the rebel forces amounted to one hundred thousand, while he himself had, according to the official returns, not over forty thousand effectives, of which, as will be shown, only about thirty-three thousand became actually engaged.

The rebel commanders worked very industriously in getting ready for the attack, but, to quote again from Beauregard's report, "want of proper officers needful for the proper organization of divisions and brigades, and other difficulties in the way of an effective organization, delayed the movement until the night of the second [of April], when it was heard from a reliable quarter that the junction of the enemy was near at hand. It was then, at a late hour, determined that the attack should be attempted at once, incomplete and imperfect as were our preparations for such a grave and momentous venture, and, accordingly, the same night, at one o'clock on the morning of the third, formal orders to the commanders of corps were issued for the movement."

The starting-points were Corinth and its immediate vicinity, averaging a distance of about twenty miles from the positions of the Federal forces. The rebel chiefs calculated to arrive near the latter on the fourth and assail them early on the fifth. If they had succeeded in this, they would doubtless, as the sequel showed, have accomplished their purpose and destroyed or captured the whole of Grant's command before Buell could have come to its rescue. Happily for the Union cause, the march of the Confederates took a day longer. I am sure these twenty-four hours weighed more decidedly in the balance of events than any other day in the course of the Civil War. It is not

too much to say, indeed, that, but for this delay, Grant would not have become a great historical figure and the conqueror of Robert E. Lee, and the Rebellion might have succeeded. The fortunate loss of time was due to the double fact that the rebel troops were unused to marching, and that the roads were too narrow, and were rendered almost impassable by a heavy rainfall on the fourth.

The country between Corinth and Pittsburg Landing consists of an undulating table-land, mainly covered with dense woods and such thick underbrush as to render the passage of troops difficult. It was then little better than a wilderness, broken here and there only by small clearings of from forty to eighty acres, with clusters of log buildings indicating that a few settlers tried to extract a scanty living from the indifferent soil. A main road runs from Corinth due north for about fifteen miles, when it branches off into two roads, one to Pittsburg Landing and the other to Hamburg Landing, four miles above the former. The plateau gradually ascends between the two landings, and, some miles from the river, shows hilly formations. Two streams, Owl and Lick Creeks, rise there, about three miles apart, and flow into the Tennessee. On the ground between them, the battle was fought.

The rebel advance did not reach the intersection of the two roads from Hamburg and Pittsburg, within a short distance of the Federal encampments, till late in the afternoon of Saturday, April 5. General Johnston determined to attack as early as possible the next morning with his army in the following formation: three lines of battle *en échelon*, extending from Owl Creek on the left to Lick Creek on the right. The first line consisted of Hardee's corps, fully deployed with their artillery and cavalry in the rear of the wings. The second line included General Bragg's corps, and was similarly formed, five hundred yards from the first. General Polk's corps formed the third line at a distance of eight hundred yards from the second, in lines of brigades deployed with batteries in rear

of each brigade, and the left wing supported by cavalry. Behind all came a reserve under General Breckinridge.

Thus the rebels stood ready, under able, energetic commanders, to fall with concentrated might upon the unsuspecting Union forces. There raged for a long time after the battle an acrimonious controversy in the press and in public forums over the question whether the rebel attack was a surprise to Grant's troops. While it was no doubt true that the Union pickets were on the alert, and that their firing gave a short warning to the Federal camps of the approach of the enemy before the hostile host was actually upon them, it is likewise incontestable that neither General Sherman, whose division held the most advanced position, nor General Grant, had the remotest suspicion that the whole rebel army was within artillery range of the former. Witness Sherman's report by field-telegraph on that very Saturday afternoon to Grant: "All is quiet along my lines now. The enemy has cavalry in our front, and I think there are two regiments and one battery six miles out" (*sic!*). And still later in the day he reported further: "I do not apprehend anything like an attack upon our position." Witness, further, Grant's dispatch to superior authority on the same day: "I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack being made upon us, but will be prepared, should such a thing take place."

It is hard to reconcile the actual situation of his command with this confident assurance that he "will be prepared." The disconnected location of his six divisions on the west bank surely was not such as a cautious commander should allow if he thought an attack possible. Sherman's separate command had the most advanced position on the main road to Corinth, but his several brigades were spread out over too much ground. McClernand's was some distance in the rear of it; Prentiss's division was on Sherman's left, but not in close touch with it. Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's divisions were near Pittsburg Landing, from two to three miles from the others. Lew Wallace's

division was from five to six miles away, at and about Cramp's Landing, below Pittsburg. It was not only the intervening distance, but also the broken nature of the ground separating the several camps, that made it impracticable to form quickly a connected defensive line. Still worse, the divisions formed entirely independent military units. In other words, no one division commander had authority over the other commanders. They all had to report to, and receive orders from, General Grant, who remained, as we have seen, at Savannah up to almost noon of the first day of battle—an unpardonable error, fraught, as it proved, with the greatest peril. Yet other faults of omission were chargeable to the Federal side. The approaches from Corinth were not properly guarded. No effort was made to protect the front against a sudden hostile offensive by field defences such as were so systematically and effectively used in the subsequent advances on Corinth and in all the later campaigns of the war. Last, not least, there lay special weakness in the fact that the very front divisions contained a number of entirely raw regiments which had had hardly any drilling and but limited knowledge of the use of their arms. Hence it was inevitable that, when the hostile array surged upon the camps like a flood tide, the instant effect was confusion, terror, and all but panic.

The rebel advance began before six A.M. By seven, the front line had reached the Federal advance-guard and firing commenced. Sherman even then did not apprehend a general attack, but sent word of the appearance of the enemy in force in his immediate front to Generals Prentiss, McClernand, and Hurlbut, asking the two latter —he could not "order" them—to get ready to support him and Prentiss respectively with their commands. While a fusillade was uninterruptedly going on between seven and eight along his line, it was only at eight that he became "satisfied for the first time," to quote from his report, "that the enemy designed a determined attack upon our

whole camp." To meet it, he had succeeded in forming his division, which immediately became heavily engaged, and within an hour was forced, by the determined onsets of superior numbers, to give way in great disorder, the enemy driving it through its camps and far beyond, and capturing guns and many prisoners.

Meantime, Prentiss fared much worse. The main object of the rebel attack was to overwhelm the Federal left and thus open a short way to Grant's base of supplies at Pittsburg Landing. To that end, simultaneously with their move on Sherman, they threw upon Prentiss an even heavier mass. His resistance was of no more avail than Sherman's. His division was soon forced to yield, and was driven back through its own camp upon McClernand and Hurlbut. The "Alpine avalanche," as Beauregard not unfitly calls it, rolled on and next struck McClernand. He had but two brigades with which to resist, having sent one early to the support of Sherman. Hurlbut came to his assistance, and the two, with parts of Prentiss's division, struggled with Sherman on their right through the forenoon and afternoon to stem the rebel progress. But they were compelled to retreat from position to position and fall back over miles of ground, nearer and nearer to the river. Between five and six o'clock, the rebel right had arrived within a few thousand feet of the river, and their shot and shell fell on the bluff rising from the Landing. Some of the rebel cavalry even reached the river a short distance above Pittsburg and watered their horses. At this most critical juncture, hope of salvation came with the appearance of General Nelson's brigade just in time to fill the unprotected space, on the left of Grant's retreating troops, through which the enemy was pushing for the Landing.

Assuming that Beauregard tells the truth in his report—and there is no good reason to doubt it—he did not know before dark on Sunday that the advance of Buell's army had actually reached the field, and was made aware of the

fact only by the vigorous attacks on his right early next morning. He records his expectation, up to that discovery, of completing the Federal discomfiture on Monday, but admits that his "officers and men were exhausted by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march of the previous day through mud and water." He adds: "During the night, the rain fell in torrents, adding to the discomfort and harassed condition of the men; the enemy, moreover, had broken their rest by a discharge, at measured intervals, of heavy shells thrown from the gunboats. Therefore, on the following morning, the troops under my command were not in a condition to cope with an equal force of fresh troops, armed and equipped like our adversary." He claims that, notwithstanding this disparity, his troops withstood and repelled all offensive attempts on the second day up to one P.M., when he voluntarily withdrew from so "unequal a conflict."

This claim is flatly contradicted by the official reports of General Buell and his division commanders. Moreover, the rebel archives contain a report from Beauregard's chief aide-de-camp to him, directly affirming that, notwithstanding the General's strenuous personal efforts in seizing and waving regimental flags to make his troops stand, they did not respond, but steadily yielded ground after eleven A.M. on Monday. It is beyond all question just as true that the rebels were compelled to retreat by the attack of the comparatively fresh Federal divisions, as that the latter saved what was left of Grant's army from capture or destruction. Its remnants were re-formed as well as possible, and, with Lew Wallace's division, which turned up at the close of Sunday's fighting, did their share on Monday on Buell's right in making the enemy yield up their encampments. But as they, together, hardly numbered more than fifteen thousand, of which nearly two thirds consisted of odds and ends of four divisions, no decisive offensive power could well be claimed for them.

Besides the physical exhaustion of the rebels on Sunday, other causes worked on their side to bring about their final failure. The most hurtful of these was no doubt the killing of their Commander-in-chief, General A. S. Johnston, between two and three P.M. on Sunday. While riding with the attacking columns, he was struck by several bullets, one of which cut an artery and made him bleed to death in fifteen minutes. His death was probably a greater blow to the Confederacy than the defeat of his purpose, for, according to the testimony of all who knew him personally, on the Southern as well as on the Northern side, there was the stuff for another Robert E. Lee in him, and he might have proved as formidable an antagonist on the western as the latter on the eastern theatre of war. Jefferson Davis fully recognized this in his official lament over the Confederacy's irreparable loss. Perhaps even the result at Shiloh would have been different if Johnston had lived. Leaving his admittedly inferior capacities as a strategist out of consideration, Beauregard was not in bodily condition for an energetic exercise of the chief command, being just convalescent from a severe two months' illness.

Another cause appears from the admission of Beauregard in his report that "officers, non-commissioned officers and men abandoned their colors early in the first day to pillage the captured encampments," and that "others retired shamefully from the field on both days, while the thunder of cannon and the roar and rattle of musketry told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the fresh legions of the enemy." The General claimed, on a later occasion, that the casualties on the first day and the admitted skulking of a portion of his command had reduced his fighting strength to twenty thousand on the second day, and this number may be accepted as correct. General Braxton Bragg complained as strongly of the straggling and plundering of his men, and ascribes to the weakness and confusion caused by it the failure to finish the battle on the first day.

Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. According to the official publications, Grant lost 1437 killed, 5679 wounded, and 2934 missing; Buell, 236 killed, 1816 wounded, and 88 missing—making a total of 1673 killed, 7495 wounded, and 3022 missing—while the rebel loss was 1728 killed, 8012 wounded, and 957 missing. Beauregard overestimated the total Federal loss at 20,000. As shown by some of my quotations, Beauregard's report had the fault of extravagant language, but it was far superior to Grant's in giving an intelligible account of the two days' fighting. In fact, Grant's is about as poor a production as the Rebellion brought forth in that line on the Northern side, and one cannot peruse it without wondering that the author of such a miserable screed ever attained the prominence he did.

CHAPTER XVII

The Siege of Corinth.—1862

THE boat on which I had secured passage for Cairo started down the river some hours after dark, and we reached our destination the following noon. I rose early in the morning and managed to write up my account of the battle completely before arriving, so that I felt free to rest and enjoy myself for two or three days, as far as it was possible, in the small, struggling, rough place which the town at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers then was. A pleasant surprise awaited me at the St. Charles Hotel, where I took quarters. I discovered among the guests A. D. Richardson, whom I had not seen since our parting at Denver in 1859. He had gone there again the following year to engage in newspaper work and "town-site speculations," but, upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, had returned east to take the field as a war correspondent. He shared rooms with three colleagues, to whom he introduced me, and with whom I have kept up a pleasant and intimate acquaintance ever since. One of them was Thomas W. Knox, who had started a weekly paper with Richardson in the town of Golden City that had sprung up at the very point on Clear Creek where Greeley, Richardson, and I crossed. Knox, after the war, became a professional traveller and gatherer of material in various countries for books for young people, which brought him moderate fame and fortune. Another was Junius Henri Browne, the well-known writer, with whom my relations became closest; and the fourth, Richard T. Colburn, who, at the end of the war, followed for many

years the well-paid occupation of editor of the publications of banking firms and railroad companies. The four associates had been on duty in Missouri, and were then watching the northern offensive operations on the Mississippi under General Pope. All proved very congenial companions, and I enjoyed my two days with them thoroughly. I then felt it my duty to go back to Pittsburg Landing, upon learning from a St. Louis paper that General Halleck would leave on April 10 for the front, to assume chief direction of the operations of Buell's and Grant's armies in person. After a pleasant trip on a quartermaster's boat, I found myself again with the army on the evening of April 11, my twenty-seventh birthday,[1] which I celebrated, however, only in thought. I was made welcome by Chief-Quartermaster Gamage of McCook's division, and enjoyed his generous hospitality all through the operations against Corinth. General Halleck arrived on the same day with a large staff on a fine Mississippi steamboat.

The appearance of the new General-in-chief naturally excited much anxious curiosity among the commanders under him, and the development of his purposes was awaited with apprehensive expectation. It was generally supposed that he would deal vigorously with the many cases of incompetency and cowardice of officers, from major-generals down, that the battle had brought out. But he confined himself to a very limited weeding out among field and line officers. He perceived, however, at once the great demoralization in which the conflict had left Grant's command, and took drastic measures to improve its condition. On April 14, he issued the following order to General Grant:

> Immediate and active measures must be taken to put your command in condition to resist another attack by the enemy. Fractions of batteries will be united temporarily under competent officers,

[1] Really the day before, April 10. See page 1.

supplied with ammunition and placed in position for active service. Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers returned to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack. It must be made so without delay. Staff officers must be sent out to obtain returns from division commanders and assist in supplying all deficiencies.

When it is considered that Halleck found occasion to issue such an order a whole week after the end of the battle, it must be admitted that the sharp criticism and direct reprimand it contained were well deserved. It constitutes a formal record, never questioned, of the fact, confirmed by Grant's subsequent career, that, while he was a fighting strategist of the highest order, he was not strong either as a disciplinarian or as an organizer. The serious trouble between Halleck and Grant after the fall of Fort Donelson will be remembered. This order naturally produced another great strain in their relations. Halleck manifested his distrust of Grant's capacity as a commander soon afterwards in another striking way, to which I shall refer directly. That the order and what happened subsequently did not move General Grant to ask to be relieved from command, may seem surprising, but the Union cause was saved a second time from that misfortune.

Halleck was conscious that the resumption of the offensive against the enemy at the earliest possible moment was an absolute necessity. Like Grant, he overestimated the rebel strength; and what with this and the condition of Grant's troops, he determined to strengthen himself from every available quarter, and therefore ordered the whole force of General Pope, which was waiting for orders, to embark on boats on the Mississippi after its great success at New Madrid, as well as two divisions from Missouri, to Pittsburg, and, by April 20, he had a great army of fully one hundred thousand men under his immediate orders. By a special field order, the Army of the Tennessee was placed under the orders of General George H. Thomas

(whose division was at the same time detached from the Army of the Ohio and made part of his new command), and constituted the right wing; the Army of the Ohio, under General Buell, the centre; and the Army of the Mississippi, under General Pope, the left wing. General Grant was relieved from command of the Army of the Tennessee, and made second in command of the grand army under Halleck. As we shall see, this really meant that Halleck had no use for him.

It continued to rain all through April, so that the roads were reduced to the worst possible condition. Bad enough before the battle, they now consisted of sticky mire so deep that no artillery or loaded wagons could be moved over them. They were only ordinary dirt roads, with nothing but the natural beds of clayish earth. Provisions, forage, and ammunition had to be carried to the camps on horses and mules. Thousands of men were therefore detailed to improve the existing roads by corduroying, ditching, and bridging swampy bottoms and streams, and, where they had become impassable, to make new approaches from Pittsburg Landing to the several camps. A vast amount of work of this kind was accomplished during the three weeks following the battle. The rainfall and the condition of the ground brought great discomfort to all in the camps. It was almost impossible to get dry and keep so. The result was a great deal of sickness, mainly in the form of dysentery. I was told by medical officers that nearly half of the officers and men had it. I had my share of the hardships, but fortunately kept well. Owing to the bad weather and the difficulty of locomotion, those days were very dull ones. There was no news to gather, and all I could do to kill time was to read newspapers and make visits to the army and division headquarters and to the Landing.

By the end of April, the disintegrating effect of the great fight had been repaired, the lost and destroyed equipments and armaments replaced, and the efficiency of the troops considerably increased by constant drilling and

strict enforcement of discipline. Still, while there was a decided gain in the latter respect, Halleck's personal observation of the sad plight in which the rebel onslaught had left the Army of the Tennessee, made him distrust the reliability of his forces for either offence or defence. Hence when, for sanitary, strategic, and political reasons, a forward change of position could no longer be put off, he deemed it his duty to act with the utmost caution in approaching the rebel army, which he assumed to be not much, if at all, inferior in numbers to his own. This belief was based on an intercepted despatch from Beauregard to the Richmond War Department, dated Corinth, April 9, in which he stated his effective strength on that day to be thirty-five thousand, which General Van Dorn's command, on the way from Arkansas to join him, would raise to fifty thousand, and urgently asked for reinforcements, as he had eighty-five thousand Federals to confront. Later information received from Halleck led him to believe that Beauregard's appeal for help was being largely responded to. This curious tendency always to overestimate the enemy, that seemed to afflict, like an epidemic mental disease, most Union leaders, now also infected Halleck. He communicated his fears to Assistant Secretary of War Thomas A. Scott, who had arrived with General Pope, and who took it upon himself to recommend, as early as May 6, to the War Department to send, in view of the presumed large reinforcements that were reaching Beauregard, forty to fifty thousand more men to Halleck from the East. As this was not done, he repeated his recommendation several times, and finally induced Governor Morton of Indiana to urge the same measure strongly upon the Government. This led to a characteristic pathetic remonstrance from President Lincoln to Halleck, as follows:

MAY 24, 1862.—Several dispatches from Assistant Secretary Scott and one from Governor Morton, asking for reinforcements for you, have been received. I beg you to be assured we do the best we can.

I mean to cast no blame when I tell you each of our commanders along our line from Richmond to Corinth supposes himself to be confronted by numbers superior to his own.

My dear General, I feel justified in relying very much on you. I believe you and the brave officers and men with you can and will get the victory at Corinth.

Halleck replied disingenuously on the next day:

I have asked for no reinforcements, but only whether any were to be sent to me. If any were to be sent, I would wait for them; if not, I would venture an attack. We are now in immediate presence of the enemy, and the battle may occur at any moment. I have every confidence that we shall succeed, but dislike to run any risk, and therefore have waited to ascertain if any more troops can be hoped for.

This was, of course, tantamount to saying: "I ought to have more troops, but, if I do not get them, the responsibility will not be with me." And yet Beauregard took only 47,000 men away with him from Corinth, according to his official report to his War Department, the correctness of which figure cannot be doubted, while Halleck attributed to him from 85,000 to 120,000, as against 90,000 and 100,000 (or about twice as many as his antagonist) under his own orders. Accordingly, the advance became characterized by a determination to avoid risks as much as possible, by the most vigilant measures against hostile surprises, by a deliberate slowness of movement, and by the most careful selection and protection of the positions successively reached. Halleck was subsequently subjected to a great deal of severe criticism and even ridicule for his deliberateness in moving upon the enemy. But, after properly weighing all the reasons for his course, it is, in my judgment, only just to admit that it involved but little loss of time, and afforded absolute assurance against a repetition of the mishap of April 6.

A first forward movement along the whole line began

on April 29. It brought the entire army about three miles nearer to Corinth—that is, to within an average distance of only twelve miles from the place. Short as the distance was, it required from four to six days to get over the intervening ground. New lines of communication had to be created, including the construction of two bridges over Lick Creek. I saw only the work of this kind done by the Army of the Ohio, but can testify to its extreme laboriousness and to the cheerful spirit with which officers and men accomplished it. Great was the vexation when an extra-heavy downpour on May 3 and 4 made all the water-courses rise, so as to again destroy much of the result of their efforts. The next onward change of location was made on May 7. Rain ceased the day before, and was followed by beautiful, warm, and clear weather, which rapidly dried the ground and roads, and rendered the task of the army much easier. The effect, too, was felt in the rapid reduction of the sick-list and a general revival of spirit and increase of energy. The second advance involved as much road-making as the first. By way of further precaution, in view of the greater nearness to the enemy, the whole front was strengthened, under orders from the Commander-in-chief, by abatis, barricades, rifle-pits, and breastworks. Another advance was ordered and accomplished on the 17th and 18th. The favorable weather reduced the necessary road- and bridge-building, but more work was devoted to the construction of field defences. Indeed, the army was made secure in regularly fortified camps.

The improved condition of the roads tempted me to extend the range of my observation beyond the lines of the Army of the Ohio. But, in order to do this, a general pass from the Commander-in-chief was indispensable, as otherwise I should have had to risk arrest and punishment within the lines of the other two armies. I rode twice to Halleck's headquarters to obtain such a pass, but met with a rebuff each time. Halleck considered newspaper correspondents with the armies as more dangerous than the

enemy, and persistently refused to give them any countenance. Just then, too, he was, as I was told by one of his staff (a Washington acquaintance), very much irritated against the press generally by the tendency of the controversy waged in it over the battle of Shiloh. Nothing daunted by my failure, I bethought myself of the "second in chief command"—that is, of General Grant—and, making my way to his camp, readily succeeded in obtaining the desired *passe-partout* from his chief of staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins. I observed that a marked stillness prevailed at Grant's headquarters, contrasting greatly with the bustle perceivable about it before Halleck's advent. The fact was, that the "second in command" was confined to a very nominal part. His rôle during the "siege" was, indeed, that of a mere dummy upon a stage—a show, but not a substance. As I ascertained on this and subsequent visits, General Grant's duties were confined to receiving orders from General Halleck for General Thomas, and to transmitting them to him. There was hardly any personal intercourse between the two headquarters. Of course, this embarrassing position was most galling to the victor of Fort Donelson and his whole staff. While Grant said nothing, his staff gave vent to their feelings very freely and vigorously. Grant did not gratify his rival by retiring from the field—Halleck's real object, according to Grant's military household—but wisely bore the humiliation with patience.

The army was not occupied with pick, shovel, and axe alone. Simultaneously with the first advance, an expedition was sent out under General Wallace to destroy the Memphis & Charleston Railroad west of Corinth, in the neighborhood of Purdy, which did not, however, accomplish much. Nearly one-fifth of the troops always performed grand-guard and picket duties. Reconnoissances more or less in force were also regularly made. After the second advance, we began to feel the enemy, and picket-firing and outpost skirmishes became more and more frequent. The

first important encounter took place on May 9 between General Paine's division of Pope's army on the extreme left, near the village of Farmington, just south of the Mississippi line. Paine was vigorously attacked by a strong force and compelled to fall back, after several hours' fighting, from his advanced position upon Pope's main line. The same day the rebels made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the advance guard of General McCook in the centre. The advance on May 17 resulted in quite a lively affair between General Sherman and the rebels in front of him. Sherman easily pushed them back. There was a great deal of powder burned in these several collisions, but, owing to the thickly wooded character of the country, the musketry fire was not very effective. The total casualties on our side did not exceed a few hundred, and the rebel loss was probably no greater. Few prisoners were taken by either side.

Under the protection of my general pass within the lines, I made it my object to visit successively the different camps of the Armies of the Tennessee and Mississippi. The region through which the Federal encampments extended was very unattractive and monotonous. Not the least bit of picturesque scenery was to be found within the whole length and breadth of it. The few villages within it, too, consisted of a score or so of ordinary small frame or log houses, mostly deserted by the inhabitants and in wretched condition. My daily rides were, therefore, not very exhilarating, and were often made disagreeable owing to the fact that I knew nobody in Pope's army but the General himself, and only two persons in the Army of the Tennessee, viz., Generals Sherman and Lew Wallace, the latter having been a senator in the Indiana Legislature when I attended that body in the winter of 1858–9. (Since the war, he has attained fame and fortune as a novel-writer.) I was obliged to introduce myself to everybody, and did not always meet with a friendly reception. The Federal front represented a length of nearly twelve miles, and twice it happened to me that I could not find my way back to my quarters before dark,

and had to ask for, and receive, very scant hospitality in the camps where I found myself at nightfall. General Sherman's prejudice against army correspondents had been intensified, owing to the severe press criticisms based upon the published reports that he and his command had been utterly surprised at Shiloh, and he received me rather gruffly. Gen. Lew Wallace was also under a cloud, owing to his failure to get his division up to the front in the first day's battle. He was evidently very much pleased with my call, in the expectation, as he did not hesitate to intimate broadly, that I would publish what he had to say in his own defence. Wallace had the kindness to send an aide-de-camp with me to introduce me to Generals McClernand and Hurlbut, his fellow division commanders, who also received me very graciously, and who likewise complained a good deal of the misrepresentation by the press of their part in the battle. Both claimed that they and their troops fought determinedly all day against overwhelming odds. Both belonged to the class of "political" generals, and sought glory as much through army correspondents as by feats of war—if not more. Nevertheless, they established a fair record as commanders in the later campaigns.

I made bold to recall myself to General Pope as one of the party accompanying President Lincoln from Springfield, and was at once made very welcome at his headquarters, which I visited frequently. He was, no doubt, an able man and good soldier, but, whether from accidental mistakes or a natural incapacity to lead a large force, his performances as an independent commander never equalled his promises. He had two very marked failings—first, he talked too much of himself, of what he could do and of what ought to be done; and, secondly, he indulged, contrary to good discipline and all propriety, in very free comments upon his superiors and fellow-commanders. Through Pope I also made the acquaintance of General Rosecrans, then a division commander in the Army of the Mississippi. He was, outside of the Army of the Ohio, the

most affable, frank, and genial general that I had met—a very prize, indeed, for an eager news-gatherer. He invited me to his camp so urgently that I grew suspicious, and thought that he cared more for my pen than my person. My subsequent experience proved that I had judged him correctly.

I had seen General Grant a number of times after the battle, but never had a chance to talk with him before the middle of May. Between that time and the end of the siege, however, I conversed with him on three occasions—twice at his own field-headquarters, and once in passing him accidentally on the main road to Corinth. There was certainly nothing in his outward appearance or in his personal ways or conversation to indicate the great military qualities he possessed. Firmness seemed to me about the only characteristic expressed in his features. Otherwise, he was a very plain, unpretentious, unimposing person, easily approached, reticent as a rule, and yet showing at times a fondness for a chat about all sorts of things. His ordinary exterior, however, made it as difficult for me as in the case of Abraham Lincoln to persuade myself that he was destined to be one of the greatest arbiters of human fortunes.

All officers (excepting army commanders) and men were under strict orders not to pass beyond the encampments of their organizations while in front of the enemy. The effect naturally was that, at any given point of our line, they could not know what was going on along the rest of it. We newspaper correspondents, who had the freedom, so to speak, of the whole army, were generally better informed as to current incidents than even officers as high in rank as division commanders. As collectors and distributors of news we gradually became quite popular. We were the more willing to gratify the general curiosity of the rank and file on our tours through the camps as we could not make use of our knowledge for professional purposes, for our permits to remain with and circulate

among the armies had been given on the express pledge on our part not to write anything to our papers, before the occurrence of decisive events, about the number, condition, location, and doings of our troops. I observed this injunction religiously, and hence felt all those weeks as if off duty. I really had a very easy time, and was very well taken care of by my friend, the quartermaster of McCook's division. I shared a large tent with his chief clerk, and was favored with a comfortable camp-bed and very passable meals. A runaway slave—a mulatto—waited on me and attended to my horse. Still, I grew tired of my idleness, and rejoiced when events before Corinth reached a culmination. This came much earlier than was expected by the Federal commanders, and in a surprising form.

What was destined to be the last advance of the Union line took place on May 28 and 29. It was very strongly opposed by rebel skirmishers and outposts, but the enemy was driven back. Later in the day, two attempts were made to regain the lost ground. The new move brought the fronts of Pope's and Buell's lines to the edge of a clearing not more than an average of half a mile from Corinth, and in plain view of the enemy's fortifications covering the town, which appeared to be strong and extensive. Our left, with Sherman's division in advance, did not reach clear ground and did not discover the hostile defences. The 29th was enlivened by a roaring cannonade on the Union side from the heavy Parrott guns that had been brought to the front in anticipation of a regular siege. Pope had planted a battery of four thirty-pounders during the night, from which an enfilading fire was opened in the morning upon the nearest rebel work. As was afterwards ascertained, the fire killed and wounded eighty men and a hundred horses, and destroyed a locomotive and its crew. Sherman also opened with Parrott twenty-pounders upon a building occupied by a rebel outpost, and quickly demolished it. I was with General McCook all day on the 29th. We could see a good portion of the rebel works, but no signs of activity were

observable. We heard, however, very distinctly the incessant movement of railroad trains.

The final chapter of the "siege" forms a curious tale, partaking more of the ludicrous than of the horrors of war. In some way the impression prevailed at all the headquarters that the enemy was about to strike a great blow. Halleck issued an order enjoining the greatest caution in feeling the enemy. Sherman was even told, if the risk in holding his new position was too great, to fall back. The apprehension of a rebel attack *en masse* grew stronger in the course of the 29th. The continuous rolling of trains was construed as meaning a concentration of forces at certain points for that purpose. With the night, the anxiety increased, and none of the generals and their staffs on the front line allowed themselves any sleep, and I shared the vigil in McCook's camp. It was all an illusion that was not dispelled till long after midnight. General Halleck issued an order an hour or two after midnight to Buell and Thomas as follows: "There is every indication that the enemy will attack our left this morning, as troops have been moving in that direction for some time. It may be well to make preparations to send as many of the reserves as can be spared in that direction." This order may or may not have been the reflex of the following report from Pope to Halleck, dated May 30, 1:20 A.M.: "The enemy is reënforcing heavily, by trains, in my front and on my left. The cars are running constantly, and the cheering is immense *every time they unload in front of me*. I have no doubt, from all appearances, that I shall be attacked in heavy force at daylight."

General Halleck's feelings may be imagined when at 6 A.M. this unexpected revelation reached him from the same source: "All very quiet since 4 o'clock. Twenty-six trains left during the night. A succession of loud explosions followed by dense black smoke in clouds. Everything indicates evacuation and retreat." Up to that moment, nobody in command seemed to have correctly interpreted the

plain signs of the real rebel purpose. Sherman, indeed, early in the morning, asked the general headquarters "how they explained the frequent explosions in Corinth during the night." I need not describe the sensations of our generals when the mortifying truth fully dawned upon them that Beauregard had played most successfully the trick of making a bold offensive show, while really bent upon flight.

The rebel works were almost simultaneously occupied by the picket lines of Pope's and McCook's, Nelson's and Sherman's divisions. A dispute afterward arose as to whom really belonged the honor of having been the first to enter them. McCook and Nelson felt chagrined that Halleck, in his first reports, awarded it to Pope, and later made official reclamation, to which the General-in-chief had, however, the conclusive answer that he had not referred to them because their immediate superior had not reported the facts in their case to him. I lost no time myself in riding into Corinth, and I believe I reached the main street—practically the only one—shortly after 7 A.M. The appearance of the town badly belied its classic name. The principal thoroughfare was lined on both sides, for say a quarter of a mile, with plain frame structures of one or two stories, interspersed with a few brick buildings and one of stone. The private residences, mostly of wood, small and of very simple style, were scattered about. Of the twelve to fifteen hundred or so inhabitants, only a few remained. A number of the buildings were reduced to ashes. The rebels had fired only those that contained Confederate supplies which could not be carried away, but the flames had spread and consumed others. The explosions we had heard arose from abandoned ammunition reached by the fire. The evacuation and destruction had been effected so completely that no spoils of any kind were found. A small number of rebel wounded were found about the town and in the works.

The latter were neither as extensive nor as elaborate as we had supposed them to be. There was an outer and an inner line, the former consisting of rifle-pits with breast-

works behind them, the latter of regular field bastions with high parapets, ditches, curtains, and embrasures for artillery. Still, the works afforded proof that it must have been Beauregard's original intention to make a firm stand against Halleck. He does not directly admit this in his official utterances, but it can be read between the lines. He says substantially, in the opening paragraph of his report, dated Tupelo, Miss., June 13:

> The purposes and ends for which I had occupied and held Corinth having been mainly accomplished by the last of May, and, by the 25th of that month, having ascertained definitely that the enemy had received large accessions to his already superior force while ours had been reduced day by day by disease, resulting from bad water and inferior food, I felt it clearly my duty to evacuate that position without delay. I was further induced to this step by the fact that the enemy had declined my offer of battle twice made him outside of my intrenched lines, and sedulously avoided the separation of his corps, which he advanced with uncommon caution, under cover of heavy guns and strong intrenchments, constructed with unusual labor and with singular delay, considering his strength and our relative inferiority in numbers.

The cheap braggadocio of this alleged challenge to his enemy to combat in mediæval style seems to have impressed the rebel Secretary of War and Jefferson Davis more than his silly complaint of Halleck's extreme caution. His superiors no doubt drew from these effusions the just conclusion that he was an arrant humbug, and soon afterward relieved him from the chief command in the West. It must be admitted, however, in face of the facts, that another passage in his report was not unjustified, to wit: "It was then [the morning of May 30th] that the enemy, to his surprise, became satisfied that a large army, approached and invested with such extraordinary preparations, expenses, labor and timidity, had disappeared from his front with all its munitions and heavy guns."

My recollection is very distinct that the singular ending

of the Corinth campaign was a general disappointment to the Union side, from Halleck down. I do not hesitate to say that the latter did not look for the escape of Beauregard from his clutches without a fight. There is absolutely no evidence of such an expectation in his official despatches and reports. I am persuaded, too, that, before it actually happened, such a contingency would have been pronounced a misfortune to the loyal cause. Still, it was natural that, after the event had occurred, Halleck should make the most of the "bloodless victory" in manœuvring his adversary out of so strong a position, chosen and carefully prepared for defence by himself, with forfeiture of the only direct railroad line of communication between the east and west of the Confederacy, exposure of the cotton States to invasion, and abandonment of the middle Mississippi Valley. Nor is it surprising that Halleck's claim to credit for this achievement was, at the time, admitted both by the Government and by the loyal public. Before the end of 1862, the rebel leaders succeeded, however, as we shall see, in largely neutralizing these consequences by a new aggressive campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky, in the light of which their abandonment of Corinth was proved to have been fortunate.

There was no time lost in the pursuit of the vanquished enemy. General Pope, being nearest to the line of retreat, naturally took the lead in it. The task was most arduous, as the roads were narrow and bad, led through a very swampy country, and were obstructed by felled trees and burning bridges. The Union cavalry first caught sight of the rebel rear-guard about eight miles south of Corinth, and kept close at their heels for several days. The enemy was also followed by several columns of infantry and artillery, moving over different roads, commanded by General Rosecrans, under the direction of General Pope. Owing to the natural difficulties, the pursuers accomplished only short distances from day to day, and though they followed the enemy closely, they could not get within striking distance.

On June 4, Rosecrans felt the rebels strongly about two miles north of Baldwin (thirty miles south of Corinth on the Mobile & Ohio Road). He found them in great force and determined to resist his advance. He therefore sent to Pope, his immediate superior, for reënforcements. Pope not only responded, but called on Halleck for more help, whereupon the latter ordered Buell with two divisions to join him. Buell did so, and assumed command as the senior major-general. He issued an order of battle for the 8th, but the same day it turned out that the enemy had retreated further south. Beauregard had, indeed, halted at Baldwin with most of his army, but decided to fall back twenty miles further to Tupelo. Under Halleck's order, no further pursuit was attempted.

Before closing this chapter, I must refer to what was perhaps the strangest incident of the Corinth campaign. On June 4, Halleck telegraphed to Secretary Stanton:

> General Pope with 40,000 is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy and 15,000 stands of arms captured. Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Colonel Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, he became frantic and told his men to save themselves as best they could. We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. The result is all I could possibly desire.

Our impulsive American Carnot replied: "Your glorious dispatch has just been received, and I have sent it into every State. The whole land will soon ring with applause at the achievement of your gallant army and its able and victorious commander." The land was, indeed, soon ringing with patriotic outbursts, as the governors of the loyal States lost no time in congratulating their people on the great reported success and having national salutes fired in its honor.

Again, on June 9, Halleck telegraphed to Stanton:

> General Pope estimates rebel loss from casualties, prisoners and desertion at over 20,000, and General Buell at between 20,000 and 30,000. An Englishman employed in the Confederate commissary department says they had 120,000 men in Corinth, and that now they cannot muster more than 80,000.

Some days later, the Northern press published a statement from Beauregard, printed in the Richmond papers, that the dispatch first quoted from Halleck to Stanton "contained almost as many lies as lines," and this charge is also made in his official report. Stanton having called Halleck's attention to this by wire, the latter replied: "In accordance with your instructions, I telegraph to you daily what information I receive of events in this department, stating whether official or unofficial, and, if official, giving the authority. In regard to the number of prisoners and arms taken, I telegraphed the exact language of General Pope. If it was erroneous, the responsibility is his, not mine."

The simple truth was, that Pope's captures of men and arms were only about one-tenth of the number he had reported to Halleck. The whole army was amazed when the newspapers arrived with the correspondence between Stanton and Halleck, and the enthusiastic popular responses it had provoked. I and all knew that a gross deception had been practised. In due time, the Northern press broke out in furious indignation against Pope, who was considered responsible for it. Pope did not defend himself. Singular to relate, it was only in July, 1865, three months after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, that Pope addressed a letter to Halleck calling attention to the subject, disclaiming the authorship of the false report, and asking to have his record set right. Halleck excused himself from complying with the request, on the ground that his papers had been boxed up, as he was about to start for California to take

command on the Pacific Coast. Pope thereupon prepared a long letter for publication, in which he denied his responsibility for the report, and criticised Halleck very severely for practically refusing him the satisfaction to which he was entitled. The letter appeared in print and attracted a good deal of attention. I do not remember what Halleck did regarding it.

CHAPTER XVIII

Buell's Retreat to the Ohio.—1862

GENERAL McCOOK'S division was ordered to occupy Corinth, and his headquarters were moved within the town limits. For ten days after the evacuation, there was great uncertainty as to the future operations of the army, and, after describing the closing scenes of the "siege," idleness was again my lot. It then became known, however, that General Halleck had determined, with the approval of the Washington authorities, to break up the grand army united under his command. The Army of the Ohio, under Buell, was to enter upon a new campaign through northern Alabama and southeastern Tennessee to East Tennessee, to carry out the long-deferred plan of freeing the loyalists in the latter region from rebel oppression and persecution. The Armies of the Tennessee and Mississippi, under Grant and Pope, were to be employed in holding western Tennessee and northern Mississippi and the adjacent portion of Alabama, and in offensive operations down and west of the Mississippi. In moving eastwardly, Buell's men were to put the Memphis & Charleston Railroad east of Corinth in running order, while the work of repairing the line west of that point was to be undertaken by Grant's troops. The destruction wrought upon it by the rebels between Corinth and Memphis was not very great, as they had to use it up to the evacuation. I received word as early as June 8, if I remember aright, that a construction train that had worked its way from Memphis, which only two days before had fallen into the hands of the Unionists, would reach Corinth and start back the same day. I asked and received permission to go on it. I longed for a change

from the monotony of camp life, and especially from the sameness of camp fare, to which I had been subjected for two months. Moreover, the winter clothes which I still was obliged to wear for want of something more suitable, were no longer endurable in the hot weather that had prevailed for a fortnight, and I hoped to be able to buy a summer outfit in the city.

The construction train, consisting of half a dozen freight and flat cars with an ancient locomotive of very shabby and decrepit appearance, arrived towards evening, and, for the sake of greater safety, its return was postponed till the next morning. I was one of a very motley crowd of passengers, numbering several hundred, and consisting of a strong guard, well and sick officers of all ranks, and wounded and ill soldiers. There were no seats, and we all squatted on the floors of the cars, with none too much elbow-room for any of us. We proceeded very slowly from caution, with reference both to the hastily repaired trestles and bridges and to the strong inclination of our engine to refuse to do service. We spent eleven hours in making the distance of only ninety-three miles, thus having plenty of time to observe the region traversed. It seemed even more forbidding than the stretch between Pittsburg and Corinth. Like the rest of my fellow-passengers, I arrived in a very tired, stiff-limbed, dust-covered, and hungry condition, and felt much relieved when I found that the Gayoso House, the principal hostelry of the city, was open for guests. I was pleasantly surprised to discover on the hotel register the names of the four colleagues whom I had met at Cairo. They had arrived the day before from that place. We had a very joyous time together that evening and during the rest of my stay.

Memphis was even then a fine city of about 25,000 inhabitants. The site rises amphitheatrically from the river, from which the city presents an imposing aspect. The buildings on the business streets and the principal private residences were of brick and stone, indicating enterprise and thrift.

The former stood in many solid blocks containing wholesale and retail stores, banks, and offices of every kind. A proper number of the private dwellings were large and elegant abodes of wealth. While a good many of the stores and offices were closed, there was a great deal of life in the streets, and one could not have imagined from their appearance that the place had just been the scene of actual war. There seemed to be as many whites as negroes moving about, and among them hundreds of Union army and navy officers and soldiers and sailors. They formed an entirely peaceful picture, and, indeed, I saw no signs of hostile feeling of any kind during my stay. There was a good deal of suppressed loyalty which showed itself very soon to a surprising extent, and very much facilitated the government of the city under the new rule. The Confederate flag never waved over Memphis again.

The liveliest point was the levee. Some twenty-five steamboats, side- and stern-wheelers, were lying along it. Some of them were commissary and quartermaster boats discharging their loads; others were the regular tenders of the Federal river fleet; while three or four were more or less damaged craft captured from the enemy. Some distance from the long line of ordinary boats lay at anchor in grim blackness six gunboats and four rams. They had performed a most daring and gallant exploit three days before, to which I must make a passing allusion. The fleet, aided by a brigade of Indiana infantry regiments, had been besieging Fort Pillow ever since the reduction of Island No. 10. The fort was constructed by the rebels for the defence of the Mississippi on its left bank at the so-called Chickasaw Bluffs, about sixty-five miles above Memphis. The "siege" consisted altogether of an exchange of heavy shot between the fort and the fleet. On the morning of June 5, it was discovered that the rebels had abandoned the fort; this step being the logical sequence of the rebel retreat from Corinth. It was immediately occupied from the fleet. Commander Davis, flag-officer of the naval force,

and Colonel Ellet (commanding the four boats that had been, in an incredibly short time, converted by him, under authority of the War Department, into "rams" of the most formidable character) lost no time in getting under way at noon for Memphis, and anchored for the night a mile and a half above the city. Early next morning, they discovered the rebel fleet of eight gunboats and rams in front of the city. The Federal commanders started for their prey at half-past five. Ellet led the attack with his flagship, the ram *Queen*, followed by the other rams. The fight raged for an hour and a half, with rams against rams, and with gunboats keeping up a tremendous fire at close quarters against gunboats. It was all over at seven, with the nearly complete destruction of the hostile squadron. Seven of its vessels were captured, sunk, or burned, only one escaping down the river. The Federal loss was slight, but included the gallant Ellet, who received a pistol-shot fired by a rebel within a few feet of him when the *Queen* struck the first antagonist. The wound was at first considered slight, but he died from it two weeks later while on the way to his home in Ohio. Ellet was one of the most notable figures of the war. He possessed veritable genius as an engineer, and, being an intense loyalist, offered his special services for "clearing the Mississippi" to Secretary Stanton, who accepted them, commissioned him as colonel, and placed the means at his disposal for carrying out his plans. His untimely death was a great national loss, and was universally lamented.

The terrible spectacle of the naval battle was witnessed by tens of thousands of the inhabitants of the city, whose surrender was demanded by Commander Davis immediately after the cessation of hostilities and conceded by the mayor. Before actual possession was taken, Colonel Ellet's young son landed with a small squad of men, and they boldly made their way through crowds of secession sympathizers to the post-office and custom-house, took down the Confederate flags over those buildings, and hoisted the Stars

and Stripes in their place. The Indiana brigade landed by noon and established military rule in the city.

The second day of my stay, my newspaper friends took me on a round of visits to the gunboats and rams. We were rowed successively to the flagship *Benton*, where we saw Commander Davis and Lieutenant Phelps, and then to four others, of whose names I remember only the *Cairo* and the *Carondelet*. They were specially built for the service, and looked to me, who had never seen any men-of-war, quite formidable, with their batteries of heavy guns, uniformed officers and crews, and the perfect order and discipline enforced on them. We were very hospitably received, and found the officers in a high state of elation over their overwhelming triumph, as they had a right to be. We also visited the rams, but were not permitted to see Colonel Ellet, who was said to have a high wound-fever. The rams were Mississippi steamboats cut down to their lower deck, and built up again fore and aft and on both sides with wooden bulwarks from a foot to a foot and a half thick, and covered with iron plates several inches thick. They were roofed over in the same way. Their double, iron-cased prows looked like huge wedges, and formed tremendous instruments of destruction. The illusion prevailed on the fleet, from the highest in command to the simple seamen, that the victory virtually opened the Mississippi down to New Orleans; but alas! it took a great deal more sanguinary work to accomplish that.

My recreation in Memphis was cut short by the news, which I learned early on June 11 from a captain of the commissary department of the Army of the Ohio whom I accidentally met on the street, that General Buell had received formal orders to march, and that General McCook's division had already started from Corinth that very day. Here was a predicament for me, as that doubtless implied that my host, the division quartermaster, and my horse and other belongings were gone also. Bidding a hasty farewell to my colleagues, I managed to catch a train that left

at noon for Corinth. We travelled faster than before, but were still nearly eight hours in reaching Corinth. It did not take me long to make the pleasant discovery that, while McCook's division was actually gone, Captain Gamage had stayed behind in charge of the division train, which was to move early the next day. As the programme was that the division should await the train at Iuka, forty-five miles east of Corinth, I concluded to accompany the train, instead of riding ahead and trying to overtake the division, with the risk of capture by rebel guerrillas, who were known to be swarming in northern Mississippi and Alabama.

We were two days in reaching Iuka. It was a hard march for man and beast, the heat being great, the roads covered with deep dust, and the mosquitoes very abundant and aggressive. The route led through a succession of swampy lowlands and hilly stretches covered with poor timber. Only here and there were poverty-stricken farms and clusters of habitations, passing for villages, mostly deserted by the inhabitants. In order to avoid the choking clouds of dust raised by the train, Captain Gamage and I joined the main body of the cavalry escort in front of it. It consisted of the Second Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded by Colonel Edward M. McCook, a first cousin of General A. McD. McCook, and a brother of General Anson G. McCook, who after the war was for many years secretary of the United States Senate, and subsequently chamberlain of the city of New York. Edward McCook was as fine-looking an officer as could be found in the army: tall, graceful in figure and motion, with regular features, brilliant eyes, and black hair and beard. I was soon on very good terms with him, and we subsequently were thrown together a good deal, as will appear hereafter. (He was Territorial Governor of Colorado after the war.) He had a splendid regiment of picked men and horses, well drilled and disciplined by the other field officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart and Major Hill, who had seen long service as non-commissioned officers in a regular cavalry regiment.

Nothing occurred to interrupt our progress, and, on the evening of June 13, I rejoined McCook's division headquarters at Iuka.

Buell's new movement, it will be remembered, was the occupation of the important strategic point, Chattanooga, and the liberation of East Tennessee. But, in addition to general instructions to this effect from Halleck, he also received a specific order to put the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad along his route of march in running order, and to maintain it by proper military protection. The distance from Corinth to Chattanooga is 217 miles, and should have been easily traversed by the army in from twenty-five to thirty-five days. General Buell always claimed that, in a personal interview with Halleck on the 11th, he requested to be permitted to choose his own route, his preference being in favor of a line of march through middle Tennessee via McMinnville, but that the order to repair the road and use it as a line of supply was insisted upon. An issue subsequently arose betwen Buell and Halleck as to the latter's responsibility for this. But, whatever the facts were, it can hardly be disputed that the coming failures of the Army of the Ohio were mainly due to the delays and other injurious effects of the efforts to repair and run the railroad in question. Fully two months were spent by half of the army in opening and holding it to Decatur, only to find that its regular operation could not be maintained, as it ran parallel to the front of the enemy, and hence was peculiarly exposed to interruption. Moreover, it proved impossible to stock it with sufficient motive-power and cars in time to do much good to Buell's forces. The work on the road resulted, too, in scattering the army a good deal, and demoralized the troops by keeping them from their regular military duties. The detention no doubt caused the miscarriage of the general plan for the campaign and the extraordinary turn of events which was to lead the Army of the Ohio, not to East Tennessee, but back to the river whose name it bore.

I left Iuka with McCook's division the day after I joined it. We were closely followed by Crittenden's division that had been pursuing Beauregard and had come on our route at Iuka. Wood's division we found already engaged in road-repairing between Iuka and Florence. Nelson's was similarly occupied between Iuka and Corinth. Our march was again made very trying by the heat and dust and the stinging vermin. But we went into camp on the evening of the 15th, not far from the Tennessee River on the south bank, almost opposite the town of Florence. We lost a whole week here in waiting for the completion of a ferry-boat, without which the river could not be crossed, the bridge over it being destroyed. The army contained plenty of men trained for that and any other sort of mechanical work, but the lack of machine- and hand-tools made the construction of the boat slow and difficult. The week was pleasantly spent, as we had a fine camp, good water, plenty to eat for man and beast, and cool nights free from mosquitoes. The surrounding scenery was quite picturesque. A great enjoyment for me was the daily swim I took in the river. The troops, too, were glad of the chance to clean up. Some diversion was afforded by the arrival of some very light-draught boats from Cairo, with army supplies.

I crossed over to Florence on the 23d, but it took fully three days' and nights' hard work to get the whole division with its artillery and trains over. It did not resume its march on the right bank for several days, owing to an order from Halleck to Buell to hold his command in place, as there were signs of an aggressive movement of the enemy upon Iuka; but this story turned out to have no foundation whatever. Florence was no more worthy of its famous name than Corinth. It looked rather attractive from the south bank, but proved very unclassical upon actual inspection—a straggling combination of brick and frame buildings of very plain style and neglected appearance. It had been occupied for some months by Union troops, and

was abandoned by most of the inhabitants. A very brisk trade seemed to be carried on by speculators from the North, provided with permits from the United States Treasury Department, in buying up cotton for cash or in exchange for merchandise. This indulgence on the part of the Federal authorities, which grew into a general practice wherever cotton-producing regions were occupied, was very ill advised, and led everywhere to a regular contraband traffic with the South.

By this time General Buell had made up his mind that his army could not prosecute the campaign into East Tennessee without safe and ample lines of supply, and that, the Memphis & Charleston Road having failed as such, the completion of the two rail lines from Nashville to the Tennessee River, viz., one by way of Franklin, Columbia, Pulaski, and Athens to Decatur, and the other through Murfreesboro', Tullahoma, and Decherd to Stevenson, was imperative. The movements of his command during July were directed accordingly. Generals McCook's and Crittenden's divisions were destined for Stevenson, the farther of the two termini, Nelson's for Athens, Wood's for Decatur. Parts of all these divisions were to work on the railroads mentioned between Stevenson and Decherd and Decatur and Athens and Pulaski. General Thomas's division, which had been finally relieved from duty at and about Corinth, was to replace Wood and Nelson along the Memphis & Charleston. This distribution over a long line made it impracticable for me to observe the doings of any other parts of the army than those under McCook, with whom, as in the advance, I deemed it best to remain; and my narrative will therefore relate solely to his operations up to the re-concentration of the army.

I believe it was on July 2d or 3d that we started from Florence via Athens—an even more unclassical place than Florence—for Huntsville, Alabama, some seventy miles distant. The division made them in four days and a half—very good marching, considering the great heat and suffo-

cating dust in which it was accomplished. The ordinary dirt road led within a few miles of the Tennessee, through a very broken country, and became more and more difficult, owing to many steep ascents and descents, for the troops, artillery, and trains. No signs of the enemy were discovered. Huntsville, a county seat and active trading centre, with a population, I believe, of five to six thousand, presented by its substantial appearance quite a pleasing contrast to the shabby places we had passed before. It was, indeed, one of the most prosperous places in northern Alabama before the war. General O. M. Mitchel, commanding another division, had occupied the town in April, and made it the point from which to clear the country of the rebels as far east as Stevenson and west as Florence; in which he had fully succeeded. General McCook left us at Huntsville on a short leave of absence, but the division resumed its march after a day's rest. We pushed on very steadily for a week and suffered again greatly from heat and dust, making from sixteen to eighteen miles a day, and reached Stevenson on July 14. All through the last day's march, we had heard from time to time the exhilarating sounds of locomotive whistles, and were much rejoiced to learn that the railroad from Nashville to Stevenson had been fully repaired, and that through-trains had arrived over it the day before. We found Louisville papers only two days old—a great treat, as we had heard nothing from the North for fully ten days. We stopped till the return of General McCook on the 17th. On the next day, we moved on to Battle Creek, seven miles, I think, from Stevenson. This brought us within thirty-one miles of Chattanooga, but Buell's army was not destined at that time to get any nearer to that objective-point. Crittenden's division had followed us closely, and General McCook exercised command over it and his own. General Buell, meanwhile, had established his headquarters at Huntsville, being thus separated by a long distance from his advance, consisting of one-third of his army, though in telegraphic communication with it.

There were already at that time more or less telling indications that the withdrawal of the rebels from Corinth had been but the first act in a new strategic programme aiming at a complete shifting of the scene of active operations and the resumption of the offensive by them. It gradually became clear that this programme comprised the transfer of the rebel army from middle Mississippi to Chattanooga, and a flanking movement thence against Buell under the leadership of General Bragg, who had superseded Beauregard. Buell seems to have first grown suspicious of it about the middle of July, when a series of rebel cavalry raids upon his lines of communication in Tennessee and Kentucky began with the sudden appearance of the daring cavalry leader Morgan, in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, and his dash thence through central Kentucky by way of Munfordville, Lebanon, Lexington, and Paris, with a force variously estimated at from one to three thousand mounted men. He captured a number of Federal detachments and inflicted considerable other damage. He recrossed the Cumberland near Mills Springs and safely reached East Tennessee, whence he had started, thus completing a circuit in his rapid movements. The next surprise of the same kind came on July 13, when Forrest, who developed into the most dangerous and successful rebel raider in the West, burst upon the town of Murfreesboro' like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. He utterly surprised and captured the garrison of fourteen hundred cavalry, infantry, and artillery—who, from the brigadier in command down to the rank and file, behaved disgracefully—together with hundreds of animals and wagons and great quantities of supplies, and worked such destruction on the railroad connecting Murfreesboro' with Nashville and Stevenson, between which latter points trains had run through for the first time only the day before, that it took two weeks to repair the damage. We felt the effect of this disaster at once at Battle Creek by the failure of the mails and newspapers, and the orders of the com-

manding-general to economize as much as possible with food and forage.

But Buell did not at first perceive the true meaning of these raids. He did not interpret them as the precursors, which they really were, of a coming attempt in strong force to compel him to abandon his movement upon Chattanooga and East Tennessee. He thought that his further advance would be disputed in front, and that the raids were merely meant to delay it, and he took measures immediately for the protection of the railroads by ordering Nelson's division to Murfreesboro' and drawing Wood's up to the Nashville & Decatur Road. But he still was confident that he could overcome the enemy in his way, and was far from contemplating the possibility of finding himself obliged before long to abandon his offensive campaign altogether, and to lead his army back to where it had started from early in the year. The arrival of General Bragg at Chattanooga on July 28, which he quickly learned, rather confirmed him in his view of the situation, in accordance with which he hastened the preparations for a resumption of his advance. Supplies were hurried forward to the front, and pontoon bridges for crossing the Tennessee got ready. The army trains were concentrated between Decherd, a railroad junction thirty miles north of Stevenson, and the river. All the troops between Stevenson, Huntsville, and Athens, including General Thomas's division, were ordered to the same vicinity. The army headquarters were also moved to Decherd.

Excepting some scouting excursions to the south and east, McCook's command remained stationary for nearly four weeks at Battle Creek. As I again complied strictly with my pledge not to report anything of the movements of our army, I underwent another involuntary term of idleness. The monotony of camp life was very irksome, yet there was nothing for me to do but to accept it. The division headquarters were kept astir, however, by the accounts of the rebel movements and plans, frequently brought in by spies,

refugees, prisoners, and deserters, of which I was informed in confidence. They agreed that a concentration of rebel forces was steadily going on at and about Chattanooga, and that they meant to take the offensive. Reports that Bragg was about to cross the Tennessee, and even that he had actually crossed, commenced coming in early in August, and kept us on the alert, but they all proved to be unfounded. The constant confirmation of the near presence of a hostile army estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand, however, led Buell to give up his belief that Bragg would remain on the defensive and await his own advance upon him, and to act on the presumption that the rebels would cross over the Walden range of hills, rising from the right bank of the Tennessee directly opposite Chattanooga, into the valley of the Sequatchie, and follow that river down to its mouth, debouching near Butte Creek, and turning McCook by recrossing the Tennessee.

He was strengthened in this new theory by the increasing frequency, formidableness, and success of the rebel efforts in Tennessee and Kentucky to obstruct his long channel of supply by the single line of rail from Louisville to Nashville, and the double one from Nashville to his front. More or less numerous bands of mounted guerrillas appeared at many points in both States, annoying or capturing and destroying what came in their way. Reports of encounters with them reached the army headquarters daily. Though defeated in one place, they quickly turned up again in another. A report reached Buell on August 6, that Morgan had reappeared with a large force and was making for Nashville, whereupon orders were immediately issued to fortify that city sufficiently to protect it from surprise. On August 10, the dreaded rebel actually turned up at Gallatin, a town on the Louisville & Nashville line, on the north bank of the Cumberland, only twenty-five miles from Nashville. He surprised and captured the garrison, and then proceeded to destroy culverts and bridges in the direction of the latter city. Moving northwest toward Bowling

Green, he obstructed the tunnel seven miles north of Gallatin, and burned an additional number of wooden superstructures. It was learned about the same time that Forrest had again reached the Cumberland with several thousand cavalry, and was moving toward Nashville. Buell at once sent a cavalry force of seven hundred under Brigadier-General Johnson, an old regular-cavalry man, after Morgan. Johnson overtook him near Gallatin, but, owing to the misbehavior of part of his command, was beaten, and he himself taken prisoner with one hundred and fifty men. The remainder of his men refused to surrender and got away. Johnson was afterward charged with incapacity and cowardice in this affair.

This bad news produced no little anxiety in the army and at our division headquarters. The interruption of rail communication with Louisville, our primary base, was, indeed, a most serious blow, and, if long continued, was bound to frustrate the plan of campaign and compel retrograde movements. General Nelson was therefore detached from his division and ordered to Kentucky to restore our communications and clear that State of Morgan and the guerrillas. The army commander also telegraphed to General Grant, by authority of General Halleck, who had in the meantime been called to Washington as general-in-chief of all troops in the field, for two additional divisions, one to be used for protecting the line north of Nashville, and the other for service on the front in the general advance, which was still believed possible notwithstanding the threatening occurrences in the rear.

To General McCook's command now fell the part of an active corps of observation. On August 19 it received orders, upon the first intelligence of an advance of the enemy along the Sequatchie, to move promptly up that valley to check him and observe his movements. If pressed, he was to fall back over the so-called Therman road, diverging from the Sequatchie to the north, upon the main Union force that was expected to advance from McMinn-

ville. Crittenden's division was also to move up the Sequatchie in the wake of McCook and in his support, and, if necessary, also to fall back over another road upon the column from McMinnville.

We commenced our march up the valley on the 20th, and had been under way some hours when we met two spies with very full and apparently reliable information as to the doings of the enemy. One of them was a non-commissioned officer in an Ohio regiment, a very intelligent man, who had volunteered for this perilous mission. He had spent some days at Chattanooga. He affirmed very positively that Bragg had crossed the river at Chattanooga with seventy regiments and a great deal of artillery, and was moving down the Sequatchie. This intelligence made General McCook fear that he could not reach the Therman road before Bragg, and he decided to fall back with his column to the so-called Higginbottom pike, also leading over the Cumberland Mountains, that bordered the Sequatchie on the north. The General and staff rode in advance up the very steep ascent of the pike to the summit, and I went with them. We ascertained quickly that the road was altogether too steep for artillery and trains, and the General determined to return to Battle Creek and move up its valley by another road over the mountains. He received orders on the 23d to march over the Battle Creek road in one day to Pelham, on the plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, a few miles from Decherd, thence to Altamont, and there to form a junction with Thomas's forces and attack the enemy if he should come over the Therman road. The road proved very difficult and the distance longer than expected, so that we bivouacked on the summit of the mountains seven miles from Pelham, and descended to that point—a wretched-looking, deserted hamlet—early next morning. We found there the first division under temporary command of General Schoepf, a German-Hungarian, who had seen service in the old country and was a thorough soldier. Having ascertained that General

Thomas had left Altamont, we went into camp, awaiting further orders from General Buell, who came over the next day from Decherd and directed us to move on to Altamont.

The plateau and northern outrunners of the Cumberland range that we had traversed from Battle Creek to Altamont, formed a very broken, sterile, and dry stretch of country. With the exception of a little forage of hay and green corn, it was destitute of supplies of every kind; while, owing to the interruption of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, the troops had subsisted on half-rations for twenty days. The greatest difficulty was the want of water for men and beasts. Our whole division had but one spring to draw from for officers and men, and only pools of stagnant water in a half-dry streamlet several miles away were available for the animals. We were to watch for the supposed approach of the enemy over the Therman road at Altamont (this high-sounding name belonged to as mean a place as Pelham), whence four roads ran in different directions towards middle Tennessee; but the lack of water compelled us to move half a day's march on to Hubbard's Cove on Hickory Creek. Here, orders were received to concentrate with the rest of the army at Murfreesboro' and to make for that point as rapidly as possible.

General Buell had become satisfied some days before that the movement of the enemy down the Sequatchie had been only either a feint or a reconnoissance in force. He next expected an advance of Bragg over the Therman road, and concluded, only after he had been disappointed in this expectation also, that his adversary was moving north over a more easterly route. General Thomas had thought this all along, and urged proper counter-moves upon his superior, without convincing him. Buell now determined upon a rapid concentration of his army at Murfreesboro', upon the theory that Bragg's objective-point was Nashville. Some of his generals did not share this notion, and felt sure that the enemy was not bound for middle Tennessee, but for Kentucky. They were right and Buell wrong, but

the general concentrating movement was formally ordered on August 30 and carried out. It was admirably planned, and effected with remarkable precision, considering that it included not only large bodies, but moving detachments, post-garrisons, and railroad guards spread out over a territory of one hundred and fifty by one hundred miles, and that only one week was allowed for completing it.

The day before McCook began his march to Murfreesboro', Edward McCook, the cavalry colonel, unexpectedly appeared with a small mounted escort for a brief visit to his cousin. He had been employed for nearly two months after we parted in escorting supply trains along the Tennessee River, but had followed General Nelson's division when it moved to McMinnville. He had been engaged with his command for some weeks in scouting, hunting, and fighting guerrillas. He invited me to accompany him, and, as I was weary of the monotonous marches, I accepted and rode off with him. For a week, I had an experience that reminded me continually of the song in Schiller's play of the "Robbers"—

"Ein freies Leben führen wir."

The Colonel had a brigade of nominally three mounted regiments, but actually not more than eleven hundred men, under him. They were well armed and relatively well mounted, as their commander had made it his rule to exchange any good horses found in the country for the worn ones of his command. Not having received any new clothing since spring, however, a considerable percentage of the men had substituted civilian garments for parts of their uniforms, and thus presented a rather mixed exterior. More than half had managed to possess themselves of straw and felt hats of various colors. A score or so wore "butternut" or "Confederate gray," being the "scouting squad" in the disguise of rebels for the better performance of their perilous duties.

Altogether, the motley appearance of the brigade was in keeping with the miscellaneous services it had to render. It was literally a "flying column," moving rapidly from point to point, and walking, trotting, and galloping from twenty to forty miles a day. Every morning a number of detachments were sent in advance and to right and left of the main body, scouring the country in search of the enemy, of food and forage, and suitable camping-grounds. The Colonel and I always rode with the advance. Three times we had a chase of rebel game and lively bush-fighting, resulting in some casualties on both sides. We bivouacked every night in the open air, with nothing but waterproofs under, and blankets and roofs of fence rails or branches of trees over us. Saddles served as pillows. A few ambulances and a dozen wagons with ammunition were all our transportation. We literally lived on the country, and, like a swarm of locusts, left nothing eatable behind us. Our men had acquired remarkable skill in making a clean sweep of food and fodder. They were especially smart in discovering the hidden stores and the cattle that had been driven off by the inhabitants, in which they were often helped by the black people, a bevy of whom, mounted on mules, had gradually collected and followed us into "freedom." Our meals were, of course, very irregular, and more remarkable for simplicity than variety; but, while we sometimes went to sleep or started off in the morning without a meal, we got along well enough. I certainly enjoyed the adventurous life, which was to me a repetition of my Colorado days.

One exciting incident impressed itself especially on my mind. While we were riding one afternoon with the advance, a private asked leave to fall out for a certain purpose. He tied his horse to a fence and climbed over the latter into a corn-field. In about five minutes we heard a shot from the direction of the field. Fearing at once that something had happened to the man, we stopped and sent back a platoon for him. Soon afterward one of the latter

galloped up with the news that the poor fellow had been found shot dead. It being evidently a case of stealthy murder, we at once returned to the scene, and there the Colonel decided to make an example. We made for the dwelling of the owner of the farm, where only women and children seemed to be. We could get nothing out of them, but a male slave, when threatened, confessed that young "Massa" had fired the shot. Thereupon, all human beings and animals were ordered out of the buildings, which were immediately set on fire and burned down in less than an hour. Stern retribution like this, and even sterner, had become a necessity, owing to the frequent assassinations that had occurred in middle Tennessee during the summer. The worst outrage of this kind was the murder of General Robert L. McCook (whom I mentioned as colonel of the 9th Ohio, in connection with the battle of Mill Springs) while going to a railroad station in an ambulance, on sick-leave. General Buell had issued orders to hang at once every civilian caught as a guerrilla, and Colonel McCook's command had inflicted the death penalty in five cases already.

According to instructions, we had made our way to and beyond McMinnville. Some twelve miles to the east of that place, our scouts brought us the positive intelligence that Bragg's army was moving to the north over the road leading through Spencer and Sparta to Carthage on the Tennessee River, and was already near the latter. We at once started back with this important news, and, on reaching McMinnville—a rather pretty and substantial town of several thousand inhabitants—the Colonel reported it by wire to the army headquarters. Like the rest of the army, we also were ordered to Murfreesboro', and marched there in two days. We passed through a rich agricultural country, one large plantation with fine brick dwellings and out-buildings succeeding another. The road was a well-macadamized highway. As the brigade had met its wagon train at McMinnville and drawn commissary

and quartermaster supplies, our "freebooter" days came to an end.

The converging movement to Murfreesboro' of the different parts of the army was substantially completed on September 5. But Colonel McCook's report of Bragg's northward passage, which was confirmed from other sources, and the alarming news, received about the same time, of the bad defeat of General Nelson in eastern Kentucky, had at last brought the real situation home to General Buell, viz., that his adversary was fast executing a bold flanking march into central Kentucky, with Louisville doubtless as the objective-point, and that there was nothing left but to try and beat him in a race for the Ohio River. Hence the army did not tarry at all at Murfreesboro', but, in obedience to general orders, immediately continued on in forced marches to Nashville and thence on to the north. I rejoined McCook's division near Murfreesboro'—which proved to be quite a pleasant, compactly built-up little town—again to share its fortunes for almost two months.

With General Buell's cold, impassive nature and habitual reserve and reticence, any strong expression of feeling could hardly be expected from him, but those who came in contact with him in those days perceived, nevertheless, that he was greatly afflicted by the turn of events. It could not well be otherwise, for what was happening meant nothing less than a forced change from the offensive to the defensive, which, in spite of whatever explanations might be offered by him, would have the appearance of a compulsory retreat, and was sure to be looked upon as such by the Government, the public, and his own army. Furthermore, there was the undeniable discredit and humiliation of the involuntary abandonment of much of the fruit of the great expenditure of life, labor, and money during the summer in occupying rebel territory, incessant fighting on a small scale, repairing railroads, and doing a vast amount of other hard work. The distrust of Buell as an army commander, of which the battle of Shiloh and the siege of Corinth had

relieved him, now set in again more strongly than before. The necessity of following Bragg's lead back to where they had started from, naturally had a very dispiriting influence upon the commanders under him. As we shall see, it demoralized also the rank and file to a dangerous extent. Anxiety as to the new campaign about to be entered upon pervaded the whole army. I confess that I shared the general depression.

McCook's division formed the rear of the army. We left Murfreesboro' early on the morning of September 7, with 11,000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, and an enormous train of 750 wagons, forming a column over ten miles long. The heat was great, and we rode nearly all the time in clouds of dust, but had accomplished our severe task of thirty miles at 11 P.M. of the same day, and went into camp within two miles and a half of Nashville. General McCook himself proceeded to General Buell's headquarters, and there at midnight received orders to cross the Cumberland the next day and march as fast as possible toward Franklin in Kentucky. General Buell announced his determination to start at once, with the divisions of McCook, Crittenden, Ammen, Wood, Rousseau, and Mitchel, in pursuit of Bragg, who was reported to be marching from Carthage to Glasgow, fifty miles north of the former place and ninety-five miles from Nashville. General Thomas, with his own, Negley's, and Palmer's divisions, was to be left behind for the defence of Nashville, which was to be held at all hazards. General McCook advised him to abandon the city, and asked as a special favor to be allowed to burn it "as the most treasonable secession nest" in the whole South, but Buell would not entertain this radical suggestion. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad remained broken up from Nashville to within fifty miles of Louisville, so that human legs and animals formed our sole reliance for transportation. As only half-rations could be allowed for the march, it was a question whether the powers of endurance of man and beast would prove equal to the task.

We were in motion again in the morning, passed the river, and had marched some miles to the north of it on the Franklin turnpike, when instructions from Buell overtook us to halt till further orders. In the evening an order came to hurry to Edgefield Junction to the support of the division of General Ammen, who believed the enemy was approaching him in force. Instead of sleeping, we had a night's march of it, reaching the Junction at two in the morning, only to find that there had been a false alarm. During the following forenoon, we again got under way as the head of the army for Franklin and Bowling Green. General Buell and staff overtook us and rode with us all day. He hoped, by forcing the marching of his command to the utmost, to come up with the enemy between Glasgow and Bowling Green, in the direction of which point the rebel cavalry advance was reported to be going from Glasgow, with the bulk of Bragg's army following closely behind it. But there was a difference of thirty-five miles in distance, and apparently two days' time in addition, in Bragg's favor, so that the outcome of the race was uncertain, and everybody felt anxious. It took us three more days' marching to reach Bowling Green, where we stopped for two days in order to give the other divisions time to come up. The last of these joined us on the evening of the 15th. On the 16th, the army started again in three columns over as many different roads toward Glasgow, prepared to attack the enemy whenever encountered. But our advance cavalry reported the same evening that Bragg had left Glasgow and moved directly upon Munfordville. Our route of march was at once changed, and Cave City and Horse Wells, ten miles from Munfordville, made the next day. There we had a most discouraging surprise. The whole garrison of Munfordville, over two thousand infantry, came into our lines disarmed as paroled prisoners of war. They had shamefully surrendered in the morning to Bragg, after some resistance. Though they held a very strong position, their cowardly commanders allowed themselves to be fright-

ened into a capitulation by the threats and display of force of the rebel general.

This scandalous incident produced a thrill of disgust and discouragement in our army. However, we pushed on towards Munfordville the next day, and found that the enemy was still there. Thus we had at least the satisfaction of having overtaken him, owing to his delay at Munfordville, which was some compensation for the surrender. We felt the rebel position on the 19th and 20th. Bragg withdrew the next day, his rear guard being driven out of the town by our advance. Our army followed him closely, and skirmishing was kept up with his rear constantly on the following three days, up to a point within thirty-five miles of Louisville, when he changed his direction to the east towards Bardstown, with a view, as became subsequently known, of effecting a junction with the forces of General Kirby Smith, approaching from eastern Kentucky in the so-called "Blue Grass" region. Bragg's deflection opened the way to Louisville to Buell, and he decided, as part of his command had exhausted its supplies and urgently needed replenishment of clothing and footwear, and as, moreover, a large body of fresh troops was gathered there from which he could fill his depleted ranks, to push as rapidly as posible for that city, and start from it upon a new campaign against Bragg.

McCook's division was continuously in motion, with the exception of two days' halt at Prewitt's Knob, between Bowling Green and Louisville. It made the distance of one hundred and twenty miles in seven marching days, of which the last three were the hardest; twenty-four, twenty-three, and twenty-one miles respectively being made. The division not having the lead of the army, nothing noteworthy happened during that week, and I do not deem it worth my while to give the uninteresting details of our marching experience. Two nights we slept on the floor in farm-houses, but the rest of the week we had to bivouac. As the rebels had stripped the country ahead of us, we were limited to

the scanty army fare we brought along. Notwithstanding the insufficient food, the troops bore the hardships of the long march—there was an average of about one hundred and eighty-five miles made by them between Nashville and Louisville—remarkably well. There was considerable straggling in search of food, but the percentage of footsore and sick was low. We were favored by magnificent fall weather, moderately warm during the day and not too cool at night. When within ten miles of Louisville, I rode ahead of the division over the familiar highway and drew up in front of the Galt House at 10 P.M. on September 27. The old night clerk was at his post, but he did not recognize me with my dust-begrimed countenance and full-grown beard, and, evidently distrusting my general vagabondish appearance, replied to my application for a room: "We are all full." But he changed his tone at once when I mentioned my name, and had me escorted to a good bedroom on the top floor. My trunks were sent up—nearly eight months had gone by since I had locked them—and I once more enjoyed the long-missed luxury of a choice of under- and upperwear. It was high time that I did, for my Memphis outfit was fast giving out, and I had not been out of my dust-crusted clothes for ten days. My first indulgence was a hot bath, and the next a hearty supper, followed by eleven hours' sleep.

CHAPTER XIX

The Perryville Campaign.—1862

NEXT morning I wrote up my notes made during the march, and, after noon, set out in search of McCook's division, which I found encamped near the Jefferson ferry. I also called on my Louisville friends and received a hearty welcome from them. They expressed the intense anxiety which the loyalists had undergone for a fortnight, owing to the steady approach of Bragg's army. Nor did they feel at ease after our arrival, for they had lost all faith in General Buell, and believed that he had been entirely outgeneralled by the rebel commander. In the course of the evening, I learned from the chief of staff, Colonel Fry, that the army was expected to move anew against Bragg within a few days, which put an end to my plan of visiting Cincinnati.

The invasion of Kentucky by Bragg's army had been preceded in the middle of August by the advance from eastern Tennessee into the State of a rebel force of about fifteen thousand men under General Kirby Smith. Crossing the Cumberland Mountains through two passes to the east of Cumberland Gap, he had turned the Federal force of about 10,000 men under General Morgan at the latter point and moved unopposed toward the "Blue Grass" country. About the same time, another rebel body, of about four thousand, under General Humphrey Marshall (a member of the prominent Kentucky family of the same name, who, in spite of his very fat body, displayed great physical energy and mobility), had entered the State from western Virginia, seeking a junction with Kirby Smith. John Mor-

gan, the notorious rebel raider, was also coursing again through central Kentucky.

General Nelson, detached from his division by General Buell and ordered to Kentucky to clear it of guerrillas and raiders before Kirby Smith's appearance on the scene, reported to Major-General Wright at Louisville, and was sent by him at once to Lexington to take command of all the troops in that vicinity. They consisted of about ten infantry regiments from Indiana and Ohio and a Kentucky cavalry regiment, most of them just organized, with perfectly raw officers and men, a large portion of whom were going through their first drill. They numbered between seven and eight thousand men. Kirby Smith reached their advanced posts on August 29, and drove them and their supports steadily before him upon the main body at Richmond, some twenty miles south of Lexington. He attacked the Unionists there with his whole force the next day, and, after driving them from position to position, completely overwhelmed them. The routed Federals lost nearly half their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners, the remainder fleeing in the greatest disorder, and without stopping, through Lexington to Louisville. This victory gave Kirby Smith the choice of an unobstructed advance, either upon Louisville or Cincinnati. He marched toward the latter city, and came within six miles of the Ohio River. His approach caused the greatest consternation, not only in Cincinnati, but throughout Ohio and Indiana. Martial law was proclaimed in the Queen City, and preparations pushed night and day for her defence.

The indignation and rage of the Kentucky loyalists and the authorities and people of the two other States over the new rebel invasion was intense, and centred upon General Buell. In the press and at public meetings he was denounced, not only for his incapacity to cope with his rebel adversaries, but for his alleged sympathy for the South and consequent half-heartedness in waging war against it. Hot demands for his removal were made upon the President

and Secretary of War by the Governors and members of Congress from the threatened States. The President resisted till Buell was obliged to follow Bragg back to the Ohio River, when he finally yielded to the rising pressure. An order was delivered to General Buell, on the morning after his arrival at Louisville, by a staff officer of General Halleck sent especially for that purpose, requiring him to turn his command over to General Thomas. General Thomas simultaneously received an order to assume command, but immediately telegraphed a request to Washington that the orders be countermanded and that General Buell be retained, to which the President assented. I learned this portentous news about noon on the 29th, but, secrecy being enjoined, I made no use of it. It became known, of course, to the general officers under Buell, and brought out divided opinions as to the justice and propriety, in the then situation, of his removal. It naturally had the effect of weakening his authority, and led, as I personally had occasion to observe, to still louder criticism of him.

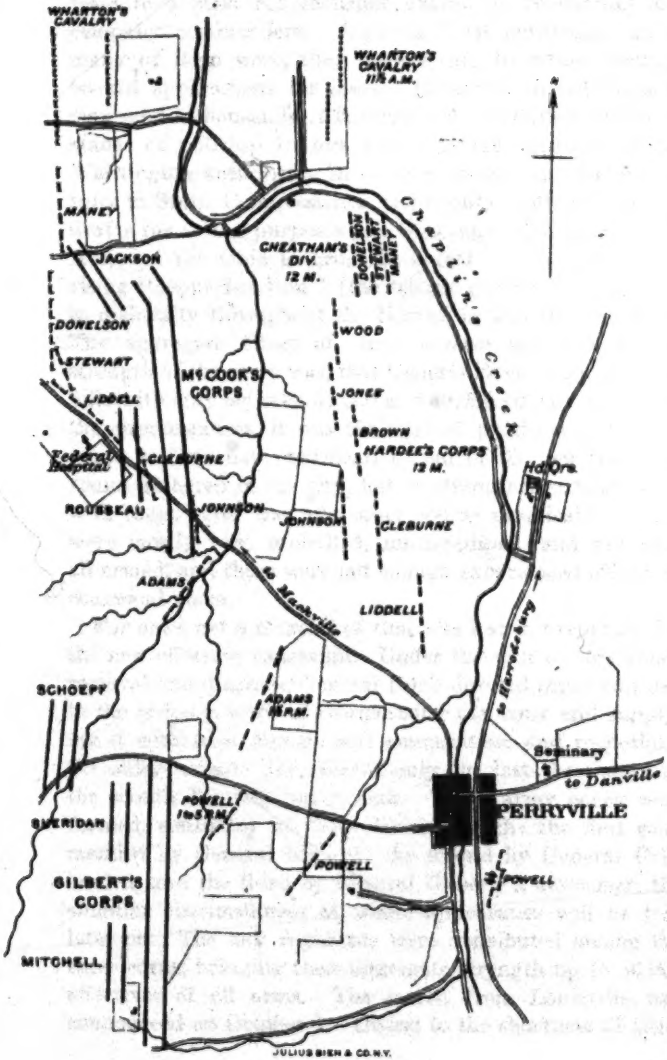
Owing not only to this surprise, but to a terrible tragedy enacted almost under my eyes, September 29th will always be literally a red-letter day in my recollection. I was just finishing breakfast in the hotel dining-room on the ground floor when I heard the sound of a shot coming from the large entrance hall directly in front. I hurried out, and learned to my horror that General Jefferson C. Davis had shot General Nelson with a revolver, and that the victim was being led to his room, toward which I hastened. He was just able to reach it with the support of two friends, only to sink on the bed with life fast ebbing away. The bullet had penetrated the left breast near the heart. There he lay, bodily a giant among men, reminding one of a dying lion. A clerical friend of the General, who happened to be in the hotel, appearing, I retired. In ten minutes death ensued. This dreadful end was caused by Nelson's violent temper. After the disaster at Lexington, he had been ordered by Major-General Wright to take charge of the de-

fence of Louisville. General Davis, who commanded one of the divisions sent by General Grant to General Buell but had been at home on sick-leave, on finding himself unable to join it, owing to the interruption of communications, had reported a week before for duty to Nelson, who placed him over a body of militia known as the "home guards." Nelson was not satisfied with the way he filled this function, relieved him from duty after a violent scene, and ordered him to report to General Wright at Cincinnati. The latter sent him back to Louisville, where he had arrived the day before. At the fatal moment, General Nelson was standing with Governor Morton of Indiana in front of the office counter, when General Davis approached and asked him to apologize for his rude behavior when he removed him from command. General Nelson refused to listen and turned away. Davis, who was a small, frail-looking man, followed him and insisted upon an apology. Nelson thereupon called him a puppy and struck him in the face. Davis at once went for a revolver, re-approached Nelson, and fired it at a distance of only a few feet. That Nelson's conduct was utterly unjustified and brutal, admits of no doubt. Indeed, his excitable temper made him too often play the part of a bully, although he was really good-natured and kind-hearted. The awful event made a sensation in the army and throughout the country, but Davis was released from arrest without a trial.

General Buell found a motley mass of about twenty thousand officers and men at Louisville, consisting of newly organized regiments from several Western States, of men discharged from hospitals or returning from furloughs and trying to reach their commands. There was great need of this accession of force. For, in truth, not a single regiment in his army had more than half of the officers and men on its muster-rolls present for duty, while a number had not more than one-third. The causes of this depletion were disease, straggling, desertion (very few to the enemy, but many to Northern homes), and the furloughing which was prac-

tised to a most reprehensible extent by regimental and company commanders. Aspiring local politicians, as so many of them were, they were afraid to refuse strongly backed applications for leave. Moreover, incredible as it may sound, thousands of furloughs were granted, at the instance of political leaders and with the approval of the Washington authorities, in order to assure satisfactory results in State, Congressional, and county elections. Heavy drafts for voting purposes had been especially made on the Army of the Ohio in order to defeat the dangerous and rising "copperheadism" (the telling generic term applied to disloyalty throughout the North) in Indiana and Ohio. The aggregate effect of these several sappings of the strength of the army was, that General Buell reached Louisville with only between 37,000 and 40,000 effectives. Under the circumstances, it was the part of prudence not to attempt to form new organizations out of the new troops he found gathered in the city, but to strengthen existing ones with them. Nor was any other course practicable. They were mostly raw, undrilled, undisciplined, and not even all armed, and there were not enough experienced officers to command them.

For once, not a moment of time was lost in preparing for the new offensive campaign. Under the spur of threatened removal and disgrace, General Buell devoted night and day to the arduous work of reorganizing the army and supplying it with food, forage, and ammunition, and re-clothing the older troops. He allowed only the last three days of the month for this heavy task. Three army corps were formed, consisting of three divisions each: the first commanded by General McCook, the second by General Crittenden, and the third by General Gilbert, a newcomer, the singular circumstances of whose appearance will be told later on. The new regiments were distributed among the three corps, bringing their aggregate strength up to 58,000 effectives of all arms. The march from Louisville was commenced on October 1. Owing to the shortness of time,


WHARTON'S CAVALRY
WHARTON'S CAVALRY 11½ A.M.
MANEY
JACKSON
CHEATHAM'S DIV. 12 M.
DONELSON
STEWART
MANEY
CREPE'S CREEK
DONELSON
STEWART
LIDDELL
McCOOK'S CORPS
WOOD
JONES
BROWN
HARDEE'S CORPS 12 M.
Hd Qrs.
Federal Hospital
CLEBURNE
ROUSSEAU
JOHNSON
JOHNSON
CLEBURNE
ADAMS
to Nashville
LIDDELL
to Harrodsburg
SCHOEPF
ADAMS 10 A.M.
Seminary
to Danville
PERRYVILLE
POWELL 1to5 P.M.
SHERIDAN
POWELL
POWELL
GILBERT'S CORPS
MITCHELL
JULIUS BIEN & CO. N.Y.

it had been impossible, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, to issue a full supply of clothing and footwear and canteens and haversacks to all the troops that needed them. The army moved in the lightest marching order. No baggage was allowed to be taken along, for either officers or men, and I set out with a roll of blankets strapped to my horse and one change of underclothing and toilet utensils in my saddle-bags. Only one wagon per regiment was allowed for officers' blankets and rations, and one other for cooking-utensils for the rank and file.

I obtained leave to accompany General McCook and staff again. I naturally felt most at home there, and should have better facilities for my work than before, owing to the higher command of the General. Our corps formed the left wing of the army. On leaving Louisville it divided. The second division, now commanded by General Sill, took the road to Frankfort, while the third, under General Rousseau, and the tenth, under General Jackson, consisting mainly of new regiments, with the corps headquarters, took the road to Bardstown. After following this for six miles, we took another, bearing to the left toward Taylorsville. We camped for the night, after marching about twenty miles. The next day we reached Taylorsville on the Salt River. Despite the fall season, a July heat prevailed, the roads were dusty, and water was scarce, owing to the extremely dry summer. We rested at Taylorsville on the 3d, and the next continued on to the town of Bloomfield, where we bivouacked for two days. On the 6th, we made a short march of seven miles to the Chaplin River, and on the 7th we pushed a few miles further on to Mackville. Thanks to the kindness of my friends of General McCook's staff, I slept in houses every night but one, and had enough to eat. The unseasonable heat and constant dust on the road were as trying to me as to everybody else.

We knew we were nearing the enemy, Bragg's main force, and advanced cautiously, with flankers and skirmishers thrown out. From the 2d, the latter came in touch

with detachments of rebel cavalry and artillery, and frequently exchanged shots with them as they fell back. About two in the morning of the 8th, our headquarters were roused by an order from General Buell to move the corps at 3 A.M. to a position near Perryville. The Commander-in-chief had discovered, through a reconnoissance in force, that the enemy was in great strength between him and Perryville and evidently forming for battle, and he took his measures accordingly to get the three corps into a strong connected line during the night. Owing to the darkness, it was impossible to get the order distributed and the divisions under way before 5 A.M. Shortly afterward, we heard the continuous booming of artillery, which electrified the troops—being the first real sound of battle we had heard since Corinth—and quickened our movements. The ground on which the two divisions (the third had not yet rejoined the corps) were to form a line, about three miles northeast of Perryville, was reached between 10 and 11 A.M. We found troops of Gilbert's corps already there, and proceeded to select a line starting from its left. Everybody expected hard fighting. The day was to be, indeed, a most bloody one for McCook's command. The troops could not be said to be in good fighting condition. For several days men and animals had suffered severely from heat and dust, and, most of all, from the scarcity of water; on the 7th, hardly any was obtained. The line of battle crossed Doctor's Creek, a tributary of Chaplin River, but it contained water only in pools, access to which the rebels were evidently bent on preventing.

It appears from the official rebel reports that Bragg's reason for turning, as already mentioned, from the direct route to Louisville towards Bardstown, in an easterly direction, was that Kirby Smith's corps was unable to join him for a direct movement on the city, and that he did not feel strong enough alone to attempt its capture with Buell at his heels. Smith's force had been sent off for a vain effort to intercept the command of the Union General Mor-

gan, in its retreat from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River through eastern Kentucky. Bragg moved leisurely into the Blue Grass region with the triple object of feeding his hungry troops on the abundance of that fat land, of awaiting the return of Kirby Smith's command, and of installing at Frankfort, the capital, the so-called "provisional government" for the State that had been organized by local rebels since his appearance in it. The inauguration proved a great farce. It took place at the State capitol in the presence of Bragg and many rebel generals and other officers, on October 4, but the new Governor sought safety in retreat immediately after the ceremony, in company with Bragg, on learning of the rapid approach of the Union army. According to Bragg's account, one of the leading motives of his movement into Kentucky was the strong assurance of leading rebel sympathizers that the people would rise in a body to welcome their Southern brethren as liberators from the Northern yoke. Utter disappointment awaited him in this respect. As he said in his report to the Richmond War Department: "The campaign here was predicated on a belief and the most positive assurances that the people of Kentucky would rise in mass and assert their independence. No people ever had so favorable an opportunity, but I am distressed to add there was little or no disposition to avail of it."

Bragg was evidently surprised by Buell's early start from Louisville against him, of which he claims to have had information on October 2. On that day he sent orders to General Polk to move from Bardstown toward Frankfort and strike Buell in flank and rear, and General Kirby Smith was ordered at the same time to make a front attack. General Polk submitted his orders to a council of generals, who agreed with him that they could not be executed, and, accordingly, they were not. On being informed of this, Bragg countermanded his order to General Smith, and decided to effect a concentration of his forces further south. The action of General Polk led subsequently to an angry

controversy between him and the generals who had supported him, and General Bragg; the latter contending that, but for this disobedience of his orders, Buell's whole army would surely have been beaten in detail. Having been informed in the meantime that the Union army was still advancing in three separate columns over as many different roads, he thought there was another opportunity to try the same game that Polk had failed to carry out. On October 6 he issued orders to Polk to attack the Union right, and, after overwhelming it, to join Smith in disposing of the hostile centre and left. Thus was brought on the collision known as the battle of "Perryville" or "Chaplin Hills."

The field of action lay mainly in the angle formed by Chaplin River and Doctor's Creek. It consisted of rolling ground, with undulations here and there, high enough to be called "hills," the summits of which commanded wide views. On one of these, McCook's corps headquarters were established. In the clear sunlight we looked upon an attractive and diversified scene of numerous farm-houses rising from large fields of ripe corn, alternating with more or less extensive patches of timber. The sight was literally one of peace and plenty—alas! to be instantly exchanged for the roar and carnage of battle.

As mentioned, we heard the sounds of fighting as we moved towards our position on the morning of the 8th. They were due to a lively skirmish between Colonel Daniel McCook's (a brother of General McCook) brigade of General Sheridan's division of Gilbert's corps and the advance of the enemy. Sheridan had reached the ground late on the preceding evening and had ordered Colonel McCook to occupy the height on the east side of Doctor's Creek, so as to command what water there was in it. The hill was in possession of the rebels, who resisted stubbornly, but finally yielded after a lively exchange of musketry and artillery fire. During the early forenoon the reënforced enemy tried to retake the position, but gave it up after a protracted artillery practice.

On reaching the ground, General McCook assigned General Rousseau's division to a position connecting with Gilbert's left, and ordered a line of skirmishers to be thrown forward to examine the woods on his left and front. He also sent an aide to General Jackson, and, in compliance with orders, galloped off to report in person to General Buell, whose headquarters were about two and a half miles to the rear, near Gilbert's left. The Commander-in-chief had had a severe fall from his horse two days before and could not move about, and this circumstance had an unfortunate bearing upon the fate of the day. McCook was verbally directed to make a reconnoissance towards the Chaplin River, and rode back at once to execute it. As Buell himself says, in his official report, he had rather expected an attack on Gilbert's corps early in the morning, when it was still alone on the ground; but, none having been made and McCook being now also in position, he did not believe that the enemy would make an offensive attempt during the remainder of the day.

I remained with General Rousseau during the absence of General McCook. The "feeling" for the enemy not having discovered him in front, Rousseau decided to move his line forward nearer to the Chaplin River, so as to procure water for the parched throats of his men. After moving about half a mile, we stopped, as there were renewed indications of the appearance of the enemy in the woods in front of us. Rousseau rode forward some distance to reconnoitre; I followed him and shared his experience during the following dreadful hours. We saw directly a moving rebel force. In a few minutes its approach was signalled by the sudden opening of a rain of shells, apparently from several massed batteries, upon us. The General at once ordered two of his batteries to return the fire. Thereupon, at least twenty-four guns sent whizzing and exploding missiles at each other by and over us as a roaring prelude to the sanguinary battle that was thus begun at about 1:30 P.M.

Messengers from our cavalry pickets and skirmish line now reported the approach of heavy columns of rebel infantry and artillery. Rousseau at once rode back to prepare for the shock. To his right brigade, Colonel Lytle's, he sent orders by an aide. The centre and left brigades, under Colonels Harris and Starkweather, he put in position himself. He caused two batteries to be so stationed on adjacent heights as to give a cross fire upon the advancing enemy. These dispositions having been made, we hurried back from the left to the centre of the division, which, we could clearly see, a mighty rebel column was about to strike.

Meantime, General McCook, finding Rousseau's line advanced when he reached the front again, had ordered part of the 33d Ohio regiment of Harris's brigade as skirmishers into the woods before its line, and then hastened to find General Jackson, his other division commander, to direct him to make his line conform to Rousseau's. Hearing musketry fire from the woods mentioned, he galloped back to Harris's front, and ordered the remainder of the 33d Ohio and the 2d Ohio to the support of the skirmishers. Thus Rousseau found part of his centre engaged on [illegible] return from the left. The formidable proportions of the rebel attack being now fully developed, he led another of Harris's regiments, the 24th Illinois, forward in person, in line of battle, till it reached the left of the 33d Ohio. I followed him and soon heard the whistling of bullets, first scatteringly and then continuously about us. Just then we were shocked by an ill-boding sight on our left. Another rebel column had pushed obliquely, like a wedge, against the right of Jackson's division, consisting of a brigade of raw men. The sheets of fire and hail of lead which rapidly burst forth from it on coming within firing distance were too much for the Federals. We plainly saw the brigade break and fly rearward in utter confusion, drawing the other brigade with them. The panic was due in part to the killing of General Jackson by the first rebel

volley. Here was another striking reminder of Bull Run and Pittsburg Landing. The direction from which this terrible assault had come, made it clear that the enemy's plan was to roll up our line from left to right, and he had certainly begun its execution most threateningly.

Leaving Colonel Harris to lead his two remaining regiments, the 38th Indiana and 94th Illinois, to the support of the three already under fire, Rousseau galloped once more to his left, now imperilled by Jackson's disaster. Colonel Starkweather was ordered to open an enfilading fire with his two batteries, which was done promptly, but did not at first check the advancing enemy, who, despite the gaps torn through their ranks by our shot and shell, approached steadily, loading and discharging volley after volley from their small arms while advancing. At this stage of the combat, an incident happened that has always remained fresh in my mind. The 1st Wisconsin Infantry, although already within range of the rebel musketry and losing officers and men, when they recognized General Rousseau stuck their caps on their swords and bayonets, and, waving their arms over their heads, broke out into rousing cheers for him and shouts of defiance at the enemy. Rousseau, feeling that he was defending the key of our position and that the fate of the corps, and even of the army, would turn upon his successful resistance, remained close to the scene of this struggle. I dismounted and watched the course of the fighting for over an hour. The atmosphere was so clear and the sun shone so brightly that, barring momentary obscuration by the powder smoke, every move of assailants and assailed could be clearly perceived with the naked eye or the field-glass from the commanding point where we stood. We could see the victims drop, seemingly by the scores, on both sides, under the effect of the rapid exchange of volleys by regiments. Soon the flow of wounded to the rear indicated the severity of our losses. We could trace distinctly our shot and shells as they tore gaps through the rebel ranks, while the hostile missiles whirled past or burst

above us. We were so near that we heard the peculiar pattering noise of falling bullets. We were all struck with the desperate valor of the rebels. Led by mounted officers, their broad columns came to the attack in quick movement and with death-defying steadiness, uttering wild yells, till, staggered by the sweeping cross-fire of our artillery and the volleys from Starkweather's regiments, they fell back to the shelter of corn-fields and breaks of the ground. But again and again, with revived pluck, they returned to the charge, to be again checked by our batteries and steadfast infantry. Gradually they gained ground, however, and the fire of their guns and musketry grew hotter and hotter. Still our line stood, and every once in a while a cheer arose from it above the din of battle. Towards four o'clock, the report came that the ammunition of our men was giving out, and that they were reduced to what they took from the cartridge-boxes of their dead and wounded comrades. When this was exhausted, they stood receiving fire without being able to return it. Then, owing to what had happened to the centre and right of the division, an order reached them to fall back to the position first assigned to them in the morning by General McCook. The brigade left one-third of their number in killed and wounded on the field. Its two batteries were brought off, although one of them had had nearly all its horses killed.

About the hour named, a message reached Rousseau asking him to meet General McCook at a farm-house in the rear of the centre of the corps. Being anxious to learn the course of the action in other parts of the field, and feeling very hungry and thirsty, and hoping to find something to eat and drink—not a swallow of water or anything else had passed my lips all day—I galloped there with him. On reaching the house, we discovered that General McCook had left, as the enemy, having worked around our right, had planted a battery directly in line of the house and was shelling it furiously. We had instant proof that it was a most dangerous place, since four shells exploded

at once above us as we halted in front of it. The location of this hostile battery made Rousseau anxious for the safety of his right and centre, and he determined to return at once to his front, and sent word to that effect to General McCook by an orderly, whom I concluded to accompany.

We found the corps commander some distance further to the rear, in a very excited and perturbed state of mind, as he well might be in the awful predicament of finding himself on the verge of a complete rout of his corps. His chief-of-staff told me hurriedly that the whole corps had been assailed by overwhelming numbers, that the centre was being forced back and the right turned, that appeals for aid had been made more than an hour before through staff officers to the nearest division commander of General Gilbert's corps, but that no reinforcements had yet appeared, and that there was imminent danger of a disaster. I further learned that the General and staff had been separated from the corps headquarters since his visit to Buell. It turned out that, owing to the general retrograde movement of the corps, the vehicles attached to it had fallen into the hands of the enemy, including the mess-wagon and the field-carriage with the general's and staff's papers and baggage, and my own saddle-bags containing my toilet utensils and changes of underclothing. Owing to this mishap, I got no food, but only a mouthful of brandy and water from the flask of an aide-de-camp.

I have told in the foregoing what I saw myself of the action. The following narrative of the other occurrences of the day is taken mainly from my report of the battle to the New York *Tribune*, which was made up at the time from accounts of eye and ear witnesses.

The enemy, intent upon rolling up the line of McCook's corps from left to right, and having made no further progress against the left after their first success in driving Jackson's division from its position, next tried to break the centre. But Harris's brigade, as well as Stark-

weather's, withstood their repeated, determined onsets in great force. They also held their ground firmly until after all the cartridge-boxes of the living and dead and wounded had been emptied, and withdrew only when the rest of our line fell back. The brigade on the right, under Colonel Lytle, was assailed at the same time and as vigorously as the centre. It succeeded, however, in repulsing every front attack up to between four and five o'clock, when a strong column of the enemy, concealed by the undulations of the ground, managed to pass around its right, and suddenly, almost without warning, fell upon the flank and rear of the brigade and drove it before them in much disorder. Colonel Lytle was severely wounded and taken prisoner. This turning movement would not have been possible if General Gilbert had not ordered General Sheridan to fall back for half a mile from the position Colonel David McCook's brigade had wrested from the enemy in the morning, in which it had connected with Lytle's right. The rebel success involved the gravest peril to McCook's whole corps—indeed, threatened it with utter defeat and destruction. This calamity would surely have befallen it had not, at the critical moment, the rebel move against Lytle been arrested by counter-attacks from Gilbert's corps. How this came about will best appear from the following extract from my account of the battle in the *Tribune:*

General McCook states that at 3 P.M. he dispatched Captain Horace W. Fisher of his staff to the nearest commander of troops for assistance. He first met General Schoepf marching at the head of his division, and reported his condition to him. General Schoepf expressed a desire to act at once, as he was moving to the front under orders for that same purpose. He requested Captain Fisher to see General Gilbert, the commander of the corps, who was riding with the column. Gilbert said that he was very sorry to learn that General McCook was in so pressed a condition, but that he could not send him reinforcements without special orders from General Buell. Owing to the delay in first hunting for General Gilbert and next in finding General Buell, the aide-de-

camp did not succeed in reporting the precarious plight of the first corps to the latter until nearly four o'clock. General Buell stepped out of his tent, held his ear towards the scene of action, listened for a few moments, and then, turning sharply to Captain Fisher, exclaimed: "Captain, you must be mistaken. I cannot hear any sound of musketry. There cannot be any serious engagement."

Captain Fisher thus returned without any assurance of reinforcements. Shortly after he had left the army headquarters, however, General Buell concluded, after all, to inquire into the alleged "serious engagement," and sent Major Wright of his staff to ascertain whether General McCook really needed assistance and to direct General Gilbert to furnish it. But the latter had already acted before the Major reached him, in response to another and more urgent appeal from McCook through another staff officer, and ordered Colonel Gooding's brigade of General Mitchell's division with the Fifth Wisconsin battery to the relief of Rousseau. When he received Buell's order, he sent another brigade of Schoepf's division forward for the same purpose. Gooding's brigade tried to come in touch with Rousseau's retreating right, but failed to do so owing to the remnants of Lytle's brigade having fallen back nearly a mile before rallying, and became hotly engaged with the enemy. It was assailed by far superior numbers, but withstood until nearly dark, when, finding itself unsupported on either side, it fell back upon the corps line after losing over five hundred in killed and wounded out of a total of only 1423 engaged. Its commander had his horse shot under him and fell into the hands of the enemy.

The reinforcing brigade under General Steedman from Schoepf's division arrived on the field at dark, too late to do any good.

Simultaneously with the turning movement around Lytle's right, part of the rebel forces again attacked Colonel McCook's brigade, on Sheridan's left, in order to dislodge Hiscock's large battery of Parrott guns that was directing an effective enfilading fire from a very advantageous position upon the hostile infantry and batteries. But McCook's men repelled the two onsets. General Sheridan and Colonel McCook from their standpoint clearly observed the course of the rebel flanking column, and un-

derstood the danger it brought to McCook's corps. As it passed along their front, they were eager to strike it in the flank, which they could have done most effectively, but they were held back by orders from General Gilbert, and chafed in vain at the loss of this fine chance of changing the fortunes of the day. It is easy to comprehend the bitterness and pain that Colonel McCook and his younger brother John felt, as they saw their brother's command apparently doomed, without being permitted to help him. The older brother did not hesitate, during and after the battle, to proclaim loudly that the flanking operation was invited and made practicable by their change of position under the orders of Gilbert.

The rebel wave that had swept away Lytle and struck Gooding was, however, stayed and forced back during the last hour of daylight. Having passed by Sheridan and reached Mitchell's front with their left and rear fully exposed, the latter division commander, not being under restraining orders, seized the opportunity and ordered Colonel Carlin to attack the enemy with his brigade. Carlin (a regular-army officer, who subsequently distinguished himself as a cavalry commander) immediately moved forward, and, reaching the brow of a hill, discovered the rebels directly before him. He formed his brigade and led a charge at the double quick with enthusiastic cheers, and succeeded, after a short resistance of the enemy, in breaking through his line. The rebels broke and fled in confusion, Carlin following them for nearly two miles to and through the town of Perryville, and then, retracing his steps to the field of action, captured close to the town a heavy ammunition train with its guard of 150 officers and men. This was the last incident of the sanguinary day. Nightfall put an end to hostilities on both sides.

The result of the day was unquestionably a decided rebel success. The enemy had driven McCook's whole line back from a mile and a half to two miles, and inflicted a loss of 39 officers and 806 men killed, 94 officers and 2757 men

wounded, and 515 missing—a total of 4211, of which the First Corps alone lost 29 officers and 643 men killed, 66 officers and 2136 men wounded, and 425 missing—a total of 3299, or more than three-quarters of the entire loss. Eleven guns and much booty were also taken by the rebels from the corps. This is sufficient proof that McCook's command bore the brunt of the fight. In fact, it fought the battle. Rousseau's division had 7000, Jackson's 5500 effectives. The greater portion of the latter were stampeded, as we have seen, at the beginning of the battle, so that hardly more than 9000 men remained fighting in line, to which, towards the close, Gooding's 1400 and Carlin's 2000 were added. As usual, both the Union and Confederate commanders, in their official reports, claim to have been attacked by from two to three and four times the number of their troops. Bragg's official account proves that the rebels had only three divisions of infantry with about 14,500 effectives engaged. But, as their attacks were made in massed bodies of two or three brigades against certain points of our line, there was good ground for saying that the assailants attacked with greatly superior numbers.

It is the simple truth that to the "daring charges" of his infantry, as General Bragg justly calls them, the triumph of the rebel arms was due. But it is equally true that their commanders ran the greatest risk in acting on the assumption that only one Federal corps was confronting them, and that they owed their escape from the severest punishment for this hardihood to faults of omission and commission on our side. The enemy rushed, in unconscious recklessness, into the trap which the convergence of our three corps upon Perryville really formed for him, and he owed it partly to accident and partly to our mistakes and blunders that it was not sprung on him. It is enough to state the astounding fact that not far from forty thousand muskets and some eighty pieces of artillery of our army never fired a shot during the whole day. We had,

indeed, such an abundance of forces gathered so near to Perryville that, had there been but a proper perception of our opportunity and promptness and energy in availing of it, the enemy would have been entirely enveloped and crushed. We had five-sixths of Gilbert's and the whole of Crittenden's corps intact for that purpose. That, instead, we were badly beaten in part was clearly attributable, first, to the fall and hurt of General Buell, which prevented him from having personal cognizance of the situation at the front and taking prompt action accordingly; second, to his unwillingness to accept the assurance of General McCook's aide-de-camp that a serious engagement was in progress, and consequent delay in ordering support to the First Corps; third, to the inexperience and incapacity of General Gilbert. This officer, a captain in the regular army, appeared in the part of a corps commander literally without ever having led any troops—not as much as a company—under fire, and, strangest of all, without the shadow of a real title to his rank, as is shown by another quotation from my reports to the *Tribune:*

I must record a singular discovery regarding General Gilbert. Soon after the battle, General Rousseau heard some rumors of doubts relative to the former's actual rank, and addressed a letter of inquiry upon the subject to General Buell, who sent it to General Gilbert. The latter wrote on the back of it: "I am a major-general by the appointment of Major-General Wright." General Wright, the military Department Commander for Ohio and Kentucky previous to the return of General Buell to Louisville, of course had not the remotest authority to issue commissions or confer rank. Here was the startling revelation, which excited the utmost astonishment in Buell himself, that a mere pretender or impostor had exercised the next highest function of command, to the all but fatal detriment of the whole army. Naturally, the disclosure greatly intensified the indignation and disgust of the commanders under him and under McCook at his failure to relieve the First Corps and to seize the chance, plainly within his grasp, to turn our defeat into a rout of the enemy.

The command of the corps was soon after taken from him. Brief as his career had been, he succeeded not only in proving his incompetency to command, but in incurring the hatred of his subordinates generally, for he lowered himself by abusing officers, whipping teamsters and soldiers, and by other brutal interferences in matters beneath his station.

In closing my description of the battle, I deem it my duty to state that, while I was writing it in the spring of 1896—nearly thirty-four years after the event—the curious fact was discovered that General Buell was informed, by signal message, as early as 2 P. M., of the rebel attack in force upon General McCook's division. The discovery rests on the evidence of the signal-officer who received the message.

I have to own that, before the firing had ceased altogether, my appetite got the better of my sense of duty and my interest in the battle, and I set out in search of food and drink for myself and horse. Knowing that Buell's headquarters had been stationary all day, I felt sure that my needs could be satisfied there. I found them, after some wandering, at about seven o'clock. Colonel Fry, on my supplication, readily agreed to take care of me, and I was soon devouring a cold supper. My own and my animal's condition may be judged from the fact that I had been in the saddle since three in the morning, less two hours at the most, and had had nothing but a cup of coffee and some hard-tack at that hour. The horse had had no food or water for a whole day, and an orderly had to take him a quarter of a mile for a chance to drink. The Colonel secured me a nook in a tent occupied by staff officers for a resting-place, and a blanket to wrap up in. An almost full moon had arisen and lighted up the field very brightly, but my own and my quadruped's fatigue was too great for another effort, and I remained at headquarters.

General Buell now clearly understood the situation in which the events of the day had left his army, and decided

to make a general attack on the enemy at daylight. Dispositions for that purpose were made during the night. The corps commanders were sent for to receive their instructions, and remained in consultation with the General-in-chief till after midnight. The army hardly got any sleep. All the troops at the front were kept moving into proper positions for the onset in the morning. The gathering of our wounded was also continued all night. Being fully informed as to the programme for the morrow, and having arranged to be called at four, I sought sleep early.

When I was aroused at four, I found that nobody else at headquarters had slept. A light breakfast was ready, at which I learned from the staff that, since one o'clock, several reports had come in from our picket-lines that continuous noises had been heard, indicating the movement of artillery and trains and a general retreat of the enemy. Naturally, this was not considered satisfactory news. It was confirmed between six and seven by the forward movement of the corps of Crittenden and Gilbert, which were to attack the enemy's front and left, while McCook remained in reserve. They met no resistance, and fully developed the fact that the whole rebel army had disappeared from our front. They left behind all their dead and severely wounded, and all the captured pieces of artillery but two, and about fifteen hundred of our small arms which they had collected.

General Buell was greatly disappointed, as he had confidently held to the opinion, based on his overestimate of the rebel strength and on the theory that Bragg had to await the approach of Kirby Smith's force, that the rebels would stand and fight. He was so satisfied of this that he would not entertain a suggestion made by General Crittenden to swing his corps around on its left during the night, so as to bring it across Bragg's only line of retreat. Buell did not think, however, that the rebel move meant an abandonment of Kentucky, but simply a falling back to another position with a view to facilitating the junction

with Smith. This wrong supposition led him, after crossing the Chaplin River, instead of undertaking at once an energetic pursuit, to get his army into a favorable position just beyond Perryville and there await the arrival of General Sill's division, which took place only on the third day after the battle.

I spent the morning of the 9th in writing my first account of the battle, which a surgeon in charge of an ambulance train of wounded bound for Louisville promised to mail at the first railroad station, and devoted the afternoon to a ride over the entire battle-field. I could easily trace the course of the action by the ghastly lines of dead and severely wounded from the points of the first rebel attacks to where they stopped in the evening. On our side, most of the victims lay in rows along our front, where the most vigorous defence was made. Along Jackson's line, the casualties had obviously been few, showing that most of his division had sought safety in flight. The number of the fallen was greatest along Starkweather's brigade, while Harris's and Lytle's losses appeared to be about even. Nearly all our wounded had been removed either during the action or at night. The direction of the rebel advances was literally marked by trails of blood from a quarter to half a mile long. I counted over five hundred of their dead. Most of them appeared to have been killed instantly by bullets and artillery fire; but many showed by their distorted features that they had passed through more or less prolonged agonies. I found some two score that had been struck and mutilated by cannon-balls and shells—some with upper and lower limbs torn off, others with chest and abdomen laid open, and one with his entire and another with half his head gone. Our sanitary corps was at work gathering up the hundreds of wounded the enemy had mercilessly left on the field. These had suffered indescribably since they fell, from pain, cold, and want of food and water. The hopeless cases were left to die where they lay, and I passed dozens of them writhing in the last

agony. The track of slaughter formed awful proof of the blind heroism, born of fanatical devotion to their bad cause, with which the rebels faced—yea, courted—death. At three points I found, in spaces not over five hundred feet long and wide, successive swaths of from twenty to fifty bodies, cut down by our small arms and batteries, showing that the most murderous fire did not stop them. Altogether, the sights formed as horrifying a spectacle as those on the field of Shiloh.

I devoted the 10th to visits to General Rousseau and the headquarters of General Crittenden and his division commanders. All the generals I saw expressed their great disappointment and humiliation at the unsatisfactory results, so far, of the operations of the army since it turned north from Nashville. Several of them charged Bragg's escape without severe punishment directly to mismanagement. The belief was very general that he would not fight again in Kentucky. One of the bitterest talkers was General Rousseau. He denounced General Gilbert without stint for failing to support McCook in the battle. Rousseau, a lawyer and politician at Louisville when the war broke out, an ardent loyalist, and one of the first to raise volunteers in Kentucky for the Union cause, was considered at first a "political" general and did not stand very high with trained military men. But active service in the field had rapidly made him a true soldier and able commander. He manifested great courage at Shiloh, and his conduct in this battle was certainly admirable. His fearlessness under fire shone out all the afternoon. He was middle-aged, of tall, full stature, with fine manly face, and presented a commanding, martial appearance, especially on horseback.

I also had an hour with Colonel Daniel McCook, whose acquaintance I had made during my stay at Leavenworth in the spring of 1859, where he was practising law. Like all the McCooks, he was of a very genial, frank, and yet resolute nature. Like his father and his eldest brother, he was doomed to lose his life in the service of his country.

He fell in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. In his anxiety for the reputation of his brother, the General, he fairly boiled with indignation at the derelictions of Buell and Gilbert. He conducted me to the several positions occupied during the conflict, and demonstrated how, on the one hand, the falling back from the position taken from the rebels early in the morning had left Rousseau's right unprotected, and how, on the other, the rebel turning movement might have been used to our advantage by falling upon their flank and rear. He took me to the headquarters of General Sheridan, with whom I had a long talk. I had met him casually more than once during the Corinth campaign as Colonel of the 2d Michigan Cavalry. Up to that time, his army record did not indicate the brilliant future before him. Nor did he impress me as a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability. His exterior was anything but prepossessing. Of hardly middle height, with a round head, low brow, and decidedly coarse Irish features, a disproportionately broad and long body on short legs, he did not make a very imposing personality. He looked like a bold *sabreur*, but nothing more.

The arrival of General Sill's division being assured for the evening of the 11th, Buell, on the same day, sent out three brigades from Crittenden's and Gilbert's corps, headed by my friend Colonel Edward McCook's and Colonel Gray's mounted commands. Having learned this, I made my way at once to McCook, who was very willing to have me accompany him again. He had been incessantly engaged in outpost and advance-guard duty during the march from Nashville to Louisville and thence to Perryville, and there had been but few days on which his command had not rubbed against the enemy. We followed the pike from Perryville to Harrodsburg, and encountered and skirmished with rebel cavalry, apparently supported by a strong infantry force. But they fell back before evening, and we entered Harrodsburg unopposed, where we found more than a thousand rebel sick and wounded. The next

day we moved on toward Dix River, a tributary of the Kentucky, and discovered that the whole rebel army had crossed it. Buell, being uncertain whether the enemy would retreat further or would avail himself of the strong positions which the country between the two rivers afforded and await attack, had ordered his whole army to advance on the same day from a line extending from Harrodsburg to Danville. On the 13th, our movement was continued in a southeasterly direction upon the last-mentioned place. There we ascertained definitely that Bragg was really in full retreat towards the Cumberland River. Even Buell now had to believe this, and he decided upon an energetic pursuit in force. At midnight General Wood's division marched from Danville and came up with and engaged the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and artillery in the morning at Stanford. But it became evident during the day that the enemy's object was only to obstruct our advance, which he did by destroying bridges and blocking the road by felled trees. I rode with McCook's cavalry brigade in advance of Gilbert's corps through Lancaster to Crab Orchard, but we did not collide again with the rebels. At the last-named point, the several roads followed by the army converged into one, of a very rugged and difficult character, so that the army could have followed the enemy only in one column twenty miles long, which would have been useless and absurd. McCook's and Gilbert's corps were therefore halted on the 15th.

All the reports from the pursuing column confirmed the general impression that Bragg and Kirby Smith were making for Cumberland Gap and would not stop short of East Tennessee. This meant the end of the Kentucky campaign for Buell's army. In view of this, and the destitute condition in which the loss of my travelling-bag had left me, I resolved to return to Louisville, and set out on the return journey on the afternoon of the 15th, bound for Bardstown, the nearest railroad station to which trains were known to be running. My route was via Stanford,

Danville, Perryville, and Springfield, and I reached the railroad late on the 17th. While riding along the turnpike that intersected the battle-field about two miles west of Perryville, I smelled a sickening stench, obviously arising from a spot close to the highway. Suspecting an effect of the battle, I turned into a field to discover the cause of it. Not more than a hundred yards from the road, a terrible sight shocked me. In a clear space of not over an acre, there were more than fifty dead rebels, off whom at least a hundred hogs were making a sickening feast. The fallen Confederates had evidently been overlooked by our burying parties. Decomposition had swelled the bodies into awful monstrosities, and the nasty beasts were hard at work disembowelling them and gnawing into the skulls for their brains. Such is war!

I reached Louisville on the 18th. I wired immediately to the *Tribune* that the campaign was ended, and that no important events were likely to occur for some time, and asked for instructions. The next morning the answer came to report in person in New York as soon as possible, which obviously meant a change of my field of duty. The order was very welcome, and I started for the East on the 20th.

General Buell was relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland soon afterwards, and General Rosecrans put in his place. The change was inevitable. The Government, it will be remembered, had already tried to replace him with General Thomas, and was now determined upon removing him. The loyal public and the governments of the Western States again demanded his displacement, more vehemently than before. The greater portion of his army also wished for a new commander, and Buell himself was conscious that his prestige was gone, and intimated to the Government that he expected to be relieved. He never was given another active command, and takes his place in history as one of the failures of the war, beside Frémont, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Pope, and Halleck. The main cause of his downfall being the delay

in his march to East Tennessee in consequence of Halleck's order to repair the Memphis & Charleston Railroad as he advanced, Buell may be considered a victim of circumstances as well as of his own personal defects. He possessed much natural ability, and probably more theoretical knowledge of the science of war than any other Union commander. But the latter acquirement proved more of a detriment than an advantage to him, for it made him too prone, in preparing his army for active operations, to require a greater degree of readiness than the known worse condition of his adversaries called for. And again, he was too much inclined to base his deductions as to the purposes of the enemy on what, according to the theory of strategy, leaders of armies ought to do under certain circumstances. The rebel commanders regularly set his calculations at naught by defying theory and rule in taking the offensive, whether their troops were well clad or shod, or well supplied with provisions and transportation or not, and passing over mountains and rivers and through sterile regions that he assumed to be insurmountable obstacles. The subsequent publications in his defence show this shortcoming clearly, and also bring out his excessive caution very distinctly. He was incapable of bold resolution and daring action, contrasting strikingly in this respect with the Confederate generals. Notwithstanding the uniform superiority of his army in numbers, armament, equipment and supplies, he was (with the exception of the second day at Shiloh, when he acted under orders) always on the defensive. If the conditions had been reversed and his antagonists had enjoyed such superiority, they would doubtless have made short work of him. General Buell is entitled to full credit, however, for always faithfully and tirelessly discharging his duties to the best of his ability. The charges made in the press and otherwise at the time, that he was at heart not loyal to the Union, and even sympathized with the Southern cause, were utterly unfounded and calumnious.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK FOUR

IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: FREDERICKSBURG

CHAPTER XX

In Washington Once More.—1862

I WAS very kindly received by my employers of the *Tribune*, and, according to their liberal practice, was given a week's leave of absence, which I spent in New York. On reporting again for duty, I offered to write a full review of the operations of the Army of the Ohio under Buell, and the managing editor authorized me to prepare it. Hearing from friends on McCook's staff that the official reports of the Perryville campaign had been forwarded to Washington, I asked permission to go there in order to get a sight of them, if possible. My application led to the discussion of my future duties. George W. Smalley had been the chief correspondent of the *Tribune* with the Army of the Potomac until after the battle of Antietam, of which he wrote a remarkable description—the best piece of work of the kind produced during the Civil War, in my opinion. (He subsequently served as the London correspondent of the *Tribune* for nearly thirty years, and since the summer of 1896 has represented the London *Times* in the United States.) A regular editorial writer on war subjects being needed, it had been decided to keep him, as such, in New York. It was determined that I should fill the vacancy, and, with that understanding, I started for the national capital early in November. My departure was hastened by the momentous announcement of the second removal of General George B. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the appointment of General Ambrose E. Burnside in his place, by direct order of the President of the United States.

The disastrous end of the humiliating Peninsular cam-

paign under McClellan in the early part of the summer had produced such deep and angry dissatisfaction in the loyal States, that President Lincoln felt compelled to change his forbearing course towards the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and to entrust another with the conduct of the operations in Virginia. His choice fell upon General John Pope, who, in the last days of June, was placed in command of the Army of Virginia, then consisting of only three army corps, but which was to be strengthened by transfers from McClellan's forces. The hopes entertained of General Pope were grievously disappointed by his utter defeat by General Lee in the second battle of Bull Run. The vanquished General pleaded in extenuation of his total failure the insufficiency of his army, owing to the slowness of McClellan in reinforcing him and to the deliberate and malevolent disregard of his orders during the battle by General Fitz-John Porter. The story that McClellan and the commanders under him, among whom Porter was his strongest partisan, were determined not to allow Pope to achieve a victory, was spread by the press and found general credence. Great, therefore, was the astonishment and indignation of the loyal public when the President again placed McClellan at the head of the remnants of the armies of the Potomac and of Virginia. This feeling was greatly intensified when it became known that his restoration had been opposed and, indeed, formally protested against by a majority of the Cabinet. The battle of Antietam reconciled the North to the President's action, but the passiveness into which McClellan relapsed after that success rekindled the general impatience and distrust of him. Again the President exercised altogether too much forbearance under the greatest provocation. He resisted all pressure for McClellan's removal until the latter failed to meet the final test of his ability as a strategist which the Commander-in-chief had resolved to apply to him, by allowing Lee to appear once more with his whole force to the east of the Blue Mountains.

The removal formed the all-absorbing topic in Washington. I soon satisfied myself that the bulk of the army under McClellan and a majority of the general officers disapproved and were, contrary to all discipline, loud in their denunciations of it. In the Capitol, as well as throughout the loyal States, there were signs of a tendency to make a national political issue of it. The President's proclamation of the abolition of slavery of September 22 had met with strong opposition in the border States and among the Democrats of the free States, especially in New York, Ohio, and Indiana. It was known that McClellan, and the generals nearest to him, were also opposed to this portentous act. It was proclaimed by the Democratic press that his relief from active command was due to his hostility to it, and a concession to the "Abolitionists," who then, as I could personally confirm, still seemed to many Union generals no better than the rebels. General McClellan did nothing to disclaim this pseudo-political martyrdom, which was certainly a convenient cloak for the real cause of his dismissal—his military shortcomings. I even heard talk in the hotel lobbies and bar-rooms about the intention of the deposed commander to lead the army to Washington and take possession of the Government; but that impious wish of not a few never became a real purpose. McClellan quietly obeyed the Presidential order to repair to, and report from, Trenton, New Jersey.

Since my encounter with General Burnside in the memorable night of the retreat from Centreville after the first battle of Bull Run, he had achieved creditable successes in the North Carolina expedition, and risen from a brigade to a corps command, and was apparently held in high esteem by the Government, the press, and the public. But I had not got over the feeling of prejudice caused by his behavior on that occasion, and hence the news that he had been selected as the successor of McClellan did not inspire me with confidence in a change for the better from the continuous defeats of the national forces in the Eastern

theatre of war. Nor was my apprehension modified by the chorus of rejoicing among loyalists in Washington and the North over the definitive retirement of McClellan and the substitution of Burnside in his place; for it was not based wholly upon the incident referred to, but on my personal knowledge of his limited mental capacities, acquired during my intercourse with him in the spring and summer of 1861. My fears were heightened when I learned, soon after his elevation was made known, that he had at first declined the promotion, on the ground that he was not qualified for the highest command and that McClellan was the only proper man to lead the Eastern army. This admission of incapacity and want of confidence in himself made his appointment in spite of it an inexcusable mistake. Thus to force the gravest responsibilities upon a reluctant man was almost to invite the further disaster that came. I know of but one other similar instance—the ordering of Field Marshal Benedek to the chief command of the Austrian army in the war of 1866.

Washington had changed greatly since I last saw it in August, 1861. Owing to the increase of the regular Government officials by many thousands, because of the vast growth of the public business in connection with the war, the population had nearly doubled. At the time of my departure, dozens of stores on the business thoroughfares and hundreds of residences were to rent for a mere song. Now, not a building of either class was unoccupied, and high rents were asked and readily obtained. New hotels had been opened, and were, like the old ones, well filled. What with the constant presence of tens of thousands of troops in the barracks and camps in and about the capital, and the thousands of wounded in the hospitals, and the multitude of visitors from the North to relatives and friends in the army, the principal streets always presented a very lively appearance. There was also a good deal of building going on—the best evidence of faith in the ultimate triumph of the Government.

I devoted myself first to the elaboration of the review of the campaigns of the Army of the Ohio above mentioned. It was not easy to obtain access to the official reports relating to them in the War Department, but I managed to secure copies of the more important ones. The review was completed in time for its publication in the *Tribune* of November 12. It filled more than an entire page of the paper.

The Washington office of the *Tribune* was then in a small, one-story brick building on F Street between 13th and 14th, directly opposite Willard's Hotel. Samuel Wilkeson, who had accompanied Secretary Cameron to Louisville, was principal correspondent in charge. As a co-laborer, he had Adams S. Hill, a graduate of Harvard College, twenty-nine years old, a sharp-witted and indefatigable collector of news, who had previously been connected with the editorial department of the paper. I was entirely independent of Wilkeson, and had only to make the office the medium for transmitting, with a view to greater safety and despatch, my war news to New York while I was in the field. I naturally made much use of it, however, during my stay. It was the resort of politicians, officials, and army officers, who frequented it, especially in the evening, to bring news or to hear and discuss it. This made it a very interesting place.

I made special efforts to renew former acquaintances in higher circles in order to learn the inside workings of the Government and its intentions regarding the army. In common with the public, I was aware that the President was not in harmony with the strongest members of his Cabinet. Edwin M. Stanton had succeeded Simon Cameron as Secretary of War. This change, while of immeasurable benefit to the country, proved a decided disadvantage to my profession; for whereas Cameron was always accessible and communicative—no doubt, too much so for the public good—his successor had the doors of the War Department closed to newspaper men. Seward, Blair,

and Chase still practised their affable ways towards them. I saw and had a long talk with each of the first two. Secretary Chase I saw frequently, as of old. He spoke very freely of the past and present, and in confidence criticised without stint the mistakes that had been made in the civil administration and the conduct of the war. It was very evident that he was too confident of his own superiority, mental and otherwise, to get along smoothly with the head of the Government, and that sooner or later there would be an open breach. The emancipation proclamation had temporarily improved the relations between him and the President, as the treatment of the slavery question had been one of the principal subjects of disagreement, but their characters were too radically different to get along without further friction.

I also had a long conversation with Mr. Lincoln. It took place after the publication of my review of Buell's campaigns, a reference to which by the President made it the exclusive subject discussed. He asked my opinion of the principal commanders under Buell, which I expressed with entire frankness. He surprised me by his familiarity with details of movements and battles which I did not suppose had come to his knowledge. As he kept me talking for over half an hour, I flattered myself that what I had to say interested him. This impression was confirmed by his intimation that he should be glad to see me again, after I had told him, in response to his question as to my future movements, that I should be with the Army of the Potomac.

My inquiries soon satisfied me that the army would not be allowed to go into winter quarters, but that the President, the Secretary of War, and Halleck, as General-in-chief, would insist, notwithstanding the near approach of winter, upon an immediate resumption of active operations, and accordingly I made my preparations to take the field at the earliest necessary moment. I anticipated a good deal of embarrassment at first, from the fact that my acquaintance with superior officers in the Army of the Po-

tomac was very limited, and that the *Tribune* had severely attacked McClellan and some of his corps commanders in connection with both the Peninsular and Pope's campaigns. I hoped, however, to overcome this hindrance to a successful discharge of my duties. Under the régime of Stanton and Halleck, it was anything but easy for correspondents to obtain permits to go to, and remain at, the front, as the Secretary fully shared the opinion of the General-in-chief that newspaper men were a pest. It had been arranged that I was to have three assistants, who were to be directly under my orders, and whose reports were to be revised by me before being forwarded to the New York office. We were all allowed horses, camp equipments, and a servant.

To overcome McClellan's slowness, the President issued, on October 6, a peremptory order requiring him to cross the Potomac with his army and "give battle to the enemy or drive him South." As it produced no effect, the President, a week later, addressed a long letter to him explaining the plan of operations the General was expected to follow and the reasons therefor. It began: "You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess and act upon that claim?" The letter was altogether a very remarkable production, and proved that the author had acquired a clear and sound judgment upon strategic questions. The prescribed plan was well conceived and perfectly feasible. The very fact, however, that the President found it necessary to address such an implied censure to McClellan and to tell him what to do, was conclusive proof of the grievous error he committed in re-appointing him.

According to the Presidential order for the new campaign, the army was to follow Lee by a flank march on the interior line to Richmond, keeping close to the base of the Blue Ridge, so as to prevent debouchments from its

passes upon the Federal right and rear, and to force the enemy into battle whenever and wherever practicable. McClellan's tardiness in carrying it out had enabled Lee to obstruct its execution by passing through the Ridge and moving on the same line as the Union army, but ahead of it, towards Richmond. This led, as mentioned, to the final dismissal of the Federal commander.

After assuming command, General Burnside proposed, instead of following Lee directly, to move down the Rappahannock on the north side to Falmouth, opposite the town of Fredericksburg, and to establish a new base of supplies on the estuary of the Potomac, fifteen miles to the north of it, known as Acquia Creek. Neither the President nor General Halleck approved of this change of programme, and the latter paid a visit to General Burnside at Warrenton in order to persuade him to adhere to the President's plan. But he did not succeed in this, and the result was an understanding that he should submit to the President a modification of it, in pursuance of which the army was to cross the Rappahannock by the upper fords and to move down the south side and seize the heights of Fredericksburg; this movement to be accompanied by repairing and reopening the railroad opposite Washington as a line of communication between Alexandria and Fredericksburg. Until this could be accomplished, the Acquia Creek route was to be used as a line of supplies. On November 14, Halleck telegraphed the "assent" of the President, who would not permit the use of the word "approval." Thus the brief and fatal Fredericksburg campaign was inaugurated.

General Burnside had made himself responsible for the outcome by insisting upon the deviation from the Presidential plan. But, unfortunately, he assumed still graver responsibility. Instead of crossing the river by the upper fords, he marched down the north side to Falmouth. General Halleck makes the point-blank charge, in a report to the President, that the movement on the north side was never

approved or authorized. It was the cause of Burnside's failure to occupy the Fredericksburg heights ahead of the enemy, and of the subsequent terrible defeat of his army. Our forces moved from Warrenton on November 15 and reached Falmouth on the 20th. Lee, on discovering the direction of our march, started Longstreet's corps for Fredericksburg, but it did not arrive there till the 21st; hence there was ample time to anticipate the rebels in taking possession of the commanding heights. General Sumner, commanding the corps, asked permission to cross a few miles above the town, where the river was fordable, but did not obtain it. Thus the position, in the vain attempt to secure which so much loyal blood was afterwards shed, was left to the enemy.

This neglect became the subject of one of the most virulent controversies engendered by the shortcomings of the Federal commanders during the war. The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War inquired into it, and the testimony taken before it fills several hundred pages. It was attempted to be shown, in defence of General Burnside, that his plan of marching to Falmouth had been approved by his superiors in Washington, and that he was led to expect, on his arrival there, to find supplies, pontoons for bridges, and gunboats to protect them. General Halleck not only absolutely denied that he authorized the move to Falmouth, but also insisted that Burnside could not expect supplies at points held by the rebels until he reached these, and that he was repeatedly informed that gunboats could not at that time ascend the river to Fredericksburg. But the truth was confessed by General Burnside himself in this passage in his brief and only report of the coming battle to General Halleck: "The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on this line rather against the opinion of the President, the Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands without giving me orders, makes me the only one responsible."

CHAPTER XXI

With Burnside before Fredericksburg.—1862

HAVING, after a good deal of effort, received permission to proceed to the front, I secured an order for transportation on one of the Government boats from Quartermaster-General Meigs. I managed to get myself and belongings, including my horse, on one of the many craft loading with army supplies, on the morning of November 29. We steamed off in the afternoon, but, Acquia Creek being sixty-five miles from Washington, and the boat making only six and seven miles an hour, we did not reach our destination before midnight. The captain let me share his supper, but there were sleeping accommodations only for the officers and crew, so that I was obliged to seek rest on the floor of the small mess-room. I was up at daybreak. In the estuary were several score of vessels at anchor—gunboats, steamboats of all kinds, schooners, scows, barges, and canal-boats—all awaiting their turn to discharge at the one available wharf. It looked as if I might have to wait for days before I could get my horse ashore. The captain was rowed to the landing early, and I accompanied him to ascertain the prospect before me. Fortunately, we had some railroad material aboard that was urgently needed in repairing the section between Acquia and Falmouth of the road from Alexandria to Fredericksburg, which had been utterly destroyed at an earlier stage of the war, and we were made fast to the wharf by noon and my luggage and animal safely transferred to it shortly afterward.

The railroad was near the wharf, and a locomotive and an old passenger coach and a dozen freight cars stood upon

the track, but I was told that the section to the front would not be opened for traffic for several days. Accordingly, I saddled my horse, and, with my valise in front and my roll of bedding strapped behind me, started for Falmouth. There had been a severe frost followed by a thaw, and the thousands of army wagons that had passed over the road for several days had reduced it to a very bad condition, so that I could only walk my horse. It took me over four hours to reach the first camps, about a mile from the Rappahannock. The ravages of war were visible all the way. The country seemed to have been burned over. The scrub timber was coal-black, and, in the frequent clearings where farming had been carried on, there was nothing to be seen but half-destroyed fences and the ruins of dwellings and outhouses without any inhabitants.

I had letters of introduction to General John G. Parke, the chief-of-staff, from a regular-army friend in Washington, and to General Hooker from Mr. Smalley, who had been with the General in the Antietam campaign. I also knew General E. V. Sumner, and General Daniel Butterfield, who had set out from New York as colonel of the 12th New York Militia, a three months' regiment. As night was approaching, and it was evident that I should not be likely to find any of these officers except with difficulty in the dark, it occurred to me to ask a division sutler, whose tent showed a large display of goods, whether he could not accommodate me for the night. I told him who I was, and he readily consented to do the best he could for me and my beast. I had a really luxurious supper and a good night's sleep on a camp-bed, for which my generous host, whose name I have forgotten, would not accept any compensation.

The next day was brisk and clear—just right for my first sight of the Army of the Potomac. A short ride brought me to an elevated point commanding a wide view of the surroundings. There was a large plateau, forming several plantations with commodious brick mansions—one

of which had been burned—standing amidst groups of the usual outbuildings and stately groves of shade trees. Patches of timber broke the cultivated surface. In every direction vast encampments were visible. The plateau was from 100 to 125 feet above the Rappahannock, whose flow was for several miles almost due east. It seemed like a regular plain, but was really divided by two deep wooded ravines, down which "runs," as small water-courses were called in the local vernacular, made for the river. Through one of these the railroad approached it. The small village of Falmouth appeared some distance above, on the left bank of the Rappahannock. Almost directly before and beneath me, on the right bank, the old town of Fredericksburg was situated. It presented itself as a compact mass of brick buildings extending half a mile along, and a quarter of a mile from, the river. The site of the city rose but slightly near the river, but a mile south of it there were considerable heights, extending like the arc of a circle, with the river as the chord, and forming an amphitheatre, as it were, about a mile wide and two miles long, traversed by several highways, the Richmond railroad, and three streamlets, of which the Massaponax was the farthest to the east, and the most considerable. It was known that the rebels occupied the town, but no signs of them were then discernible. The railroad bridge at the east end was in ruins.

After assuming command, General Burnside reorganized the army into three grand divisions of two army corps each —the right, centre, and left—under the respective commands of Major-Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. The right Grand Division consisted of the Second and Ninth Army Corps, commanded by Major-General D. N. Couch and Brigadier-General O. B. Willcox; the centre Grand Division, of the Third and Fifth Army Corps, under Brigadier-Generals George Stoneman and Daniel Butterfield; and the left Grand Division, of the First and Sixth Army Corps, under Major-General John F. Reynolds and Briga-

dier-General William F. Smith. The army and the grand-division and army-corps headquarters were all in prominent positions and were readily recognized by flags and other signs, so that it was easy for me to make my way to them. I first proceeded to General Burnside's headquarters, which consisted of a group of tents next to a large dwelling called, I believe, the Lacy house, the home of a planter of that name. The Commanding-general had shunned it, and was setting the good example of camping. General Parke received me politely and readily countersigned my pass, but put me under strict injunction not to write anything about the position, strength, and condition of the army. I learned that, two days before, a meeting of the President and General Burnside had taken place at Acquia Creek, in the afternoon, on the boat in which the President had come from Washington, and lasted several hours, Mr. Lincoln returning immediately afterwards to Washington. I ascertained the purport of his flying visit after my return to Washington, and may as well mention here that it was to dissuade Burnside from a direct attack on the enemy in his obviously very strong position on the heights of Fredericksburg. But the President found the General stolidly bent on making the attempt to defeat Lee where he was. Nicolay and Hay relate that, on his way back to Washington, Lincoln prepared a memorandum for a flanking movement, which he allowed Halleck and Burnside, however, to overrule.

I next sought General Hooker. I had never met him and was, of course, eager to see and take my own measure of "Fighting Joe," which sobriquet the press had already affixed to him. His exterior was certainly most attractive and commanding. He was fully six feet high, finely proportioned, with a soldierly, erect carriage, handsome and noble features, a slight fringe of side-whiskers, a rosy complexion, abundant blond hair, a fine and expressive mouth, and—most striking of all—great, speaking gray-blue eyes; he looked, indeed, like the ideal soldier and captain, fit for

a model of a war-god. There was only one other man in the army, as far as my own observations went, that came near him in these external qualities—General Winfield S. Hancock. My letter of introduction from Mr. Smalley commended me very strongly to the General's confidence, yet he received me rather stiffly and coldly. This I found, however, to be his natural manner, for, after a short general conversation—his voice being most agreeable—he burst forth into unsparing criticism of the general conduct of the war in the East, of the Government, of Halleck, McClellan, Pope, and, last but not least, of his present immediate superior. He had even then an unenviable notoriety for a rash tongue, to which he added lamentably in his subsequent career. His language was so severe and, at the same time, so infused with self-assertion as to give rise immediately to a fear on my part that he might be inclined to make use of me for his own glorification and for the detraction of others. This made it prudent for me not to place myself under more personal obligations to him than I could possibly help. Hence, I abstained from requesting, as I had first intended, permission to stop at his headquarters. After an hour's talk I passed on, with the General's assurance that he should always be glad to see me.

General Sumner, on whom I next called, remembered me very well and gave me a hearty welcome. A colonel of cavalry at the outbreak of the war, he, like all regular-army officers, had had no practical experience up to that time in serving with larger bodies of troops than a regiment. He had been an excellent regimental commander, very strict in the enforcement of discipline and thorough drilling, and withal a model cavalry soldier. But he was almost too old for the proper discharge of the duties of higher command, and also lacked the natural parts for it. Yet the force of circumstances, or, rather, his rank in the regular army and the lack of competent commanders, together with his fervid loyalty and enthusiastic devotion

to the flag, had carried him rapidly in a year and a half from the command of a regiment to that of a brigade, a division, an army corps, and an army wing numbering sixty thousand men. He was the very picture of a veteran soldier—tall, slender, erect, with a fine head thickly covered with white hair, and a noble face fringed with a white beard. He was polished in speech and manner, and seemed almost too full of kindliness for his stern profession. Encouraged by his hearty way, I ventured to ask whether I could be provided for at his headquarters, whereupon he sent at once for his son, Captain S. S. Sumner, who served as his aide-de-camp, and instructed him to take care of me, which was quickly done. I was to take my meals with the medical director, Surgeon Dougherty, and his assistants, and to sleep with the latter in a large hospital tent. I had every reason to be grateful for the provision made for me, as I was treated with unvarying courtesy by my mess and tent-mates during the two weeks and a half I was to spend with them. To be at the headquarters of a grand division proved a very great advantage to me.

Having thus come well to anchor, I sought to make further acquaintances among the officers. Everybody understood that an early offensive movement was contemplated, and it was the general belief that it would take place within a few days. But the end of the month came, and the first days of December passed, without the expected stirring events, so that I had more time for familiarizing myself with the army than I anticipated. General Butterfield I saw early and often, and he helped me in every possible way. Starting in a practical life as a business man in New York, he always had a strong penchant for military matters, and entered the militia early, and, by his enthusiasm and aptitude, worked his way up to the command of a regiment when he was but thirty. His regiment was among the first to enlist for three months, at the expiration of which term he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army and a brigadier-general of volunteers. He

had gone through the Peninsular campaign with credit, and risen to the command of a division. The formation of the grand divisions secured his promotion to the command of the Fifth Corps. He was a very handsome man, of middle stature, with regular, delicate features, jet-black hair and mustache, and very soldierly bearing. He seemed to have a better knowledge of men and matters in the army than any other officer I became acquainted with, and he allowed me to draw liberally on his store.

I met General Burnside twice. He showed to me, as to everybody else, a prepossessing *bonhomie* that made one feel at home with him at once. Indeed, he wore his genial, frank, honest, sincere nature on his sleeve. But there was nothing in his exterior or in his conversation that indicated intellectual eminence or executive ability of a high order. He inspired confidence in his honesty of purpose and ardent loyalty, but it was not possible that any experienced judge of men should be impressed with him as a great man. He talked without reserve of his intention to take the offensive at the earliest possible moment, but, of course, gave no intimation of his plan of operations. As he complained of the delay in the arrival of the pontoon trains for bridging the river, I was satisfied that the purposed blow at Lee would not be struck until that difficulty was removed, and that the risky attempt of a front attack would be made.

Besides the generals named, I had the opportunity to meet General Couch, commanding the Second Corps, and Generals W. S. Hancock, O. O. Howard, and William H. French, division commanders under him; General Willcox, commanding the Ninth Corps, and General S. D. Sturgis, commanding his Second Division; Generals Stoneman and A. A. Humphreys, division commanders under Hooker; General Reynolds, commanding the First Army Corps under Franklin, and the division commanders John Gibbon, George G. Meade, and John Newton; and General Hunt, chief of artillery. Couch, Hancock, Reynolds, Humphreys, Newton, and Hunt impressed me most as thorough soldiers.

Hancock's imposing physique, already spoken of, was sure to attract attention. I also found four more old acquaintances among the general officers—Daniel E. Sickles, division commander under Hooker, well known as a Democratic politician and member of Congress from New York (who afterwards lost a leg at Gettysburg and is still living at this writing); John Cochrane, commanding a brigade, also a New York Congressman of more than local fame; Brigadier-General Sol. Meredith, a popular Indiana politician, remarkable for his great size; and the redoubtable Irish leader and poet, Thomas Francis Meagher, who, *mirabile dictu*, had likewise reached the rank of brigadier-general. At the end of a fortnight, indeed, I already felt very much at home in the Army of the Potomac.

When the army first appeared opposite Fredericksburg on November 20, the rebels occupying the town kept up a fire from small arms upon any Union parties that ventured to go to the river for water. General Sumner thereupon addressed a communication to the mayor, demanding the surrender of the place, under threat of bombardment, on the expiration of sixteen hours allowed for the removal of the population. A compromise was reached under which, on the one side no more acts of hostility were to be committed from the town, and on the other the Federal forces were not to occupy it until further notice. It was well known, however, that the Confederates occupied the buildings along the river for a determined resistance to any attempt to cross, but the established truce was strictly maintained. According to my recollection, not a shot was fired from small arms or artillery within my hearing up to the formal opening of hostilities. This was, of course, mainly due to the fact that the contending forces were separated by the river.

The delay in the arrival of the pontoons was caused by a succession of mishaps and mistakes. During the Antietam campaign, the pontoon trains attached to the army had been ordered to Harper's Ferry and remained there

ever since, as no occasion had arisen meanwhile to call for their use elsewhere. They were supposed by Generals Burnside and Halleck to be at Washington, and, of course, the longer time required for their transportation from the other point was not at first taken into account. An order to send them forward was, for some never-explained reason, six days in reaching its destination. When they reached Washington, they were ordered to be hauled overland to the Rappahannock. This was a grave error of judgment, as it took several days to secure the necessary teams, and the roads were found to be so bad that the pontoon wagons could not progress more than five miles a day. The attempt had finally to be abandoned altogether and the water route taken. A whole fortnight was thus lost in getting the bridge material to the front. It was this delay that prevented the earlier occupation of Fredericksburg and its surroundings by our forces, and may have been the principal cause of our eventual defeat. As it was, the full means for bridging the river simultaneously at several points were not at hand until after the first week in December.

The great natural obstacle of the river made it impracticable to discover the position and strength of the enemy by regular reconnoissances. Nor did we seem to obtain much information regarding him from spies. It was chiefly through the Richmond papers, which were as indiscreet in publishing army news as their Northern contemporaries, and which reached headquarters from various directions, that we received intelligence from the other side. But even through them we had only circumstantial evidence that Lee's whole army was distributed over the opposite heights. While an air line to them from the bluffs on the left bank was not much over a mile in length, even with the strongest field-glasses little could be discovered of the rebels beyond the field-works they had immediately undertaken and steadily continued. They probably saw not much more of us than we of them.

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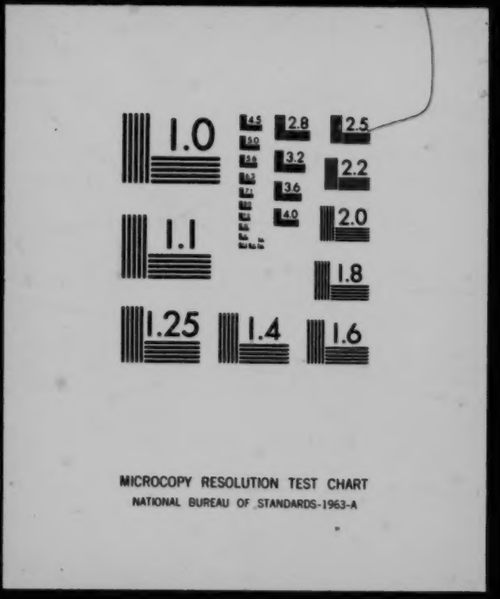

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CHAPTER XXII

The Battle of Fredericksburg.—1862

I ASCERTAINED on December 9 that all the preparations for the proposed active operations were completed, and that they would be undertaken immediately. The plan decided upon by General Burnside, and communicated formally to the Grand Division commanders, was as follows:

To concentrate all the siege and most of the field artillery on the ridge on which the plateau on the left bank abutted, and from which their fire would command the town, the opposite plain, and the encircling hills beyond it.

To throw five bridges across the river during the night of the 10th to the 11th—two at the upper end of Fredericksburg, one at the lower end, and two a mile below the latter; making the total distance between the extreme bridges about two miles.

Immediately after the completion of the bridges, the Right Grand Division was to cross by the upper bridges and move through Fredericksburg and form beyond the town. The Left Grand Division was to cross by the two lower bridges to the plain on the right bank, and the Centre Grand Division to be held in reserve on the north bank, ready to move either to the support of the Right or Left Grand Division.

The Right Grand Division to attack the enemy's left on the Fredericksburg heights with one of Hooker's corps and with a division of the other as reserve.

The Left Grand Division to make a simultaneous and diverting attack on the rebel right, with Stoneman's division in reserve.

On the 10th, the unmistakable signs of impending action were observable on all sides. There were conferences at army-corps and division headquarters, increased home

letter-writing, and talk about the expected fighting, throughout the encampments, special inspections of the arms and accoutrements of infantry and artillery, distribution of ammunition, cooking of extra rations, and enlargement of field-hospital accommodations. The artillery was assembled in four groups or divisions at as many convenient points, and the pontoon trucks advanced nearer to the edge of the plateau.

The artillery moved first into position between dusk and midnight. No less than one hundred and seventy-nine guns, nearly all rifled, and ranging from 4½-inch siege and 20-pounder Parrott to 3-inch guns, were arrayed, forming a close chain from Falmouth down the bank for two miles, ready to belch forth death and destruction in terrible concert whenever the signal was given. I believe it was the greatest assemblage of artillery in any battle of the Civil War. I watched the movement in front of the Right Grand Division for several hours, and was much impressed with the regularity, quickness, and noiselessness of it.

The first duty of the artillery was to cover the construction of the five bridges. The line of batteries being established, the Brigade of Volunteer Engineers, under General Woodbury, with a battalion of regular engineers, started with five bridge trains so as to reach the bank of the river at three o'clock in the morning (December 11). The way for the descent of the trains had been carefully prepared; still it was a difficult and risky undertaking, for there were no less than one hundred and fifty boats to be hauled on wagons, each of which required four horses. From the upper plateau with the encampments, a steep road led to a second plateau about one hundred feet below, nearly half a mile wide, which gradually inclined to the bank proper; the last hundred feet to the water being rather abrupt. The movement of the pontoons was to be concealed from the enemy, but, what with the accompanying five hundred engineers, the six hundred animals, and the escort of an infantry regiment to each of the trains,

success in this seemed hardly probable. Yet the trains not only reached the bank at the fixed hour, but the engineers, according to orders, began at once unloading the material, and accomplished this without being at all disturbed by the rebels in Fredericksburg until daybreak. Their guards, reliefs, and main bodies must all have slept very soundly, or they would surely have tried some rifle practice, even in the dark. I did not see the creditable night performance of the pontoniers myself, having sought a good night's rest after the artillery had got into position, in view of the fatiguing labors I looked for on the next day. I slept so well that I was not roused by the musketry and artillery fire to which the bridge-throwing led, between six and seven o'clock, and did not stir till called for breakfast at seven. I dressed and ate very hurriedly amidst the roar of artillery, but it was nearly eight o'clock before I got to the line of our fighting batteries.

I quickly learned that the fire had no other object than to cover the completion of the bridges. The pontoons for those at the upper and lower ends of the town not only had been pushed into the water without interference from the enemy, but were half way across when, shortly after six, the bridge-builders received a sharp musketry fire from the other side which compelled them to abandon their work, after having some officers and a number of non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded. The infantry supports fired in return, but effected nothing. Thereupon, four batteries on the bluffs above opened a violent fire, with shot and shell from twenty-four guns, upon the other bank, for about fifteen minutes. When they ceased, the engineers tried to resume their work, but were pelted again with rebel bullets. As a thick fog hung over the river, obliging the batteries to fire at random, six light batteries were ordered down to the river bank; four near the upper and two near the middle bridge. The fire from the batteries above and below was then kept up at intervals, and was going on when I reached the scene.

A lull then occurred for another attempt of the engineers to finish the bridges, but again they failed, owing to the increased severity of the rebel fire. At nine another general cannonade was opened upon the rebel cover from over a hundred light and heavy guns. The roar of the discharges, the whizzing of the missiles, the bursting of the shells, and the crashing as they struck the buildings, combined in a deafening and yet inspiring war concert. At ten, our fire ceased, when the engineers once more endeavored to add pontoons to those already in place, only to be again driven back. Our batteries repeated their performance, pouring shot and shell upon the buildings from which the rebels fired. At eleven, the fog had lifted sufficiently to make the houses and streets distinguishable, thus giving surer aim to our artillerists. To a column of rebel infantry seen moving down a street they at once gave attention, making it disappear. The whole forenoon was thus spent in futile efforts for the completion of the upper bridges. It became evident, too, that every new attempt made it harder for the engineer officers to get their men to expose themselves. The latter finally refused to obey orders, or ran away from the pontoons to shelter as soon as the hostile bullets whistled around them. Irritated at this successful defiance of us by a small rebel force, General Burnside, shortly after noon, ordered a general bombardment of the town at large. Some one hundred and fifty guns were accordingly turned upon it, causing, as it seemed to me, twice as furious a roaring as before. Several buildings were soon seen to burn. This terrific cannonade was kept up for nearly two hours, when it was stopped for a further effort to finish the bridges.

At the suggestion of the chief of artillery, General Hunt, it was decided to try and rush troops across the river in bridge boats, to attack and drive away the enemy. This dangerous duty naturally devolved upon, and was accepted with alacrity by, the regiments serving as supports to the several bridge trains. At the upper bridge, the Seventh Michigan was to cross, while the Nineteenth Massachu-

setts deployed along the bank to cover the boats with their rifles. The daring venture was preceded by another tremendous outburst of our artillery, lasting half an hour. While it continued, boats were to be pushed into the river, manned by officers and men of the regiment named, and rowed over as fast as possible. But the engineers who were to push the boats skulked off again at the first rebel fire. The Michigan men, under Colonel Baxter, promptly assumed their part and shoved and carried the boats into the water. Six started off first, filled with less than one hundred men. Our batteries became silent, and on our side all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the small flotilla. There was great risk of a failure, as there were not enough experienced oarsmen to handle the boats, and as the force in them was small. The rebels sent a shower of bullets, killing one man and seriously wounding the Colonel and several others. But the other bank was reached, and the party formed quickly under it and then rushed up the first street, and in a few minutes had captured some thirty rebels and established themselves in a building after losing another officer and more men. This achievement was one of the bravest feats of the whole war. The remainder of the Michigan regiment and the Nineteenth Massachusetts followed in boats as rapidly as possible. As they forced their way into the town, there was some street fighting, but our men, spreading to right and left, soon had the loopholed buildings along the bank cleared of all rebels. The engineers could not be induced to resume the bridge work until our men had secured a foothold, when they took hold again, and by four o'clock the upper bridge was at last completed.

At the three other bridges to be thrown by the volunteer engineers, a similar experience was had. The enemy foiled successive efforts to lay them by his severe musketry fire, which inflicted, however, but slight losses. The second and third could not be completed until, as at the upper bridge, one of the covering regiments, the Eighty-ninth New York,

had secured a lodgment on the other bank by a dash in boats across the river, which was effected without loss and with the capture of a company of rebels. The least resistance was encountered by the regular engineer battalion charged with laying the lowest bridge. Only a small party of rebels confronted them on the south bank, and they were speedily driven off by the fire of the infantry supports. The approach to the water was difficult, and all the material had to be hauled by hand for several hundred yards. Ice in the river also impeded progress, yet the commandant of the battalion could report at 11 A.M. that the bridge was ready for the passage of infantry and artillery.

After the lower bridges were finished to the south bank, the rebels did not disturb the Federal detachments that established themselves upon it for the protection of the structures. In the town, however, the conflict described did not end the fighting. The Seventh Michigan and the Nineteenth Massachusetts had been rapidly followed, partly in boats but mainly over the bridge, by two New York, one Pennsylvania, and another Massachusetts regiment of General O. O. Howard's division. After being formed in the first street parallel to the river, they advanced up the streets crossing it at right angles. When they attempted to pass the second parallel street they were met by a hail of bullets, and it required a hard struggle to force the rebels gradually out of the town. Darkness set in before our troops reached its upper end, and compelled the cessation of firing lest they should fire upon each other. During the night the rebels retired entirely from the place. The remainder of Howard's division and Hawkins's brigade of the Ninth Corps passed over, and by morning the whole town was occupied by our troops. The street fighting cost us nearly a hundred officers and men killed and wounded. I did not myself observe the last-mentioned occurrences. I had watched the bridge-throwing attempts all day, first from the upper and in the afternoon from the lower plateau. But, as it was so near nightfall when it became possible to

get over, I concluded not to cross, but proceeded to General Sumner's headquarters.

The result of the day was, of course, very disappointing to General Burnside. He had relied on getting sufficient troops over the river to strike on the next day, and had issued formal orders to that effect, instead of which twenty-four hours were lost and the enemy given a long warning of his purposes and sufficient time for counter-preparations. Moreover, the delay impaired the fitness of his army for the bloody task before it, from the fatigue involved in its being kept massed under arms ready for the movement across the river so long before it could be executed. As all experienced commanders know, lying still under such circumstances is more wearing to troops than activity. Having satisfied myself that nothing was likely to happen during the night, I returned to my quarters for a good rest.

I was ready for duty early in the morning. The weather continued mild, but a heavy fog again prevailed, making it impossible to see more than a hundred yards ahead. I found Hancock's and French's divisions ready to move, and they commenced crossing before 8 A.M. They were followed closely during the forenoon by Burns's, Sturgis's, and Getty's divisions of the Eleventh Army Corps. The five divisions used the three upper bridges. As the day advanced, the fog lifted, and the five heavy, long bodies in motion over the floating structures formed a curious and withal impressive sight. At a distance the men and animals seemed to be stepping on the water itself. Everybody looked for a great effort of the rebel artillery to impede our passage, but, to our general surprise, instead of the anticipated cannonade from the enemy, only scattering shot and shell at intervals were aimed at us, without doing any harm. The rebel official reports state, in explanation of this weak demonstration, that the river lay too low for effective firing; but I can bear personal testimony to the contrary, as I saw some of their projectiles strike the water within a few feet of the upper bridge.

After watching the crossing of the troops for two hours, I rode over the second bridge myself and at once looked the town over. Fredericksburg is not only one of the oldest, but was, up to the outbreak of the Rebellion, one of the most substantial Virginia towns. It was compactly built up, with brick structures of plain but solid appearance. The red brick, white door- and window-sills, and white marble steps, reminded one of Philadelphia. The lower part was devoted to business; the upper consisted of private residences, among them a number of spacious two- and three-story mansions. As the mart of a rich agricultural district, the place was once thriving, but its prosperity had waned since the opening of railroads had to a great extent diverted its trade to Alexandria and Richmond. Along the river front, where formerly steamboat traffic had been carried on, there were marked signs of decay. The population of between four and five thousand included some of the oldest and best-known families in the State. The white inhabitants had nearly all fled. I saw only two, one of whom, in reply to a question, told me that he did not believe there were twenty-five left. Even of negroes not more than a score were in sight, and they seemed to be much cowed and rather afraid to be friendly with their liberators. Our troops had either found the business buildings open, or had forced them and used them for night quarters. As might be supposed, private property in the abandoned shops, especially in the warehouses from which the enemy had fired, such as tobacco, flour, bacon, sugar, and other articles of consumption, was not respected, but was taken without stint. Of tobacco particularly a large quantity was appropriated.

As the built-up portion of the town extended only a dozen blocks along and five blocks from the river, there was not enough street space for the 30,000 men of the two corps and their concomitant animals, batteries, ammunition wagons, ambulances, and all the rest. Howard's division moved from the lowest to an upper street to make room

for Hancock and French, and they in turn made room for the divisions of the Ninth Corps. When I got over, the streets were already so densely filled with masses of infantry, mounted staffs and cavalry escorts, guns and vehicles, that I could hardly make my way through them. In the afternoon the overcrowding reached a choking point, and orders had to be sent to stop the crossing of artillery after about two-thirds of the batteries of the two corps had got over. There was nothing to do but to let the troops make themselves as comfortable as they could in the buildings and on the sidewalks and streets, preserving their organizations as much as possible. Much hardship was endured during the night by those bivouacking on the frosty ground in mud ankle-deep. But, as may be supposed, there was a good deal of swarming about by the soldiers, and resultant confusion, with too much opportunity to skulk out of sight. I could not help thinking, and all the officers I talked with about this cramped condition of our force had similar thoughts, that the enemy would surely make use of this tempting opportunity to bombard the town in his turn, after we got jammed and packed into it like sheep in a pen. Had he improved it, there would have been no attack by us, but a desperate struggle to regain the north bank, ending probably in the slaughter and capture of most of our troops. Not only was this reflection shared by the general officers I met, but also the logical deduction from it that it was a grave error to place the Right Grand Division in such a perilous position. The opinion prevailed, too, that even if the much-feared bombardment should not foil the whole movement before it could be made, it would not be possible to debouch from the town for an attack on the enemy, as all the approaches to his front were perpendicular to it, open and swept by his guns. During the whole afternoon I apprehended every moment that there would be an outburst of the rebel artillery, and felt most anxious accordingly. But the enemy happily confined himself to the desultory firing al-

ready mentioned. Night came on without a noteworthy incident. I had come prepared to spend it in Fredericksburg, but as I could find nothing better for a resting-place than space to stretch out on the floor of a room in one of the private residences with half a dozen others, I decided to return to my camp, after I had learned positively from General Couch that we should rest on the defensive till the next day.

The Centre Grand Division, being designated as the reserve and support to both the Right and Left Grand Divisions, moved near the three upper bridges, but no part of it crossed the river on the 12th, and the entire body remained in position till the next day. During the night, however, General Hooker received orders to send Sickles's and Birney's divisions, of General Stoneman's corps, to the two lower bridges, ready to cross and support General Franklin. This was promptly done. The river thus separated the main body of the army from its reserve—a strategic risk which all the authorities on the art of war condemn, and which can be explained, but not justified, in this case on the theory that the enemy would not dare to attack us.

General Franklin's two army corps, according to orders, had marched before daybreak on the 11th to near the points fixed upon for the two lower bridges, which were completed during the forenoon, but the General received no orders to cross until 4 P.M., when he was directed to take his whole command over. The movement had commenced when a new order came to remain on the north side, and to send only one brigade over for the protection of the bridges. Devens's brigade, of Newton's division, being on the other side, was assigned for this service. Renewed orders to cross having been received, Smith's corps commenced passing over at daybreak. Brooks's first division led, followed by Howe's second and Newton's third. The first and second divisions immediately formed in line of battle, with the third in reserve. In this formation the corps advanced during the forenoon, concealed by the fog

from the enemy, a distance of about one mile to the Richmond road. Here they took up a protected position, in which they remained all day and bivouacked in the night. Towards noon the fog lifted and revealed the corps to the enemy, who, however, did nothing but maintain a feeble and almost harmless artillery fire. Reynolds's First Corps followed immediately in the wake of the Sixth; Gibbon's division leading, with Meade's and Doubleday's next in order. It formed with Gibbon on the left, Meade on the right, and Doubleday in reserve. The corps then advanced so as to connect with Smith's left. With the exception of slight skirmishing in moving forward, the corps was not disturbed during the rest of the day or the night, which it also passed in bivouac.

Hoping to hear something of the programme for the morrow, I went to General Burnside's headquarters about 10 P.M. I found a great assemblage of general and staff officers in conference with the General-in-chief or awaiting orders. The drift of their conversation was such as to warrant the inference that the enemy would be assailed in the morning. I was aware that orders for the action had been issued to the Grand Division commanders during the night of the 10th and 11th, and they appeared to be left standing as originally given. I could not find out, however, the hour for the opening of the conflict. It had not then been fixed, and, indeed, the order to attack was issued only in the morning, so as to observe special caution. I was awake at six and again in Fredericksburg before daylight—too early by several hours.

The day was like the preceding ones—mild, but very foggy at daybreak and until late in the forenoon. General French's division being in the front and certain to lead in the impending fight on our right, I made my way to its commander with some difficulty. The division was ready to move, but the commander was awaiting his orders. They came only at half-past nine, and directed that the division should move out on the telegraph and plank roads and

form in column by brigades, led by heavy lines of skirmishers, and be ready to attack, but not to do so without further orders. After drawing in the picket line, the division was accordingly formed in the outskirts of the town (through which the streets, with scattered buildings, still extended), under cover of the fog, by eleven o'clock. Hancock's division supported it immediately in the rear. Extraordinary as it may seem, no attempt had been made during our occupancy of the town to reconnoitre the ground between it and the heights, and therefore nothing was known of its character in detail. A reconnoissance in force to ascertain what natural or artificial obstacles there were to a front attack, and to discover the best line for its delivery, should have, but had not, preceded it. The assailants throughout the impending struggle had to take their chances in this respect; and to this, I was persuaded then, and am so now, after an examination of all the official reports of the corps, division, brigade, and regimental commanders engaged, our fearful failure was largely due.

French received the order to move forward only at noon. I was with his staff when it came, and remained with them, as will appear. The division advanced on and between parallel streets. A strong body of skirmishers led, and was followed at a distance of three hundred yards by the three brigades of General Kimball and Colonels Andrews and Palmer, with intervals of two hundred yards between them. The two streets mentioned led to the so-called plank and telegraph roads, which crossed a canal, or rather mill-race, a short distance beyond. This watercourse was fifteen feet wide and from four to six feet deep, and proved a first serious impediment, as it could be crossed only by bridges, necessitating the contraction of the deployed lines into long, narrow columns, and involving loss of time. Beyond the bridges, the line of battle was quickly re-formed and the advance continued in the described order. The ground for perhaps 1200 feet rose gradually to a low crest and was obstructed considerably by a number of isolated dwell-

ings with outbuildings and board and rail fences and stone walls. The passage of the canal and the deployment beyond led evidently to our first discovery by the enemy, for, immediately, there was a combined outburst upon us of artillery and musketry fire, with a mighty roar and rattle from the front, right, and left. The fire was converging and shook our column by its suddenness and severity, killing and wounding hundreds. Several shells struck right in the lines, tearing wide gaps in them. But they pushed on over the intervening space and reached the crest mentioned, under the shelter of which the formation was restored as much as possible. Then the skirmishers rushed over the crest, followed by Kimball's and the other brigades, on towards the second heights. They found themselves again exposed to a murderous rain of shot, shell, and bullets, from the front and each flank, but continued on with fixed bayonets and without stopping to fire, despite the constant thinning out of their ranks. They made their way for a thousand feet or so over rough and muddy ground and over fences, walls and other obstacles, when they found themselves within a short distance of the enemy's first line, along a ravine from which they received such a hail of bullets from rebel infantry in rifle-pits and behind a high stone wall, covering their front for nearly a mile, and such showers of grape-shot from field-pieces and from guns in position in earthworks on the heights a thousand feet to the rear of the wall, that they staggered and halted and in part lay down for shelter in the unevennesses of the ground. The skirmishers and Kimball's first brigade were the first thus brought to bay; the latter after losing one-fourth of their number, including their commander, who was badly wounded. Some time passed before the other brigades, also rather disordered by the hindrances described and decimated by rebel fire, came up to support. The lines of the three brigades became mixed into one. Numbers sought safety in retreat without orders, the remainder holding the position gained, but making no head-

way towards that of the enemy. They kept up an irregular fire, which, however, could have but little effect upon the sheltered rebels.

Hancock's first division had followed the third closely, but, unlike it, was not permitted to pass up the streets unopposed. It was exposed to the rebel shot and shell all the way to the canal and beyond it, suffering thereby heavier losses than the third before reaching the front. Colonel Zook's brigade was in the lead. When it reached French's line, an order came from the corps commander to French and Hancock, at about two o'clock, to storm the rebel position. Zook immediately started for it, followed by French's mixed-up line. Hurrying forward at double quick, they came within twenty-five yards of the stone wall, but could not withstand the terrible fire that swept from it against them, and fell back, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. The next brigade of Hancock—the Irish under General Meagher—repeated the attempt, but was also bloodily repulsed, and the last brigade, under General Caldwell, speedily met with the same fate. Its commander received two severe wounds while urging his men forward. To this brigade belonged the 61st and 64th New York regiments that had relieved French's picket line in the morning and rejoined the brigade as it moved to the front. When it had come within a hundred feet of the rebels, Colonel Nelson A. Miles, of the 61st New York, observing that they were on the defensive, asked General Caldwell's leave to lead a rush with his regiment and such other troops as would follow, but was refused. Miles's men then did good work in picking off the rebel cannoneers with their rifled muskets at close range, when he was shot in the neck and obliged to leave the field. I mention this incident because the then Colonel is the present Commander-in-chief of the United States army, and has always been confident that, if permitted, he would have carried the rebel works and turned the fortune of the day.

I had ridden on with the staff of General French behind his division to the first crest. We were exposed to the hostile fire up to that position, but relatively sheltered by it from bullets, while shot and shell continued to fall around us. I remained there, as it enabled me to see the approach of the several bodies of our troops and even watch (while lying down) from the crest the actual onsets. My station also proved very advantageous, owing to the frequent reports that came in from sub-commanders of the progress of the struggle, and to the opportunity it gave me to meet, first, General Hancock, and, later on, other division commanders, and even General Couch, at the base of the crest. After the failure of the assaults described, I began to fear that the day would go against us. The stream of wounded told of heavy losses. Officers and men showed signs of physical exhaustion and demoralization. Some regiments at the front broke and dispersed. Skulking to the rear increased. The officers found it hard and often impossible to get their men up again for new efforts after they had once lain down. Generals French and Hancock themselves were forced to the conclusion, between two and three o'clock, that the rebel position could not be carried by direct assault.

General Couch also no longer believed in the possibility of the success of a front attack, and hence ordered General Howard's division to make an effort to turn the enemy's left. But he had hardly commenced this movement when Couch countermanded it, owing to urgent appeals for support from both French and Hancock, and ordered the division to the front. It advanced with Owen's brigade in the lead, Hall's and Sully's next. The first two brigades came as near to the enemy as French's and Hancock's brigades, and likewise made several onsets on his rifle-pits, but could make no more headway against the rebel fire than the others. The three divisions, however, steadily kept their positions, replying to the enemy's fire as best they could. They held them even after a number of the regiments had

exhausted their ammunition and were left with nothing but their bayonets for defence.

Simultaneously with the forward movement of the Second Corps, General Willcox's Ninth Corps had moved into position on Couch's left, with Sturgis's division next to it, Getty's as the centre, and Burns's as the left; each division being in two lines. The line of the corps extended over two small creeks, known as Hazel Run and Deep Run, flowing due north into the river and to Franklin's right. When Couch advanced, Sturgis was ordered to follow in support of his left, and took his command at once to the outskirts of the town. He had just formed his line under heavy fire when the stream of demoralized men from Couch's front reached it. He at once ordered Ferrero's brigade to the front. It soon collided with a rebel column that was coming down from the heights, threatening to turn Couch's left, and succeeded in checking its advance and driving it back to the line of rifle-pits. The brigade became exposed to an intense fire, and Sturgis directed his other (Nagle's) brigade to a position from which he hoped that a flank fire might be opened for Ferrero's relief, but the broken ground made this move a fruitless one. Thereupon, Nagle went to the direct support of the latter. The whole division became thus engaged, and, like Couch's divisions, made several attempts to take the rifle-pits and stone wall, but recoiled before the enemy's furious fire.

Of the two other divisions of the Ninth Corps, Burns's acted in concert with Franklin's Grand Division; Getty's was held in reserve to guard the lower end of the town and observe the roads leading down from the heights between Sumner and Franklin until late in the afternoon, when Willcox ordered it to the relief of Sturgis. Its experience was but a repetition of the other vain efforts against the rebel position. Formed in two lines of brigades, it advanced to and beyond the first crest, only to be stopped by the destructive storm of rebel missiles. Towards noon General Hooker was ordered to send support to Sumner,

and, accordingly, Whipple's division crossed over to Fredericksburg. Carroll's brigade was directed to the front for the relief of Sturgis, and Viatt's marched through Fredericksburg and took position to the extreme right of Couch's line for the protection of that flank. Carroll arrived at the front just as part of Sturgis's line was yielding. It rushed forward with a shout to reoccupy the position, and regained and held it.

The unfavorable reports from Sumner's front led General Burnside to direct General Hooker, shortly before 2 P.M., to send his remaining force—Butterfield's Fifth Corps—to the support of the right. General Hooker obeyed, but with a natural reluctance, as this movement tended to deprive him of the opportunity to exercise independent command in the battle, for Whipple's division of Stoneman's corps was already detached and placed under Sumner's orders, and its other two divisions had been ordered, as Hooker bitterly relates in his official report, to the Left Grand Division without his knowledge. While Butterfield was crossing, an order came from the general headquarters to hurry one of his divisions to the relief of Sturgis. Griffin's was selected for that duty and moved to the front as quickly as possible, but it was nearly four o'clock when he reached it. The first brigade, under Colonel James Burns, was directed to relieve Ferrero's, and did so under a murderous fire. A short time before nightfall, Griffin was ordered to make a last attempt to carry the enemy's position. His first and second brigades, aided on the left by Carroll's brigade of Whipple's division, undertook once more the desperate task. The line advanced bravely, losing hundreds by the deadly rebel hail of lead and iron, and pushed up to within a score of yards of the fatal stone wall, only to be stopped and forced to take refuge behind the crest from which they had started. The third brigade was brought up, but, before the attack could be renewed, darkness ended the fighting.

General Butterfield's orders were, to go, with his re-

maining two divisions, to the relief of Sumner's right by a new attack. Burnside, Sumner, and Hooker had in the morning obtained full information regarding the defences of the enemy from an intelligent and communicative prisoner. This had raised doubts in Hooker's mind as to the possibility of the success of any direct attack, and they were confirmed by his observations after arriving on the ground with Butterfield, and by information from some of the generals who had already been in action. Believing that another attack would result in further waste of blood, he sent an aide to General Burnside with the request for a revocation of his orders. The reply of his superior was that the attack must be made. Hooker thereupon went himself to see and remonstrate with Burnside, but this effort, too, was futile, and Butterfield had also to try what his brother commander had already found to be an absolutely forlorn hope.

I felt sure that to send in division after division, to butt against and recoil from the rebel bulwarks, would be simply seeking defeat in detail, and that our only hope lay in the success of the Left Grand Division, whose aim was to force back the enemy's right and thus compel the withdrawal of his left also. But when no encouraging tidings had come from Franklin up to three o'clock and the advance of Howard's division had also miscarried, I began to be alarmed about the safety of our right. It seemed logical to expect that, after repelling a series of attacks, the enemy would take the offensive in his turn and pour down from the heights in main force upon our beaten, decimated, confused, exhausted, and discouraged troops. This was indeed looked for by Couch and his division commanders. But, fortunately for our side, the rebels proved not as aggressive as expected. They came out of their entrenchments only twice in force, in pursuit of our retreating men, and were readily driven back. One of these attempts I have already mentioned; the other occurred about three o'clock, when a column advanced within 150 yards of Han-

cock's front, but, its leader being killed, fell back. Still, the danger remained of our being overwhelmed and driven back in confusion upon the town, and of my being caught in the catastrophe, and, therefore, about half-past three, I started for the rear. There was then a lull in the rebel fire, but, when I had traversed half the distance to the mill-race, shot and shell and rifle bullets again went over and by me in showers for a few minutes.

I observed further striking evidence of the rapid disintegration of our troops. I passed at least a thousand officers and privates making for the town; perhaps one-fourth of them were slightly wounded, many of whom were needlessly helped along by skulkers—a very common trick on battle-fields. The remainder simply were tired, hungry, and thirsty, and had no more stomach for fighting. I came upon General Thomas Francis Meagher, who stood mounted in front of some buildings used as hospitals for the Irish brigade, with about three hundred men and officers, both wounded and in good condition, around him. I asked him what he was about, and he answered: "This is all that is left of my 1200 men, and I am going to take them to the other side of the river," which he actually did. I learned afterwards that, after leading his brigade part way on foot to the front under fire, he turned back on the pretence that he could not walk any further, owing to an abscess in his knee, and had to get his horse. During his absence the brigade pushed on, but was driven back, like the rest of Hancock's division, after losing nearly one-third of their force, and retired in disorder. His retreat across the river without orders was nothing but a piece of arrant cowardice, for which, however, he never received punishment on account of his popularity among the Irish.

I carried some eatables for myself in one side of my saddle-bags, and oats for my horse in the other. Passing a fine brick dwelling with a stable attached, and seeing a negro looking out of one of the front windows, it occurred to me to take a rest, as all firing had again ceased. I called

the negro, and he reluctantly came out with a very frightened look. I asked him to take my horse to the stable and give him the oats while I ate my lunch inside. He was too scared to refuse, and so I dismounted and entered the house and the parlor on the lower floor. It was elegantly furnished, and the owners had evidently taken sudden flight and left everything in their home undisturbed in charge of the servants. I made myself comfortable in an arm-chair, and made short work of my hard-tack and bacon. Overcome with fatigue, I fell asleep, but was roused directly by a tremendous crash. A shell had struck the building, entering through the rear of the house and reaching a front chamber on the upper floor, where it exploded and destroyed all the contents. The negro appeared with chattering teeth and scarcely able to speak from terror. I was not inclined to continue my rest under such circumstances, and, as the roar of battle made itself again heard, I got my horse and passed on.

It was then a little after four o'clock. I did not know that Butterfield's corps had been ordered to cross and to join in the attack, but I learned of this movement by coming up with the infantry and artillery of the corps in the streets. Ascertaining the direction which Hooker and Butterfield had taken for the outskirts, I went in search of them and was lucky enough to come up with them in a few minutes. Hooker had determined to precede the attack of the Fifth Corps by a concentrated artillery fire upon the enemy's position. Very little use had been made of artillery on our side up to that hour. Ten batteries, with fourteen rifled 3-inch and forty-two 12-pounder guns, had crossed with Sumner's Grand Division, and nine batteries, with forty-eight light rifles, with Butterfield's corps and Whipple's division. Of the nineteen batteries only seven took part, in any degree, in the battle; the remainder being left in the streets of the town or sent back to the north bank. The limited employment of our guns was due to the rising ground over which our troops had to

pass to the attack. It ascended to such a degree that our batteries could not well fire from the rear without the risk of hitting our own troops. Further, the location of the rebel batteries was so high, and they were so well protected by earthworks, that an effective fire could not easily be brought to bear upon them. Moreover, the field afforded hardly any other than greatly exposed positions for our batteries. The outcome of several attempts made before Hooker's to employ them showed this. Dickinson's mounted battery of four 10-pounders was called forward after French's and Hancock's repulse, and opened fire from the outskirts on the left; but its commander and one-fourth of the gunners and horses were killed and disabled in a short time, compelling it to retire. Arnold's battery of six rifled guns was put to use near the same point, but their fire was impeded by our columns coming within range. Two New York batteries also supported our advances as well as possible. This and the prelude to Butterfield's attack constituted the artillery's part in the day's work on our right.

It was Captain Hazard's regular-army battery of six 12-pounders and four pieces of Captain Frank's battery, of the same calibre, to which the perilous duty of leading off in the last effort to storm the enemy's position was assigned. They had already started for the front when I met Hooker and Butterfield. They reached a favorable point for their work within two hundred yards of the death-dealing stone wall. In a few minutes after they had opened a most vigorous fire, the horses of all the officers were shot under them, and such further havoc caused among the gunners and animals that Captain Hazard impressed some of the infantry near him to serve his pieces. The batteries held their ground until they were ordered to withdraw.

The execution of the dread task of the Fifth Corps devolved upon Humphreys's division of two brigades. Allabach's second brigade took the lead, and was formed for

the attack under the crest with Tyler's first brigade as support. Making for the front, Allabach, accompanied by Humphreys, came up with the mixed-up remainder of Couch's divisions that were still holding the line from which their attack started. They were lying on the ground. Allabach's regiments, which had been in service only four months and never under fire, at once instinctively followed their example, lay down, and opened fire from the ground. Humphreys saw at once that musketry could have no effect, and ordered a bayonet charge. Allabach's men could, however, be induced only with great difficulty to stop firing and rise and push on. The charge was made but checked, after only about one hundred and fifty feet had been passed over, by the tempest of the rebel fire. Our men broke and ran back. Humphreys at once led up Tyler's brigade to renew the charge. What happened to it had better be told in Humphreys's words:

Riding along the two lines of the brigade, I ordered the men not to fire, saying that it was useless—that the bayonet alone was the weapon to fight with here. Anticipating, too, the serious obstacle they would meet in the masses of men lying along the front, I ordered them to disregard and pass right over them. I ordered the officers to the front, and, with a hurrah, the brigade, led by General Tyler and myself, advanced gallantly over the ground under the heaviest fire. As the brigade reached the masses of our men lying down, they actually tried to stop our advance. They called to our men not to go forward, and some attempted to prevent by force their doing so. The effect upon my command was what I apprehended—the line was somewhat disordered and in part forced to form into a column, but still advanced rapidly. The fire of the enemy's musketry and artillery, furious as it was before, now became still hotter. The stone wall was a sheet of flame that enveloped the head and flanks of the column. Officers and men were falling rapidly, and the head of the column was brought to a stand when close up to the wall. Up to this time, not a shot had been fired by the column, but now some firing began. It lasted but a minute when, in spite of all our efforts, the column turned and retired slowly. I attempted to rally the brigade behind the

natural embankment [the crest so often mentioned], but the united efforts of myself, General Tyler, my staff, and the other officers could not arrest the retiring mass.

General Humphreys had two horses shot under him, and all the members of his staff, except one, had their animals killed or disabled. The loss of the division was over a thousand killed and wounded in the ten to fifteen minutes during which the brigades were charging, including five colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, and three majors. Sykes's division of the Fifth Corps moved to the front and relieved Howard's men, but did not get into action.

Night came soon after Humphreys's repulse, and ended the dreadful havoc of the day. On our right, not only was the whole Right Grand and half of the Centre Grand Division completely beaten piecemeal, with the severe average loss in action of nearly fifteen per cent., but one-half of the remainder was reduced to a confused mass, demoralized by the exposure to useless slaughter and by the great hardships suffered for forty-eight hours. Yet greater disaster threatened from the cooping up of our troops in this condition within the narrow space of the town, which, with the pontoon bridges—the only precarious means of escape from this trap—was completely exposed to the rebel fire. I remained with Hooker until the report of Humphreys's failure had reached us, when I rode back into the town a little before five. Riding about the streets to learn something of the condition of our wounded, I saw the extent of the demoralization that had befallen us. It is not too much to say that the town was in possession of a cowed mob, thousands and thousands of officers and men of probably all the regiments that had been engaged filling from roof to cellar every building not used for head-quarters and hospital purposes—just the worn-out crowd in the midst of which a stampede was as likely to break out at any moment as in a frightened flock of sheep. I knew that the line from which we attacked was still held, but not

one-third of the force that had advanced to it still defended it. What, I asked myself, must not inevitably happen if the almost unharmed and relatively fresh enemy should come upon us by a night or early morning attack? Was Robert E. Lee, with his record of vigorous, daring leadership, likely to let escape him such an opportunity to profit by our incompetent generalship, inflicting a greater disaster than any yet upon the North by forcing the surrender or destruction of forty thousand Unionists? I knew that Hooker, Couch, and Butterfield, and the division commanders likewise, shuddered at the dreadful plight of their commands; and it was, therefore, in the deepest anxiety for the fate of the army that I returned at about six o'clock to the north bank, in order to receive the reports of my assistants at Burnside's headquarters. One was to watch the operations of the Left, another those of the Centre Grand Division, and the third to collect lists of casualties. All three disappointed me grievously. The first turned up only at seven, and had but a very meagre and otherwise unsatisfactory account of the events on the Left. The second did not appear till after nine, and handed in an entirely worthless account of the doings of the Centre. This obliged me to work till nearly midnight in gathering fuller information myself from the general staff officers who came to the general headquarters in the course of the evening.

It seems proper to let an account of what happened on our left come immediately after my story of the experiences of the right. The following summary description is derived not only from my own observations and the statements of others at the time, but from other authentic sources, including the evidence given before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War and the published Official Records.

The position occupied by our left on the eve of the battle, to restate it briefly, was as follows: The line of Smith's corps, forming the right, extended in the plain about a mile from and almost parallel to the river, across Deep Run

Creek. Reynolds's First Corps was in close contact with Smith's left, and continued the line in the same general direction to the small hamlet of Smithfield, where Meade's division, on the extreme left, formed an obtuse angle with the division next to it, in order to guard that flank more effectively. Birney's and Sickles's divisions of Stoneman's corps, intended as the support and reserve of the two corps, remained on the north bank, close to the bridges over which Franklin had crossed.

General Burnside had conferred with General Franklin and his corps commanders during the previous afternoon, at the headquarters of the Left Grand Division, regarding the plan of battle. General Franklin proposed that he should be authorized to attack the enemy from his position with a main strength of 30,000 men. If this were permitted, Hooker's two divisions would have to be ordered across the river during the night and advanced so as to be ready to act as his reserve. Burnside neither consented to, nor dissented from, this recommendation during the conference, but, when he rode away at six P.M., promised, in response to Franklin's urgent request for early instructions, to send his final orders before midnight. Franklin waited anxiously for them all night, but heard nothing until Brigadier-General Hardie of the general headquarters appeared at half-past seven in the morning with an oral message that orders would follow immediately. They arrived at eight, and were to the effect that Franklin should keep his whole command in position for a rapid movement down the old Richmond road (running from Fredericksburg parallel to the river, near our front), and send at least a division to seize the heights below Smithfield.

General Franklin construed these rather indefinite instructions as directing simply a reconnoissance in force, and acted under that impression. He sent corresponding orders to General Reynolds, who designated Meade's division to advance towards the enemy, supported by Gibbon's division on the right and covered by Doubleday's on the

left. Meade was under way at 8:30 A.M. The objective point of his advance was near the eastern outrunners of the heights encircling Fredericksburg and the adjacent plain, where they abut upon the valley of the Massaponax. Between the heights and Meade's starting-point there was a depression crossed by the track of the railroad. The ground first sloped and was cleared and cultivated for several hundred yards, and then came thick woods up to and beyond the track and to the very heights. The enemy held the track, the woods, and the heights. The column of attack was, as usual, led by a regiment deployed as skirmishers, followed by a brigade in two lines, with the division artillery and another brigade behind it, and the third brigade in reserve. The movement was slow at first, as the impediments of fences and draining ditches had to be overcome. The column, having moved parallel to the river for a quarter of a mile, turned to the right and crossed the old Richmond highway. The enemy then opened a violent fire upon it. The column was halted, and the division artillery brought into play against the rebel batteries, which ceased firing after twenty minutes, when the advance was resumed. Meantime, Gibbon's division had been ordered to advance and to make a front attack simultaneously with Meade's. This advance was likewise opposed by the rebel artillery and brought Doubleday's into action. Meade's guns, having gained a new position, reopened fire, and some of the batteries belonging to the left of Smith's corps joined in. The furious cannonade lasted for some time, but the enemy's fire finally came to a stop, owing to the blowing up of several of his ammunition-boxes. Our batteries then shelled the woods in our front in order to clear them of rebel infantry. About one o'clock Meade and Gibbon resumed the advance.

Meade's front brigade passed the cleared ground, entered the woods and drove the rebel infantry through them to the railroad track, where they offered a strong resistance but were forced from this position and beyond the woods

up the heights and over the crest, with the loss of several flags and three hundred prisoners. Having reached some open ground, the brigade received musketry fire from the front, and shell and grape-shot from the right flank. No support arriving, the brigade, after sustaining this severe fire for a time, fell back. Meade's next brigade, after passing the track, was assailed on both the right and left flanks, and in facing and following the enemy in both directions its regiments got separated, some working to the right and some to the left. One regiment on the right got nearly as far as the leading brigade, but turned back with it. The last brigade of the division was exposed to a destructive fire from the rebel guns that were supposed to be silenced, before it reached the woods in front of the track. General Jackson, the commander, being killed as the brigade was ascending through the woods, it began to waver under the severe fire when only a part had attained the heights, and retreated with the other brigades.

Gibbon's attack was made to the right of Meade in the same formation by three successive lines of brigades. They did not get beyond the track. The leading brigade was brought to a stop at the railroad embankment by an artillery fire from the enemy behind it and in the woods. Its left was at once thrown into confusion. Another brigade, ordered to its support, soon in turn became disordered, and the greater part of it gave way. The division commander now ordered his last brigade to drive the enemy from his position at the point of the bayonet. After unslinging knapsacks and fixing bayonets, the brigade advanced to the attack with three regiments forming a front and two a rear line. It passed over open ground through the confused, retreating throngs of the other brigades of the division. The rebel fire was so galling that the brigade staggered and the men commenced firing without orders. By strenuous efforts of the officers, however, they were made to discontinue firing and resume the advance vigorously, and, as the brigade neared the embankment, the men

with a shout and on a run leaped the ditches, rushed over the track and into the woods beyond, killing a number of the enemy with the bayonet and capturing two hundred prisoners. But the further advance of the brigade was stopped by new forces of the enemy assailing it on both flanks. General Gibbon being wounded and obliged to leave the field at 2:30 P.M., his successor in command, General Taylor, on failing to receive support and being advised of Meade's retrograde movement on his left, ordered the brigade to retreat. It was commanded by Colonel Root, of the 94th New York, and composed of that, the 104th and 105th New York, 107th Pennsylvania, and 16th Massachusetts regiments. I have given these details of its performance because it was the most gallant incident of the whole battle.

While Meade's division was engaged, General Birney's division of the Third Corps had advanced to its support with three brigades. It did not relieve Meade on the front, but served as a barrier to the enemy's forces that had started in pursuit of our repulsed divisions. Part of Ward's brigade gave way, but the remainder of it, and the other two brigades, rendered splendid service in checking and driving back the foe that was advancing rapidly with triumphant yells. Not only was Meade protected in his retreat, but two regiments of Berry's brigade went to the aid of Gibbon's retiring division. How little power the latter and Meade's had left to stay the hostile pursuit is shown by what General Stoneman says of their condition: "Every effort was made to rally them [the two divisions], but all to no purpose. Regardless of threats and force and deaf to all entreaties, they sullenly and persistently moved to the rear, and were re-formed near the bank of the river by their officers, many of whom used every endeavor to halt their weary and overpowered troops." It may be added that their retreat left all the artillery that had been in action without any support, so that but for Birney it would have been captured.

Sickles's division of Stoneman's corps did not reach the south bank until nearly 3 P. M., and, being ordered to take position on the right of Birney, did not get into line until after the latter's successful encounter with the enemy was over. One of Sickles's batteries got engaged with a rebel one and silenced it after a score of rounds. His skirmish line, too, had a lively exchange of shots, but the rest of his command did not get into action. But it is not too much to say that, but for the timely intervention of Stoneman's two divisions, the pursuing enemy would have made his way through the gap in our line and to the flanks of the Left Grand Division, and probably overcome them easily.

Doubleday's division of Reynolds's corps had been designated to protect the left flank of the Grand Division by diverting the enemy from the front, and moved forward some two miles for that purpose when Meade set out for his attack along the river, over the plain towards the Massaponax. Its progress was slow, owing to obstructions similar to those encountered by Meade. His skirmishers exchanged fire with the enemy during most of the day, and he was also exposed to the rebel guns, which some of his batteries engaged. But he did not collide with the enemy in force and suffered but little loss. Smith's corps remained passive all day. Its pickets kept up a desultory exchange of shots. It was within the range of the rebel guns, but suffered barely any damage, though some of the corps artillery participated in the cannonading during the forenoon and afternoon. Shortly before dark, Newton's division was ordered to support Stoneman's divisions, but did not become engaged.

Except along the picket lines, the infantry fire ceased on both sides before four o'clock, but the rebels kept up a determined fire upon us from some forty guns, which our batteries answered as vigorously as possible. The cannonade did not cease till nightfall, which found the Left Grand Division substantially occupying the same position from which Reynolds's corps had sallied forth in the morning.

It clearly appears from the foregoing narrative that Franklin's failure on the left was the result of the same causes that brought about our discomfiture on the right. Here, as there, the offensive strength was spent in successive fruitless assaults, with limited forces, upon strong rebel positions. Happily, only three of Franklin's divisions were subjected to this waste of blood, while seven divisions were used up under Sumner and Hooker. But the rebel defences above Fredericksburg were much more formidable and less approachable than those confronting the left, and hence made the attempt to take them by front assaults, *a priori*, a grievous error. With Franklin the case was different. For, while it cannot be absolutely maintained that an attack in main force, such as he had himself recommended to General Burnside, would have been successful, a favorable outcome was possible, whereas the attacks in detail by divisions were foredoomed to repulse. These were the hard facts: only three of the eight divisions at the disposal of Franklin took part in the action; the movement of Doubleday proved useless, the enemy not being in strength in that direction; and not a shot was fired by Smith's infantry, except on the skirmish line.

Franklin's course brought on another of those numerous painful and humiliating controversies that mark the ill-starred career of the Army of the Potomac. No blame can attach to this commander for taking the indefinite orders he received from Burnside in the morning to mean a reconnoissance in force only. But two other orders from the Commander-in-chief were orally delivered to him at about 2 P.M., by Captain Goddard, aide-de-camp, in these words: "Tell General Franklin, with my compliments, that I wish him to make a vigorous attack with his whole force. Our right is hard pressed." This order appears to have been based on the report of another aide-de-camp who had been sent by Burnside to Franklin for information about the doings of the latter's command, and who had reported that General Smith's corps was not engaged. Franklin ad-

mitted in the subsequent investigation before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War that he received this order, but that he could not execute it, owing to the unfavorable turn the action had already taken on his front. But, except on the ground that he mistook the bearing of his first orders, it seems impossible to justify and excuse the inaction of the Sixth Corps. Its commander, General Smith, told me himself, at a later stage of the war, that he had been expecting every minute orders to move to the attack, and was puzzled and disappointed that he had to stand still all day. Of course, it cannot be positively claimed that the offensive employment of Smith's corps would have ensured victory on the left, but it is of official record that both Meade and Gibbon ascribe their repulse to the want of support, and, moreover, there can be no doubt that our failure, after the success of Meade's first onset, must be ascribed to our giving the enemy the chance to concentrate all his forces on the left against a little more than one-third of ours.

After learning that we had been discomfited on the left as well as on the right, I felt fully persuaded that our defeat was irretrievable, and that nothing remained to the Commander-in-chief but to solve the seemingly desperate problem of getting the army again over the river without further harm. I was sure, moreover, that if a resumption of the offensive should be recklessly attempted, it would be vehemently opposed by Generals Sumner and Hooker, and by their corps and division commanders. Nor was my conviction shaken by the sneering and contemptuous rebuffs my corresponding expressions met with from certain members of Burnside's staff. They talked as though the day's fighting had been only a prelude to another and greater action. Their swagger was so confident that, stirred up as I was by the grave peril of the army, I came near yielding to an impulse to approach Burnside and tell him the dire truth, which I feared he did not know. But I gave up that design when I heard, at about eight o'clock,

that he had made up his mind to see Generals Sumner and Hooker and their corps commanders in person in Fredericksburg, and learn from them the condition of their commands.

I did not think for a moment that the result of Burnside's visit to the other side of the river would be anything else than an immediate withdrawal of the Right and Centre Grand Divisions to the north bank. But I was mistaken in this. For, when Burnside returned to his headquarters, he had made up his mind to repeat the folly of the day before, and to try another direct attack, and he actually telegraphed to General Halleck at 4:30 in the morning: "I have just returned from the field. Our troops are all over the river. We hold the first ridge outside the town and three miles below. We hope to carry the crest to-day. Our loss is heavy—say 5000." The Commander-in-chief had actually formed the desperate resolve of leading, himself, a storming column of his own former Ninth Corps. General Sumner, however, succeeded in dissuading him from the rash venture by telling him that not one general officer approved of it.

In the meantime, confident of the correctness of my judgment that there would be no more fighting, and in pursuance of my regular instructions after every important action to carry, whenever feasible, the account of it in person to New York or Washington, I had made up my mind to set out for the national capital after getting a few hours' sleep. I was confirmed in this intention on being informed that Burnside had interdicted all telegraphic communications to the North regarding the battle, which opened the possibility of achieving a great "beat" for the *Tribune* by exclusive first news.

CHAPTER XXIII

Carrying the News to Washington.—1862

I SOUGHT my quarters shortly before eleven, and arranged to be called so as to start for Acquia Creek at 3 A.M. I set out on horseback. Never before or since have I had such a terrible ride. It was pitch dark—indeed, I could not make out anything beyond my horse's head. There was no distinct road, but the army trains, in trying to avoid mud and move on solid ground, had made tracks of a seemingly infinite width, but all reduced to a miry state. Hence I travelled most of the way through a sea of mire from one to two feet deep. From time to time I struck stretches of corduroy, but, as the logs were loose, they made riding only more difficult and dangerous. Four times my horse stumbled and fell, throwing me once, so that I landed with a splash in a pool from which I emerged covered with liquid earth. I could not tell in what direction I floundered on, and, not meeting any one, had to trust to my animal's instinct. I was glad enough, therefore, when day dawned and broken-down wagons and débris of all sorts assured me that I had not gone astray. I had calculated on making the distance in from three to four hours, but I did not reach Acquia Creek before nine o'clock.

I proceeded directly to the tent of the quartermaster in charge of the depot of supplies and transportation. He was the same official whom I had met on my way down. He had heard the boom of the artillery the day before and knew that a general action had taken place, but had heard nothing of the result. Hence, he was glad and grateful to get the scanty scraps of news I was inclined to give in exchange for a plentiful breakfast which his cook pre-

pared for me. Naturally I cherished the hope that my night ride would give me the start of my rivals, the correspondents of other Northern papers, and was very much elated on learning that none of them had arrived before me. But imagine my dismay when the quartermaster, in reply to my question as to when the first boat would start for Washington, informed me that he had received orders before daylight from General Burnside not to allow any officer or soldier, or any one else attached to the army, or any civilian, and especially no press correspondents, to go North without a special permit from his headquarters.

This was a knockdown blow, for it looked not only as if I should be disappointed in my hope of getting ahead of my competitors, but as if my coming to Acquia Creek would prove a great blunder, leaving me separated from the army and unable to get back to it for at least a day, owing to my own extreme fatigue and the exhaustion of my animal. To my further disgust, C. C. Coffin, the correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writing under the signature of "Carleton," whom I knew as one of the most intelligent, energetic, and indefatigable reporters in the field, turned up in the quartermaster's tent as I was finishing my breakfast. To be sure, the interdict applied to him as well as to me, and he was always very genial company; but one never likes to discover that other people are as smart as one's self.

My ambition as a correspondent was too strong, however, to make me submit meekly to the situation. On the contrary, with body and spirit refreshed by a solid breakfast, nothing was further from my thoughts, and I resolved to try my best to defy Burnside and circumvent Coffin. But the resolution was easier than its execution, and I wandered up and down the long dock—the only dry spot in sight—for an hour or so, vainly taxing my brain for an escape from the trap I was caught in. It naturally occurred to me first to arrange to slip off secretly on one of the four vessels discharging on the dock, but on inquiry

it appeared that only one of them would go directly to Washington after unloading, and that at least twenty-four hours would elapse before the craft started on its return trip. Suddenly, however, I conceived a possible solution of the quandary. I saw two negroes row away from the dock in a small boat and stop a hundred yards or so from it to fish. The idea flashed upon me that I might get them to row me out into the river, about half a mile away, in order to intercept one of the numerous steam-vessels passing up and down between the capital and Hampton Roads. But in executing this plan it was necessary to prevent discovery and imitation by Coffin. Walking back to the quartermaster's, I found to my joy that the Boston *Journal's* correspondent had given way to his fatigue and was fast asleep on a camp-bed. I lost no time in retracing my steps and hailing the negroes. They promptly responded and rowed up to the dock. Not deeming it safe to disclose my real purpose, in case I should be seen and stopped by some one in authority, I offered them a dollar each to let me fish with one of their rods. They accepted with a pleased grin, and I let myself down into the boat. Telling them that I wanted to fish further out, I made them row out to the river proper so as to be beyond recognition from the dock. Then I let them know that I wanted to be put aboard the first steamer from below, and, pulling out two five-dollar greenbacks, told them that they should have them if they did this for me. The size of the reward was evidently overwhelming, and they agreed promptly to my proposal.

We slowly rowed down the river, and in less than an hour a steam-vessel came in sight that proved to be a freight-propeller under Government charter. Getting as near as practicable, I hailed a person standing on the upper deck, who proved to be the captain. Shouting to him that I wished to be taken aboard, he asked whether I had a transportation order, as he was forbidden to carry passengers without one. As he slowed down, I had got hold of a rope

hanging from the side of the propeller, and, fearing that the captain would refuse to take me, I pulled the boat up to an opening in the guard railing on the lower deck, jumped aboard, tossed the greenbacks to the oarsmen, and told them to make off as fast as possible, which they did with a vengeance. The captain was at first disposed to be wrathy at my summary proceeding, but became mollified on being shown my general army pass, and on my assurance that I commanded enough influence to protect him in case my performance should get him into trouble. Being now certain of having the start of all my rivals, I felt very jubilant. The only drawback was that the propeller was very slow, making only about eight or nine miles against the stream, so that I could not expect to reach Washington before 7 or 8 P.M. This gave me ample time, however, to clean up, which my night ride had rendered very necessary, to sleep for a couple of hours, and, most important of all, to get an account of the battle ready for instant transmission by mail or telegraph. I had it finished at seven, but we reached the dock on the Eastern Branch only at a quarter-past eight. Before leaving the boat, I thanked the captain warmly for his kindness, and begged him to accept a fifty-dollar bill in recognition of the great service he had rendered me. He was much surprised, and at first declined the present, but yielded when I urged him to accept it for his wife and children.

I made all speed to the *Tribune* office, where I was told there would be no use in trying to send my report by telegraph, as the Government censor at the main telegraph office had been ordered by the Secretary of War not to allow any news from Fredericksburg to be transmitted without previous submission to and special approval by him. But there was time to send it by special messenger on the night train, which was done. It may as well be mentioned here that my account met the same fate as that of the first battle of Bull Run. I had stated in it as strongly as possible that the Army of the Potomac had suffered

another great, general defeat; that an inexcusable, murderous blunder had been made in attempting to overcome the enemy by direct attack; and that the Union cause was threatened by the greatest disaster yet suffered, in consequence of the perilous situation in which the defeat left the army. The editor was afraid to let the *Tribune* solely assume the whole responsibility for what would no doubt prove a great shock to the loyal public, lest I might be mistaken in my opinion, and, accordingly, the report was very much modified, but was printed as an extra issue the following morning.

My duty being thus fully discharged, I went to Willard's Hotel for my supper. At the entrance I met Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, known to the local correspondents as the most persistent news-hunter in Washington. He knew I had joined the Army of the Potomac, and at once surmised that I was from the front, and greeted me with the questions: "Have you come from the army? What is the news? Have we won the fight?" I answered: "Senator, you know whatever news I have belongs to my paper, but, for the sake of the cause, I will tell you in strict confidence that Burnside is defeated, and in such a bad plight that I think you can render no greater service to the country than to go at once to the White House and tell the President, if he does not know what has happened on the Rappahannock, to make an immediate demand for the truth. You can state further to him that, as I believe he knows me to be a truthful man, I do not hesitate to say to him, through you, that, in my deliberate judgment, he ought not to wait for information, but instantly order the army back to the north bank." Afer a few more words, the Senator started for the Presidential mansion. After supper I went back to the *Tribune* office, but had hardly entered it when the Senator reappeared, and, taking me aside, told me that he had seen the President, who desired me to come with him to the White House at once. Of course I went, although I was still in my campaign

clothes and hardly presentable. It was nearly ten o'clock. The Senator informed me on the way that he had not given my message to the President.

We found Mr. Lincoln in the old reception-room on the second floor, opposite the landing. He greeted me with a hearty hand-shake, saying, "I am much obliged to you for coming, for we are very anxious and have heard very little." He then asked me to give him, as far as my personal knowledge permitted, a general outline of what had happened, which I did as fully as I could in a few minutes. He followed up my account with one question after another for over half an hour. He inquired regarding the defences of the rebels on our right front, their command of the town and river, the physical and moral condition of our troops before and after the fight, the chances of success of another attack from either of our wings, the extent of our losses, and the feeling among the general officers. He was very careful not to ask anything so as to imply criticism of anybody, although I ventured to mingle a good deal of censure with my statements of facts. But his questions and the expression of his face showed that he believed I was aiming to tell the truth, and that he felt growing anxiety. When he ended the interview by repeating his thanks, I made bold to say as earnestly as I could: "Mr. President, it is, of course, not for me to offer advice to you, but I hope my sincere loyalty may be accepted as my excuse for taking the liberty of telling you what is not only my conviction but that of every general officer I saw during and after the fighting, that success is impossible, and that the worst disaster yet suffered by our forces will befall the Army of the Potomac if the attack is renewed, and unless the army is withdrawn at once to the north side. Pardon me, Mr. President, but I cannot help telling you further that you cannot render the country a greater service than by ordering General Burnside to withdraw from the south bank forthwith, if he has not already done so."

The President took no offence, but, with a melancholy smile, remarked, "I hope it is not so bad as all that," whereupon we took our leave. The Senator was fully impressed with the danger of the situation and gratified that I had spoken so frankly. I felt thankful myself that I had been thus permitted to make an effort in the highest quarter for the salvation of the army, and I walked away with a sense of having discharged a patriotic duty. I have always been proud of my action, though it produced no effect. Burnside was, indeed, allowed to dispose of the fate of the army without interference from Washington; but, fortunately, the truth that there was safety only in withdrawal came to him in the end, after two days of floundering and vacillation, and the Army of the Potomac returned unmolested to the north bank during the night of the 15th–16th.

With the official history of the memorable Saturday, from both Union and Confederate sources, before me, I contend unhesitatingly that the escape of the Army of the Potomac from the Fredericksburg trap must be ascribed to the ignorance of the rebel Commander-in-chief of the extent of our losses and of the confusion and demoralization of our right. His despatches, during and immediately after the action, to the Richmond Secretary of War prove that he not only did not know the physical and moral disability wrought among our forces, but believed that there had been only a preliminary trial of arms, and that the battle would be renewed at daylight the next morning. Further proof is furnished by this quotation from his report: "The attack on the 13th had been so easily repulsed, and by so small a part of our army, that it was not supposed the enemy would limit his efforts to an attempt which, in view of the magnitude of his preparations, seemed to be comparatively insignificant. . . . . But we were necessarily ignorant of the extent to which he had suffered, and only became aware of it when, on the morning of the 16th, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the dark-

ness of night and the prevalence of a violent storm of wind and rain to recross the river." To assume that, with a knowledge of our condition, Lee would not have launched his columns, under the protecting fire of his artillery, down upon our broken, shattered, cowed, huddled-up right, would be simply to deny, as I have already said, his indisputable mastery of the art of war. It is true that the line of the right on the first crest, from which our attacks were started, was held during the night following the battle and during the next day by the organizations that last came into the fight. But, owing to casualties and depletion through skulking, they numbered barely one-third of their strength before the battle, and hence could have offered but a weak resistance.

The discredit to the Federal arms on account of the battle of Fredericksburg is not diminished by the relative strength of the two armies. The Army of Northern Virginia was composed of the First Army Corps under General James Longstreet and the Second under General Thomas J. Jackson; the former opposed to our right and the latter to our left. The First Corps consisted of five divisions with a total of sixteen brigades, varying from two to five regiments. The Second Corps was made up of four divisions with nineteen brigades of from two to seven regiments. The two corps thus represented an aggregate of nine divisions with thirty-five brigades. There was a cavalry force also, but it played as little part in the battle as our own. There appear to have been fifty-one batteries attached to the rebel army. The Army of the Potomac consisted, as set forth, of six army corps of eighteen divisions and fifty-six brigades, with seventy batteries of from four to six guns each. A comparison of the respective organizations shows that our brigades averaged more regiments than those of the enemy. The entire effective force of Lee, according to rebel authority, was, indeed, under fifty thousand, while Burnside's before the battle was more than double that number. Nor is this all. Lee, in his

congratulatory order to his army, says that it took less than twenty thousand of his men to repel our attacks both on the right and on the left. This is perfectly credible, considering that our attacks were made by divisions and brigades only, and is borne out by his official list of casualties showing the organizations actually engaged. But it is true, also, as set forth in my narrative, that five divisions on our left and one on our right did not take part in the action.

We lost 124 officers and 1160 men killed, 654 officers and 8946 men wounded, and 20 officers and 1749 men missing or captured (of which, as the rebels claimed only 900 prisoners, one-half were doubtless killed), making a total loss of 12,653. The proportion of officers among the killed and wounded was extraordinary and not equalled in any other battle of the Civil War. The rebel loss is reported only under the general head of killed and wounded, at 458 and 3743 respectively, or a total of 4201. The prisoners we took brought it up to about 5000, or forty per cent. of our loss. Jackson's corps lost three-fifths of the total, namely, 328 killed and 2354 wounded, and more than half of the prisoners taken by us. Our divisions which attacked him lost, together, 4284. Deducting Jackson's and Franklin's losses from the totals, the horrible fact appears that our loss on the right amounted to more than four times that of the enemy, which brings out in gory relief the useless butchery of our soldiers.

With this I gladly close the sickening story of the appalling disaster for which Ambrose E. Burnside will, to the end of time, stand charged with the responsibility.

END OF VOLUME ONE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

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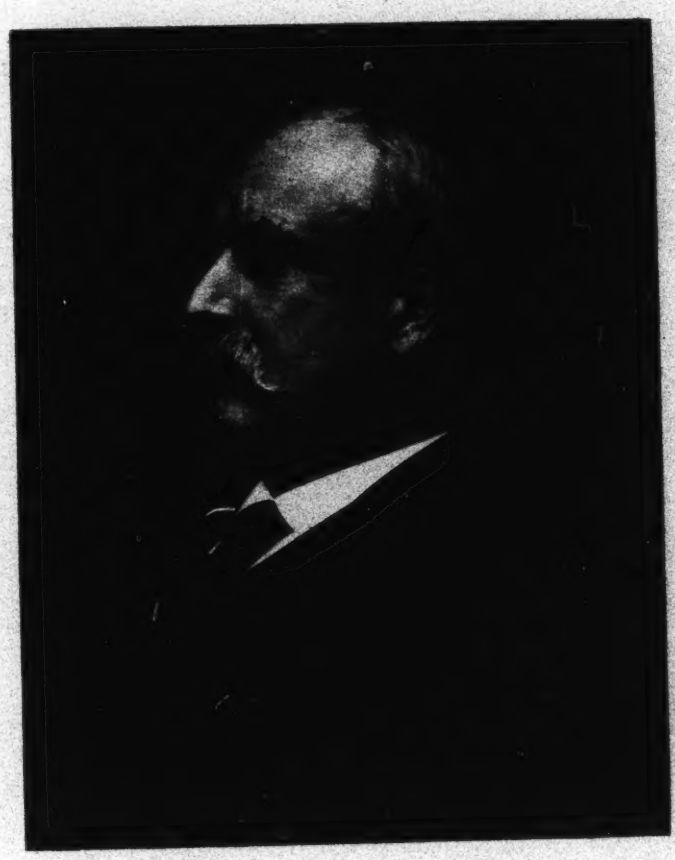

MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY VILLARD

Journalist and Financier

124334

1835–1900

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME II

BOOK V.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: CHARLESTON

PAGE

CHAPTER XXIV.—AT HILTON HEAD (1863) 3

CHAPTER XXV.—NAVAL ATTACK ON FORTS SUMTER AND MOULTRIE (1863) 27

CHAPTER XXVI.—FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON (1863) 52

BOOK VI.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: CHICKAMAUGA.

CHAPTER XXVII.—WITH ROSECRANS AT MURFREESBORO' (1863) 59

CHAPTER XXVIII.—BRAGG DISLODGED FROM CHATTANOOGA (1863) 78

CHAPTER XXIX.—CHICKAMAUGA: THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST DAY (1863) 113

CHAPTER XXX.—THE BATTLE OF THE SECOND DAY (1863) ..126

BOOK VII.—IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: CHATTANOOGA

CHAPTER XXXI.—FEDERAL CONCENTRATION AND REORGANIZATION (1863) 177

CHAPTER XXXII.—CRISIS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY (1863) .193

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHEELER'S RAID (1863) 199

CHAPTER XXXIV.—ROSECRANS RELIEVED FROM COMMAND (1863) 207

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE REOPENING OF THE TENNESSEE RIVER (1863) 217

CHAPTER XXXVI.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE OFFENSIVE (1863) .229

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS (1863) .241

BOOK VIII.—FINANCIAL CAREER

PAGE

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Washington, Boston, Germany (1863–1873) 267

CHAPTER XXXIX.—The Oregon Railroads (1873–1879) 272

CHAPTER XL.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. (1879–1880) 284

CHAPTER XLI.—Completion of the Northern Pacific Railway (1880–1883) 295

CHAPTER XLII.—The Wheel of Fortune (1883–1890) 313

CHAPTER XLIII.—The Guest of Bismarck (1890) 338

CHAPTER XLIV.—Last Years (1890–1900) 357

ILLUSTRATIONS

Henry Villard, aged 53 ..... *Frontispiece*
From a photograph by G. C. Cox, New York.

Henry Villard, aged 54 ..... *to face* page 358
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

MAPS

Charleston and its Forts ..... *to face* page 27

Chickamauga and Chattanooga ..... *to face* page 113

Oregon and Washington ..... *to face* page 267

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK FIVE

IN CIVIL WAR TIME: CHARLESTON

CHAPTER XXIV

At Hilton Head.—1863

FOR a few days I was quite a lion in Washington as the first arrival from the front. The *Tribune* office was crowded day and night with army officers, members of Congress and others who wished to talk with me about the battle. Wherever I went—in the departments, at the hotels, in private houses, and on the sidewalks—I was beset by eager inquirers. I did not mince words, and can flatter myself that my earnest denunciations had something to do with the early inquiry into the Fredericksburg campaign instituted by the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, which fully brought out the facts of the case. Owing to the contradictory evidence given by the commanders involved, the public mind, however, remained much befogged as to where the real responsibility for the disaster belonged.

It is a matter of record that Burnside, notwithstanding his thorough defeat, clung for some time to the plan of trying another offensive movement without delay, and that his obstinacy and illusions in this respect were brought to an end only by his famous so-called "mud march" on January 21. But I was convinced that the unfavorable season and the condition of the army rendered further collisions between the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia before spring very improbable. I advised our managing editor that I thought it not worth while on that account to return to the front, and suggested that I be sent to the coast of South Carolina in order to witness the impending combined land and naval attack on Charleston. My recommendation was approved, and, accordingly, I left Washing-

ton in the first week of January, 1863, for New York, and sailed thence on the 14th on the steamship *Arago* for Port Royal harbor.

The *Arago* had been running regularly before the war as a passenger and freight steamer in the Havre trade, and was a large and commodious, but not very fast, ship. She had been chartered by the Government for some time, and was making three trips a month to the port mentioned, carrying Government supplies, but only such passengers as were in the public service or had permits from the War Department. Captain Gadsden was very obliging and jolly. There were only seven passengers in all in the first cabin, besides myself, including my old acquaintance, Major-General David B. Hunter, and his assistant adjutant-general, Major Halpine, two other staff officers, and some very nice ladies from Pennsylvania, who, like so many other patriotic and self-sacrificing Northern women, had volunteered for educational work among the negroes of the Sea Islands. Major-General Hunter had been in command of the Department of the South since the preceding summer, but, having become involved in misunderstandings with the Washington authorities, had asked and obtained leave in August to visit the capital for explanations. It was then decided to replace him by General O. M. Mitchel, who died late in October, 1862, after holding the command for a few weeks. Hunter was now returning to resume his position. He was over seventy years old, but tried to assume a younger appearance by wearing a full, dark-brown wig and giving his short moustache the same artificial color. He was a man of moderate ability, but an ardent patriot, a true gentleman, and very pleasing in his intercourse with others. I knew Major Halpine as an Irish poet and wit, under the sobriquet of "Miles O'Reilly," and a writer for the New York *Times* before the war, and found him again a very entertaining and amusing companion.

With the luxurious comforts of the *Arago*, the voyage

ought to have been a pleasure trip, but we had stormy weather from Sandy Hook to beyond Cape Hatteras; all the passengers except myself were very sick. We arrived on the afternoon of the 18th of January. As we entered the harbor, the forts taken from the rebels, on the right and left of its mouth, fired salutes in honor of the department commander. After we were made fast to the long dock, built out since the Federal occupation, from Hilton Head Island, which formed the south side of the harbor, many army and navy officers at once boarded the *Arago*, including Brigadier-General Ferry and Fleet-Captain Rodgers, to welcome General Hunter. Captain Gadsden kindly permitted me to remain on the *Arago* while she stayed in port, thus giving me several days in which to consider and decide upon my future course.

A brief review of the operations of the Union army and navy along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia before my arrival will be in place here. A direct and special punishment of the former State, as the hotbed of secession, had been insisted upon by public opinion in the loyal North ever since the first outbreak of the Rebellion. The Federal Government was quite disposed to yield to the popular demand. The occupation of the South Atlantic ports was the subject of special study by a board of officers which sat in Washington in June and July, 1861. In the first days of August, orders were issued to General Thomas W. Sherman to form an expeditionary corps of 12,000 men in the New England States, and to Captain Dupont of the navy to collect a fleet of vessels in Hampton Roads, for a combined aggressive movement down the coast. According to Nicolay and Hay, President Lincoln explained personally at a Cabinet meeting the purposes of the Government in this direction to General Sherman, and expressed to him the desire that the expedition should start early in September. The starting was, however, postponed till October, and did not actually take place before the end of that month. On October 29, between fifty and sixty

steam-vessels, of which fourteen were men-of-war and the remainder loaded with troops and quartermasters' and commissary stores, stood out from the Roads. The fleet encountered a storm the very next day, which resulted in the loss and disabling of some of the transports. The remainder reached Port Royal harbor in safety. On November 7 the men-of-war attacked the two rebel forts on the north and south sides of the entrance, mounting, respectively, twenty and twenty-three heavy guns, while the Federal ships carried one hundred and thirty. Nine of the ships, led by the frigate *Wabash*, moved up the harbor, following each other in a single line at short intervals, and delivering their broadsides against the two forts as they passed them. When beyond the range of the rebel guns, the death-dealing procession steered around and steamed back to the entrance, again firing broadsides while passing the rebel works. This movement was repeated three times, when the rebels abandoned, first, the strongest fort on the south side, and, later, that on the north side. The fire of the vessels had been so sweeping and destructive that the enemy became panic-stricken and sought safety in precipitate flight. Our victory cost only eight killed and twenty-three wounded. The fugitives spread the panic from the forts to the whole coast, from North Edisto to Warsaw Sound, with the result that the Sea Islands and the harbors of Port Royal, St. Helena, North and South Edisto, Tybee Roads, Warsaw Sound, and Ossabaw Sound fell under Federal control without the shedding of another drop of blood.

The troops were landed on the south shore of Port Royal harbor and established themselves in regular camps. From this base of operations the land and naval forces, during 1862, gradually reëstablished the Federal authority, not only along the Georgia and South Carolina coasts, but also at points on the Florida coast, including Fernandina, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine. The most noteworthy achievement was the reduction, in April, 1862, of Fort Pulaski, on

Cockspur Island, at the mouth of the Cockspur River, commanding the approach to the city of Savannah, under the direction of General Quincy A. Gillmore of the regular Corps of Engineers. He accomplished an extraordinary feat by planting, during many weeks of night labor, eleven batteries of thirty-six heavy guns, weighing from eight to eight and a half tons each, in a bottomless morass, without discovery and interference by the enemy. The siege was remarkable also as the first practical demonstration of the worthlessness of walls of masonry as a defence against modern rifled artillery. The fire of our guns, at ranges from 1650 to 3400 yards, made the fort untenable in thirty hours, and surrender unconditional.

In the early spring of 1862, Major-General Hunter was assigned to the chief command of the Department of the South, while General T. W. Sherman remained in charge of that of South Carolina. Hunter soon attracted general attention by the famous order he issued on May 9, 1862, announcing that "slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in the three States of Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free." This act was nothing less than the abolition of slavery by military authority, five months in advance of the preliminary, and eight months before the definitive, Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln. General Hunter had no special authority from the War Department to issue the order, but promulgated it by virtue of his absolute powers as military ruler over territory under martial law. As one of the truest loyalists in the regular and volunteer armies, he was also moved by his sense of duty to the Government, and was among the first to perceive that one of the most effective blows that could be struck at the Rebellion would be to deprive it of the benefit of unpaid slave labor in civil pursuits and for military purposes. His strong anti-slavery convictions doubtless likewise prompted him to adopt this radical measure. The order made quite a sensa-

tion in the North, and led to attacks upon its author and the Administration by the Conservatives and Anti-War-Democrats, which moved President Lincoln to issue his well-known proclamation of May 19, 1862, in which, after affirming that the Government had no knowledge of, or part in, Hunter's act, he declared it null and void, and asserted his exclusive right to determine whether it was competent for him as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy to declare slaves in any State or States free, and whether, at any time and in any case, it had become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such a supposed power.

General Hunter, though repudiated, remained in command, and soon found occasion to try another military method of dealing with the slavery problem, which, while not at once practically successful, was not disowned by the Government, and was even subsequently adopted by the War Department, and contributed much to the ultimate triumph of the North. In other words, he was the first to attempt to form military organizations out of fugitive and abandoned slaves. The desertion of their plantations on the Sea Islands by the great slave-owners had left thousands of their human chattels without control or restraint of any sort, and, as was natural, their sudden, absolute freedom exposed them to the dangers of idleness, vagabondism, and general lawlessness. Even before General Hunter's advent, efforts had been inaugurated, under the leadership of Northern philanthropists, to take the blacks of the islands in hand, to systematize their labor, and to teach them frugal and industrious ways. There were then some fifty devoted men and women from the North engaged as teachers and overseers in that benevolent calling. They had come South under the leadership of Edward L. Pierce of Massachusetts, who had been put in charge, first, of the organization of the colored refugees flocking to Fortress Monroe into working parties, and now of the same task in South Carolina, at the instance of Secretary Chase,

whose friend and supporter he was. (Mr. Pierce subsequently became widely known as a politician of the better class, law writer, and biographer of Charles Sumner.) On a number of the larger plantations, the regular work was thus being carried on again.

The undertaking proved so great that the War Department lent a helping hand by detailing Brigadier-General Saxton to take supreme charge of the "Freedmen's Aid" movement in April, 1862. Still, the islands swarmed with great numbers of idlers that could not, or would not, be employed, and had to be fed and clothed at the expense of the Government. General Hunter, on seeing this state of things soon after his arrival, and upon the recommendation of General Saxton, made up his mind that the best solution would be to enroll as soldiers the negroes physically qualified, and use them for whatever military purposes they might be fit. He lost no time in applying to the Secretary of War for 50,000 muskets, and "authority to arm such loyal men as I can find in the country." He coupled his requisition for arms with another which caused much wonder and some merriment at the time, asking for 50,000 pairs of scarlet pantaloons. "This is all the clothing," he wrote, "I shall require for these people." The Major-General soon tried the effect of scarlet cloth on the blacks in an attempt to organize a black regiment. It was actually formed, but did not hold together more than a few weeks, mainly owing to the unwillingness of the blacks to serve. The attempt was renewed, in pursuance of an order of the Secretary of War, dated August 25, 1862, authorizing Brigadier-General Saxton to arm, uniform, equip, and drill not more than 5000 volunteers of African descent, to guard and protect the plantations and settlements of Port Royal and elsewhere. Only one regiment of a thousand men was, however, got together after three months, of which T. W. Higginson, the well-known Massachusetts liberal clergyman and littérateur, became the colonel. This regiment donned red trousers.

Such was the situation in South Carolina when I stepped for the first time upon the sacred soil of the Palmetto State on Hilton Head Island, bordering the harbor on the south side and washed by the ocean on the east, on which the Union troops had made their first landing, and on which the department headquarters were situated. "The Head," as the natives called it for short, presented a very uninviting, dreary aspect. It was, indeed, but a dead waste of deep sand, "as flat as a pancake," varied only by a line of low sand-hills or dunes. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a green plant of any kind, was in sight; the only green spots being a few small grassplots produced by irrigation. Before the landing of the Federal forces, no buildings existed, and but a few scattering ones had been erected since. The principal were two long one-story frame structures of the plainest outer and interior finish, erected as quickly and cheaply as possible for use as headquarters. They extended along the shore, with a fine beach between them and the water. A few hundred feet from their rear stood a small but more substantial-looking two-story building, in which the United States Custom-house was established. There was also a group of board shanties and wall-tents, some with and some without wooden floors, which served as mess-houses and sleeping quarters for the customs officials and the officers and employees of the quartermaster's and commissary department. The habitations stood directly on the virgin sand, without artificial walks or streets. The truth was, indeed, that I had dropped into a very desolate place, of which the only redeeming feature was the bay and the ocean. I was comforted by the expectation that my stay would be a short one—in which hope I was, however, to be greatly disappointed.

Major Halpine promptly redeemed his voluntary promise to provide me with quarters by assigning to me an empty front room in one of the headquarters buildings, to which I moved from the *Arago*. It was small, but with a good-sized window overlooking the beach and bay. It being en-

tirely unfurnished, the Major showed me further favor by sending me a small table, roughly made on the spot, and a camp-stool. The next thing was to find something to sleep on (as I had brought with me only a small pillow and blankets) and washing utensils. As there was nothing of that kind to be got at "The Head" for love or money, I concluded to row back to the *Arago* and appeal to the generosity of Captain Gadsden. He at once authorized the steward to sell me a mattress, and advised me to apply to the quartermaster on shore for a tin basin and cup, in which quest I was successful. I slept on the mattress on the floor for several days, when I persuaded the post-carpenter to make me a bedstead and washstand out of unplaned lumber. With these appointments I managed to get along during my sojourn at "The Head."

I found board as easily as lodging. I had brought a letter of introduction from Secretary Chase to Mr. T. C. Severance, the Collector of the Port, who at once invited me to join his mess. We had an excellent table, indeed as good meals as at a first-class hotel in the North, and at a very reasonable price. The mess consisted of the Collector, two of his office assistants, a New England clergyman acting as Freedmen's agent, some commissary and quartermaster's clerks, Henry J. Winser, correspondent of the New York *Times*, and myself. Mr. Severance had been a banker at Cleveland, but had failed at the beginning of the Civil War. His good nature and willingness to oblige were without limit. His official responsibilities were not great, the arrivals of vessels subject to entry not averaging more than one a month, and what little work there was, his chief clerk did. Winser had a room next to mine and proved a very genial, gentlemanly companion, with whom I kept up close relations till his death in 1896. Mr. Howard, the Freedmen's agent, was a Harvard graduate and a well-informed, entertaining, liberal-minded man. The other members of the mess were like the good children who are seen but not heard.

I made it my first business to become acquainted with the officers of the fleet, not one of whom I knew. Assistant-Secretary Fox had kindly given me a letter to Rear-Admiral Dupont, in chief command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, which I presented, two days after my landing, on board the flagship *Wabash*. The Admiral received me most courteously, and introduced me at once to Captain C. R. P. Rodgers, his chief of staff, and the other members of his official household, as well as the officers of the frigate. The Admiral was one of the stateliest, handsomest, and most polished gentlemen I ever met. He looked the ideal naval commander. Captain Rodgers also had a fine presence, and was most courteous and obliging. It will always be a source of pride to me that I won the lasting friendship of these two distinguished officers. Besides the flagship, there was, riding at anchor near it, the *New Ironsides*, an iron-plated frigate under command of Commodore Thomas Turner, with thirty-two Dahlgren guns in broadside. The very next morning we had a stirring surprise in the appearance of the *Montauk*, a reproduction of the original Ericsson monitor, in tow of the war-steamer *Rhode Island*, and commanded by John L. Worden, the hero of the ever-memorable fight between the *Monitor* and the rebel ram *Merrimac*. The *Montauk* was the forerunner of the fleet of eight ironclads of the monitor and other types that were expected from the North.

The presence of but one of these showed that I had left the North under a wrong impression in supposing that the preparations for the naval attack on Charleston were nearly completed and that it would certainly come off shortly after my arrival. This was confirmed by the Admiral himself. As I had been commended by Assistant-Secretary Fox to his confidence, I did not hesitate to ask him during my first visit whether he felt at liberty to say to me, under seal of secrecy, whether Charleston would be attacked soon or not. He replied that he had no objection to telling me that the fleet was not quite ready for it. I interpreted

this to mean that there would be considerable delay yet, and my surmise proved correct. I learned by degrees that, from the chief commander down to the lieutenants, the officers of the fleet had not much faith in either the offensive capacity or the speed of the new forms of ironclads, which were to be the principal instruments of attack, and that they were to be given practical trials in both respects before being actually used in the proposed grand effort to subdue Charleston.

I readily perceived that the key to the confidence of the Admiral and his chief of staff was the strict observance of their injunction not to say anything regarding the condition and purposes of the fleet in my correspondence, except what they should authorize to be published. I advised the managing editor of my intention to submit to this restriction, and confined myself at first to gathering material for purely descriptive letters. The supply proved rather meagre. One letter exhausted all that could possibly be said about Hilton Head, the army headquarters, and the fleet. The only other available sources of useful matter were excursions on the ordinary steamboats that kept up communication between the headquarters and the different points of occupation on the Sea Islands, and some reconnoissances by armed boats in the direction of the mainland, and especially of the Savannah River, through the network of tide-water inlets connecting the islands with one another. The steamboats made regular runs, but the reconnoitring trips, of course, took place only at the will of those in command.

My first excursion was to the famous town of Beaufort on St. Helena, the principal one of the islands. Our boat was the small side-wheeler *Planter*, that had been run out of Charleston harbor with a load of heavy siege-guns and delivered to the blockading fleet by her colored pilot, Robert Small, who had been its captain since, and whom I found a good-looking, intelligent, and well-informed mulatto. Beaufort was not more than eighteen miles from

"The Head"—four across the bay, and the rest of the distance through the inlets connecting Port Royal harbor with St. Helena Sound. Extensive plantations with large mansions and scattered live-oaks and palmetto trees were visible on both sides of our course. Beaufort did not belie its renown as the favorite pleasure-resort of the South Carolina slaveholding aristocracy. The town consisted of one grand, broad avenue, two hundred and fifty feet wide, lined with great evergreen oaks, behind which the stately homes of the cotton lords stood, separated from each other by gardens filled with a variety of brilliant flowers, indicative of the mildness of the winter climate. The houses, while built of wood in a plain style, were nearly all three stories high and of generous proportions, and impressed one as both spacious and comfortable. Their owners, almost without exception, had abandoned them to the care of their slave servants. Several were made use of for various purposes by the Northern invaders. One was occupied by General Rufus Saxton, the Military Governor of the islands; another by the General Agency of the Freedmen's Bureau. Some served as boarding- and lodging-houses for the volunteer teachers of the freedmen from the North, and some for the schools in which colored adults and children received free instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as in sewing, cutting, cooking, and other domestic arts.

I paid my respects to General Saxton, whose marked personality proved very true to the descriptions I had heard given of him. He was a regular artillery officer, and one of the few outright abolitionists in the army. He had a slender, wiry figure of middle height, a small head with fiery black eyes, short-cropped black hair, and full beard. His intense zeal in the Union cause and the sincerity of his deep hatred of the Rebellion and what he considered its main support—slavery—made him seem at first a glowing zealot, like the martyred preachers of the Faith. But, while ardent and unflinching in his duty, he was at heart as gentle

as a lamb. He was certainly the man for the task intrusted to him of making soldiers out of the "contrabands" of South Carolina and Georgia. He expressed himself as very much pleased with his success so far in that direction, and spoke very highly of the aptitude of the negroes for military service. I also made the acquaintance of his assistant adjutant-general, Edward W. Hooper, son of the well-known Massachusetts Congressman, Samuel Hooper, and one of many Harvard graduates who, from the loftiest motives, had left college to enter the service. In the same spirit, this exemplary character devoted his life after the war to the public weal in various capacities, ending with the treasurership of Harvard College. I likewise met there, for the first time, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, a lovable woman of middle age, an able writer for the press (she wrote the best letters on the "contrabands" to the *Tribune*), and an enthusiastic anti-slavery advocate and champion of other reforms. She was one of the Freedmen's Bureau agents, and discharged her duties with untiring zeal, true benevolence and great ability.

Immediately after my Beaufort trip I had an opportunity to witness the novel and interesting spectacle described in the following reproduction of my letter to the *Tribune* on the subject:

PORT ROYAL, January 22, 1863.

General Hunter and staff yesterday afternoon improved the return of clear weather to visit and review the 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. I was glad of the early opportunity to see what appeared to me the most interesting feature of South Carolina, and satisfy myself, by personal observation, as to the relative success of the experiment of transforming the black freedmen into Union soldiers.

The party steamed up Beaufort River on the Beaufort packet *Flora* to Smith's plantation, some eight miles distant, where the black volunteers had their encampment. We were transferred from the steamer to the right bank in small boats, and, after passing through a magnificent grove of live-oak trees and a "*street*" of the regimental camp, reached an unplanted cotton field, where a line of

black faces, blue trousers, red trousers, and muskets told us that the object of our visit was before us.

The General and suite having taken position in front of the line, the regiment was first made to go through the manual of arms. It next marched past the General by companies both in ordinary and quick step, and then went through several battalion manœuvres.

Judged by the absolute standard of perfection in drill, the performances of the black soldiers appeared liable to criticism. But, taking into consideration all the facts bearing upon the case—the low intellectual status of the rank and file, the short training, the inexperience of most of the white officers themselves—no honest-minded, unprejudiced observer could come to any other conclusion than that the regiment had attained a remarkable relative proficiency. I have no hesitation, with my extensive observations of the capacities and acquirements of white volunteers in both the Western and Eastern armies, to say that no body of men in the service has done better in seven weeks, the period during which the dark-skinned South Carolinians have served upon the drilling-ground.

It is said by those unwilling to give the blacks credit for any human capabilities that, although they may master the mere mechanism of the service, through their great natural gift of imitation, they will yet never become efficient soldiers, owing to the want of "*spirit*"—of "*heart*" in the profession, and of proper appreciation of the cause for which they bear arms. In refutation, the fact that every one of the eight hundred and sixty men volunteered might be sufficient. But the best possible evidence to the contrary is furnished by what happened at the close of the review. Having formed the regiment in square, Colonel Higginson requested General Hunter to say a few words to the men.

The General stepped inside the square amid three spontaneous cheers from the ranks. He said in few but forcible and moving words that he rejoiced to find the native soldiers so proficient; that, judging from the progress they had already made, he could see no reason why they should not become as good soldiers as any in the world; that he expected them to fight as well as drill, as only men willing to fight for their liberty are worthy of it, and that he hoped before long to see fifty thousand of their friends striking for freedom from bondage.

There was unmistakable intelligence, true warmth of emotion and firmness of resolution speaking out of the enthusiastic response

of the black audience to these remarks. The most venomous pro-slavery agitator in the North could not have denied that the General was fully understood. But the wildest shouts of joy broke out when General Saxton announced, after General Hunter had concluded, that fifty thousand muskets were arriving from the North to arm the freedmen of South Carolina. Cheers for liberty and the Union were never given more heartily by white volunteers than those elicited by the announcement.

The monitor *Montauk* departed a few days after my arrival for the Ogeechee River for a trial of her offensive and defensive strength against the rebel Fort McAllister, which protected the approaches to the city of Savannah. Colonel Burton, of the Forty-eighth Regiment of New York Volunteers, who was in command of the captured Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah, had come to Hilton Head on official business, and invited me to accompany him on his return trip in order to witness the exploits of the monitor. We left on January 28, reaching Pulaski in the evening. The fort had been entirely restored and made stronger than before. It mounted eighty guns and had a garrison of two regiments. The next morning we started early for the Ogeechee by the inland passage. We passed by the Tybee River and Warsaw Sound into the network of channels connecting the latter with Ossabaw Sound. Our pilot lost his way, and we found ourselves caught in the Romney Marsh in a passage so narrow and shallow that our boat grounded and touched the banks on both sides. It was extricated with great difficulty from its perilous position. As it was unarmed, we should have been an easy prey to the enemy, who happily did not discover our plight. It was a narrow escape for me from a taste of Southern prisons. We steamed back to Fort Pulaski, reaching there only late in the evening. Our mishap was the more provoking as we had been so near the scene of action that we not only heard the firing, but saw the puffs of powder-smoke ascend after each discharge. We learned the next morning from the attacking fleet that there had been a severe artillery fight,

lasting nearly all day, between the *Montauk*, four gunboats, and a mortar-boat on our side, and the rebel fort, mounting thirteen heavy guns. The *Montauk* approached within a mile of the fort, when she was stopped by a row of close piles driven into the channel. She was struck thirteen times by heavy shot, but not injured beyond slight dents in her armor. The attack led to the discovery that the rebel cruiser *Nashville* was still in the Ogeechee, seven miles from Fort McAllister. She had run in some months before, and was prevented from getting to sea again by the vigilance of our cruisers and the obstructions placed by us in the outlets from the Ogeechee.

It was the purpose of Captain Worden, in command of our flotilla, to get by the fort with the *Montauk* and attack the rebel vessel. Our fire was supposed to have disabled most of the armament of Fort McAllister. Captain Worden was bent upon overcoming the obstructions in the river, but, as this would take time, I returned to Hilton Head. I found that the military and civilian community was much stirred up by very exciting news, just arrived, of a partially successful attack made by rebel rams from Charleston harbor upon our blockading fleet, preceded by the disablement and surrender of one of our gunboats in Stono River. The veteran braggart, Beauregard, was in command of Charleston at the time. On receiving the report of the rebel rams, he launched forthwith a proclamation to the civilized world announcing that the Federal blockading fleet, having been either destroyed or dispersed, had disappeared, and that the blockade was therefore raised. The proclamation was accompanied by an official statement of a British naval officer and the resident British consul that they had been out to sea on a tug, but had seen no sign of the blockading fleet. The rebel Secretary of State followed this up by a circular to the Confederate agents in Europe, announcing the reopening of Charleston harbor to the ships of seafaring nations. This performance of Beauregard and the British officials ranks

high among the many extraordinary perversions of current events which occurred during the Rebellion. It was denounced as an absolute falsehood in a protest addressed to Admiral Dupont by all the commanders of the blockading men-of-war. At first the rebel story was believed even by the Washington Government, and credited by the Northern press, which indulged in severe criticism of the blockading fleet. The feelings of the Admiral and his subordinates on reading these rash effusions may be imagined. A partial compensation for the losses inflicted by the rebel rams was the capture at that time of several vessels with valuable cargoes trying to run the blockade. A great prize among them was the British steamer *Princess Royal*, which was brought to Port Royal harbor and which I visited. She carried machinery and guns for the rebel navy, besides a large miscellaneous cargo of merchandise.

Another noteworthy event was the return of the First South Carolina Volunteer Regiment from an expedition to the coasts of Georgia and Florida, and up various rivers into the interior of those States. It was intended to produce a moral effect on the slave population by the sight of the colored troops, who were to circulate the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Another object was to secure brick, lumber, and other material needed for military purposes. The expedition was successful in every respect. The black soldiers received their baptism of fire, having had several victorious encounters with rebel infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Colonel Higginson was overflowing with praise of the gallant conduct of his command, which had inspired him with the conviction, loudly proclaimed, that nothing would end the war quicker than the employment of negro troops on the largest possible scale.

The long-announced reinforcements consisted of the entire Federal force that had operated under command of Major-General Foster on the North Carolina coast. It arrived successively in a great fleet of one hundred and twenty-five

vessels. The transports had encountered severe gales, which had blown violently for a week along the South Carolina coast and made us very anxious for them. No disaster occurred, however, but the crowded troops suffered greatly from seasickness. Port Royal harbor was so much disturbed by the storm that the transports could not land the troops for several days; they were finally put ashore, mostly on St. Helena Island. Their advent was considered another sure indication that the opening of offensive operations by land and sea was not far off, but the general expectation in this regard was once more doomed to disappointment. Many weeks were yet to elapse before hope deferred became fulfilled. Moreover, the coming of General Foster led to lamentable dissensions between the commanders of the land forces, which threatened to have a paralyzing effect upon military operations. Although General Hunter was, by seniority, the ranking major-general, and, by general order of the War Department, the ranking general officer took command when troops passed from one military department into another, General Foster expected to remain in independent command of all the forces he brought to South Carolina, and was greatly taken aback when, during his temporary absence on a flying trip to North Carolina, General Hunter issued a general order assuming command over his troops. Foster would not accept the situation, but left for Washington on the first steamer to make a personal appeal to the Secretary of War and the President for the recognition of his claim. As he did not succeed in this, he asked to be and was relieved from duty in South Carolina. He left his staff behind, who had so little sense of propriety and subordination that they loudly boasted of the sure success of their chief's mission, which would, of course, have resulted in the retirement of General Hunter. Their indiscretion soon brought upon them an order of expulsion from the Department, when they followed their general to the North. Other subordinates of Foster were similarly infected. The chief

quartermaster actually refused to turn the control of the steam transports over, as in duty bound, to the chief quartermaster of the Department, and had to be placed under arrest. One of the brigadiers, General Stevenson, openly proclaimed that he and his command would not fight beside "niggers," for which General Hunter had him arrested and confined. General Naglee, another brigadier, was also removed from command later on and sent North for manifesting a similar spirit of insubordination. Some of Foster's troops were guilty of perpetrating great outrages upon the colored people on some of the Sea Islands, and had to undergo rigorous disciplinary treatment. Altogether, the morale of the accessions from the North was unsatisfactory, and it was fortunate that offensive movements did not commence until the bad spirit had been in a measure suppressed.

I had announced in the *Tribune*, about the middle of February, that the intention was to send another expedition of colored troops from Hilton Head on a regular recruiting mission among the negro population of a certain Southern State, and that thousands of muskets would be taken along to arm male slaves. The publication caused a great sensation in the North, some of the conservative Republican papers pronouncing the news an outright malicious canard, while the "Copperhead" press denounced in the most violent language the attempt to excite "servile insurrection." I was even personally attacked as the author of the bogus intelligence. But, a week later, the correctness of the information was proved by the actual departure of over a thousand black troops, under Colonel Higginson, on the very errand I had foretold. Forays were made up a number of streams on the Georgia and South Carolina coasts, but the expedition was far less successful than expected, as many slave-owners had run their human chattels off into the interior. It brought back, however, a few hundred black recruits, many of them with their families.

Excepting the incidents mentioned, the month of Febru-

ary passed away in rather monotonous quietude. The land forces were ready for active work, but the navy was not yet fully prepared for it. I clearly understood the true cause of the past delay and of that still before us, but for public reasons said nothing about it in my correspondence. It was the procrastination in the North in getting ready the monitors which were to play the leading part in Admiral Dupont's offensive, to the number of seven. They all had been expected to be with the fleet by the end of February at the latest, but only the *Montauk*, the *Patapsco*, and the *Nahant* had then turned up, much to the disappointment of the Admiral and his officers and men.

I devoted part of my abundant leisure to a careful study of the condition of the slave population on the Sea Islands within our lines. It numbered a little over 9000, including 3617 children. General Saxton's department was divided into two divisions. That comprising the islands embraced no less than eighty-two plantations with 4015 adults and 2200 children, under the superintendence of Mr. Soule, a man especially well fitted for his task by his qualities of mind and heart. I visited the agencies in charge of subdivisions, either with him or with a Northern clergyman by the name of French, who acted as a sort of general Protestant missionary among the more than half-heathenish blacks. We could not understand the jargon spoken by them, and they did not comprehend our English, yet my clerical companion preached to them as though he were addressing a Northern congregation. His whole gospel work seemed, indeed, perfunctory and even farcical. The fact was, that savage superstitions still prevailed among the blacks, and that they practised fetish worship. On one occasion, my reverend companion, after he got through with his prayers and exhortation at a Sunday service in one of the rude structures used for places of worship for the slaves on the plantations, called on "Brother" Villard to address "our colored brethren." I did so, but let the gospel alone, and explained to my hearers

as well as I could what rights and duties their liberation had vested them with. Although I used the simplest possible language, I felt sure that I was not understood. Such an audience I never looked upon before or since. Most of the jet-black faces, with their protruding, glaring eyes, thick noses, heavy outturned lips, glittering teeth, low receding foreheads, and coarse twisted, matted hair, spoke plainly of the Niger and the Congo. It seemed to me that the efforts of the volunteer male and female teachers from the North to instil even a little rudimentary knowledge into the skulls of the adults were bound to prove futile, and so they did. Nothing else could be expected, indeed, from creatures who had been purposely kept in the condition of brutes.

Upon the first appearance of the Northern liberators, either the terror-stricken masters had sought safety in flight and left their slaves to shift for themselves as best they could, or the latter had taken refuge with them in the Confederate lines. This inevitably produced a state of entire disorder on the plantations. Most of the blacks abandoned their customary work, and took advantage of the indiscriminate distribution of free rations that was at first practised by our commanders. But the demoralizing influence of this system was soon recognized, and it was abolished after our occupation had been extended over the larger islands and the plantations taken possession of by Government agents. The plan had been adopted, and generally carried out, of letting the freedmen (as they came to be called) become cultivators of the soil on the estates to which they belonged, either as employees of the Government or for their own account. In the former case they were required to perform regular daily tasks, and were allowed in payment regular rations and small wages. In the latter, they were allotted a certain acreage near their cabins on which they could grow such crops as they chose. The first-mentioned mode of employment, according to the testimony of the agents, promised better results than the

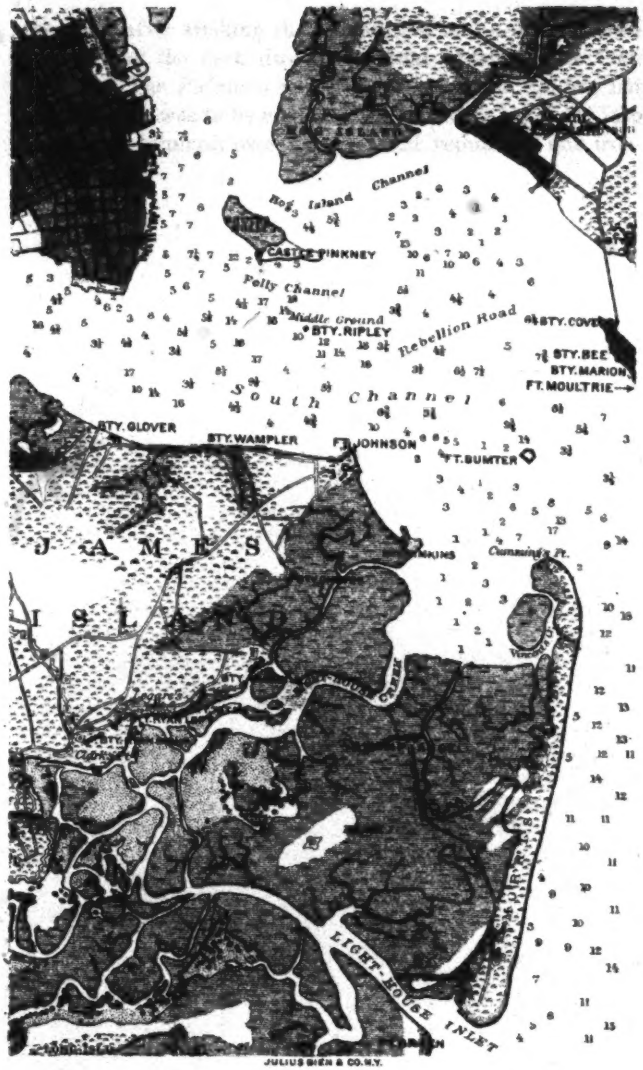
latter, but the trial had not been going on long enough to justify definite conclusions. The agents expressed very favorable opinions of their people as regarded docility, willingness to work, and aptitude to learn, among both young and old. They could not speak so well of them in the matter of tidiness, truthfulness, and morality. I found them, as a rule, well behaved, well fed—plenty of cornmeal, bacon and molasses, a stock of pigs and chickens, made up the sum of earthly bliss for them, and all these blessings were now within their easy reach—and contented, yes, happy, in their inborn lightheartedness. Slavery had confined them to the simplest requirements in regard to habitation and personal wear, and they had not yet risen above their compulsory indifference to appearances beyond a fondness for loud colors, so that they presented a tattered, dirty appearance as a rule. A noteworthy characteristic was their proneness to express their moods of joy and sorrow in original songs, which indicated the natural musical gift of the race.

The last days of February brought great cheer to the navy, so eager for revenge for the attack of the rams on the blockaders. The joyful news reached Hilton Head by a despatch-boat that the *Nashville* had been utterly destroyed by the *Montauk*. The rebel craft had lain quiet for a long time under the protecting guns of Fort McAllister, watching for an opportunity to slip out to sea unobserved by our vessels, but her attempts to do so were repeatedly baffled by their vigilance. On February 27, she tried to run out under cover of a thick fog. She got aground, and was discovered in that predicament by the *Montauk* when the fog lifted. Captain Worden lost no time in going for his prey. He ran his monitor as close as possible to the obstructions in the river, getting within 1200 yards of the *Nashville*. Disregarding the furious fire of the fort upon his vessel, he devoted himself exclusively to his victim. His first experimental shots missed the mark, but, the proper range being obtained, thirteen- and fifteen-inch

shells were sent one after another into the doomed vessel. The fourth fifteen-inch shell burst in her and set her on fire. The flames spread rapidly, and speedily heated her guns so as to explode their charges. Soon another shell went crashing through her side, penetrating her powder-magazine and causing a fearful explosion that finished the work of destruction. The officers of the *Montauk* described the burning and blowing up of the *Nashville* as a sight grand beyond description. No damage whatever to ship or crew was suffered by the *Montauk*.

The monitors *Patapsco* and *Nahant* had been ordered to Ossabaw Sound by the Admiral, but arrived too late to share in the glory of the *Montauk*. They were followed by the monitor *Passaic*, just arrived from the North, and by several mortar-boats. The Admiral ordered all the newcomers to try their guns against Fort McAllister. The *Passaic*, *Patapsco*, and *Nahant* accordingly moved towards the fort on the morning of March 3, and took up positions at distances of 1200, 1600, and 1800 yards, with the mortar-schooners behind them. The fort promptly answered the fire of the monitors from all its guns, and the exchange of shots continued all day. The fire of the fort was rapid and ill aimed, while that of our vessels was slow and deliberate, the main object being to make thorough tests of the range and accuracy of fire of their guns. It was indeed, on our part, a leisurely bombardment rather than a spirited offensive action. The monitors stopped their work at nightfall and fell down the river beyond the range of the fort. They returned to Hilton Head during the following days. The trial attack apparently demonstrated that the three monitors engaged were as invulnerable as the *Montauk*. The *Passaic*, being nearest to the fort and hence most exposed to its fire, was struck thirty-three times upon deck and turret by the heaviest shot and shell, which left, however, only slight indentations on her armor. Most of the rebel missiles were broken into fragments against it. One ten-inch shell fell unexploded upon

the deck, after striking the pilot-house, and a thirteen-inch shell struck the deck directly without causing more than a crack. The *Patapsco* and *Nahant* were also hit but not injured. As was to be expected, all rebeldom burst out into a shout of triumph over the apparent repulse of our iron-clads.


Rebellion Road
Middle Ground
Folly Channel
Hog Island Channel
South Channel
CASTLE PINKNEY
BTY. RIPLEY
BTY. COVER
BTY. BEE
BTY. MARION
FT. MOULTRIE
BTY. GLOVER
BTY. WAMPLER
FT. JOHNSON
FT. SUMTER
J A M E S
I S L A N D
Cummings Pt.
LIGHT-HOUSE INLET
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CHAPTER XXV

Naval Attack on Forts Sumter and Moultrie.—1863

On March 5, General Hunter issued the following address to his command in the form of a general order (No. 16):

Soldiers of the Department of the South: After long and wearying delays, due to causes over which no one in this Department had control, we have at length the cheering prospect of active and very important service.

Soldiers of the 10th Army Corps, you are stimulated by every consideration of honor to vie with the gallant men from the Department of North Carolina who have been sent by the Government to take part with you in the dangers and the glory of operations now pending.

Officers and men of the command, you are adjured to the performance of every duty. All who earn distinction, no matter how humble their positions, have my pledge that their services shall be honorably acknowledged, and the acknowledgment pressed to their advantage.

Alas, the General's manifesto proved but another deception. One more entire month of weary waiting was to elapse before the "pending operations" were actually commenced. Again the delay in the arrival of the rest of the monitors from the North was the cause of the postponement. The *Weehawken* and the *Nantucket* appeared during March, but the last ironclad, the *Keokuk*, reported only at the very end of the month. She was a departure from the monitor model, and a new experiment, as she was turtle-shaped, with sloping sides and two stationary turrets.

On March 31, I wrote from Hilton Head: "But for a violent gale that arose suddenly last night, and has been

blowing with unabated fury since, I should probably have been able to announce definitely the day on which the army and navy are to commence their long-delayed offensive operations. Still, I can assure your readers with the utmost positiveness, that the rough weather is now the only obstacle to the immediate consummation of the aggressive plans of General Hunter and Admiral Dupont." At last I was right in my predictions. As soon as the elements of high winds and heavy seas had quieted down, the combined campaign by land and water really opened. I was thoroughly tired of my long-enforced idleness, and heartily welcomed the prospect of active work. I naturally assumed that the extensive and protracted preparations for vigorous, telling strokes against the enemy would bring me steady and stirring occupation for some time to come. But the god of war ordained it otherwise. In little more than one week our offensive energy was to be exhausted, the carefully planned attack on arch-rebellious Charleston to prove an utter failure, even in the very first stage of its execution, and my task in South Carolina to be suddenly brought to an end. How all this came about is told in the following batch of reports to the *Tribune*, printed in its issue of April 14:

UNITED STATES SURVEYING STEAMER *Bibb*,
NORTH EDISTO HARBOR, April 4, 1863.

Preliminary movements and reconnoissances, embarkations and landings, have been making for some time, both by the navy and army; but it was only on Wednesday last that there was a general readiness for the commencement of the main operations. High wind and heavy sea caused another delay of twenty-four hours, but on the day before yesterday morning the four ironclads still remaining in Port Royal Harbor started at last for this general rendezvous; the Admiral's blue flag was transferred from the *Wabash* to the *James Adger*, which left soon after the monitors; and a large number of the army transports also followed in their wake. I availed myself of a kind invitation of General Ferry, commanding one of the divisions of the expedition, and made my way across the bay to St. Helena landing and aboard his flagship, the steamer *New*

England, as soon as I saw the wheels of the *James Adger* in motion. The *New England* formed the centre of a group of steamers and propellers, all heavily laden with human freight. The troops had been marched aboard the night before, in the expectation of an immediate departure; but the means of landing (scows and surf-boats) could not be secured until this morning, and the division got under way only a short time before sundown.

The destination of General Ferry's command was Stono Inlet. It was to make a landing on Cole's Island, already occupied for some days by a regiment. The fleet had hardly crossed the bar when a severe gale suddenly sprang up, and continued to blow all night. When the sun rose on Friday morning, the sorry discovery was made that the transports had been scattered, and lost in the storm most of the surf-boats they had been towing. In the course of the forenoon, however, the vessels all hove again in sight, but, low tide preventing their passage over the bar, they were ordered to lie off the entrance until high water. The *New England* having too deep a draught for a safe crossing, she proceeded to this port in order to transfer part of her load to another steamer.

North Edisto Harbor presented, when we entered it, an aspect at once pleasing and imposing. Its placid waters, with well-defined, graceful contours of shore lines, just contrasted and variegated enough to give tone to the picture, formed an idyllic ensemble strangely contrasting with the numerous novel and formidable engines of naval war riding at anchor within its sheltering limits. All the ironclads excepting the *New-Ironsides*, with the *James Adger*, *Seneca*, *Sebago*, and *Bibb*, had arrived. Around them floated a great flock of sailing craft—mortar, ordnance, buoy and supply schooners; the Adams Express steamer *Mary Sanford*, the *Locust Point* and other propellers, together with several ever-puffing, ever-rushing tugboats, imparting additional liveliness to the scene. Before leaving Port Royal, I had obtained Admiral Dupont's permission to witness the operations of the ironclads from the *New-Ironsides*. Soon after arriving, I boarded the *James Adger* in order to ascertain the best mode of reaching the former, and had a passage provided for off Charleston on the survey steamer *Bibb*, to which I transferred myself and baggage forthwith from the *New England*. My reception by Acting-Ensign Robert Platt, the commander of the *Bibb* in the absence of Captain C. O. Boutelle of the Coast Survey, was as courteous as I could possibly desire it to be.

Instead of dying out, as expected in the morning, the wind grew

more violent in the afternoon, so that our anchorage became ruffled As the swell increased in volume and the vessels rocked and rolled more and more, it became evident that the morrow was not likely to bring the sound and fury of action. Still, the final preparations for it were continued with unabated vigor on all the ironclads. Their decks were stripped of what little in the way of spars and rigging they had. The sides, turrets, pilot-houses, and decks of all were covered with a thick and anything but elegant coat of grease. Several were still receiving additional plating upon their most exposed portions. Various contrivances for exploding and taking up torpedoes and obstructions were tried. The click and clank of tools and the commands of officers and the shouts of working parties resounded until long after sundown. Towards evening, the steamship *Ben Deford*, carrying Major-General Hunter and staff, came in and anchored close to the Admiral's flagship. Several schooners and steamers also stood in, with a number of small boats lost by General Ferry's transports, so that no hindrance of the movements of the land forces need be apprehended from that mishap.

This morning it was manifest that we should experience rough weather for another day. High winds, veering in the course of the forenoon from N. E. to N. W., blew until towards evening. But, shortly before sunset, the sky became clear of clouds, the wind settled gradually into a calm, the surface of the water smoothened, and after dark there was every indication of a change for the better. At daylight, a strange accident had happened to the Whitney Battery *Keokuk*. The strong tide made one of the monitors drag anchor, brush past the former, carry off her anchor-chains, and set her adrift. Not having steam up, she floated helplessly down the bay towards the bar. Fortunately, before she reached the latter, her propellers had been got to work and she was safely brought back. About sunrise the naval squadron was joined by the gunboats *Augusta*, *Memphis*, and *South Carolina*, ordered here from off Charleston to take the monitors in tow. One of the two ironclad rafts with which the *Ericsson* anchored for several days outside, was brought in early this morning and attached to the bow of the *Weehawken* for experimental purposes. The officers and crews of the ironclads seemed to be even more busy than yesterday with hastening their preparations to completion. The greasing, the strengthening of the armor, the rigging up of means of rendering submarine engines of destruction harmless, continued all day. Experiments with

throwing the grapnel from a coehorn were made on the *Keokuk*. One of the discharges unluckily resulted in slightly injuring Lieutenant Forrest.

In the evening several of the commanders of the ironclads came on the *Bibb* for consultation as to the hydrography of Charleston Harbor. Captain Charles O. Boutelle also arrived from the North. It became understood that, with anything like favorable weather, the Admiral would order the whole squadron to get under way at flood-tide in the morning.

April 5, 1863.

The presumptions of last evening were well founded. A clear sun, cloudless sky, and calm sea removed this morning the last impediment to the attack, and about 6 o'clock the general signal to get under way was made from the flagship.

The consummation of what has been preparing so long, so carefully, and on so extensive a scale, being now close at hand, certain statements, without which the character of the operations about to begin can not well be fully appreciated, may safely be made. An erroneous impression has undoubtedly prevailed all along in the North as to the offensive strength of the troops to be employed in the attack upon Charleston. I cannot, of course, at this moment state the real number of effectives at the disposal of General Hunter; but I can say, with a full knowledge of the actual figures, that it is far below the popular estimate. It is comparatively so small, indeed, that the land forces will be necessarily limited to a secondary part. They will have to act very much after the fashion of General Butler's command in the operations resulting in the capture of New Orleans. They will simply follow up the conquests of the navy; move in its wake and occupy the localities opened by it.

Of the navy, the armored vessels will do the main work. The facts ascertained in regard to the armament of the rebel defenses of Charleston Harbor would render the employment of the wooden ships under the command of Admiral Dupont (many of which are merchant vessels converted into men-of-war, and as weak as those that fell so easy a prey to the rebel ironclads in their late sortie) in any attempt at the reduction of the regular rebel forts exceedingly hazardous. The country may rest assured that all the pros and cons in connection with this question have been well weighed, and that wisdom required that the brunt of the contest should be borne by the ironclads. The aggressive qualities of these seem to be much misconceived by the general public. Popular fancy, nurtured

by journalistic ignorance and exaggeration, has enveloped them with a nimbus of irresistibility not at all warranted by their real merits. Their fighting capacities should consist of running, offensive and defensive powers. Were the impending combat over, I could disclose facts proving that they are far from being the models of perfection in the light of which they appear to unprofessional minds. As it is, I can only say that, although they are beyond gainsay in certain respects more powerful than anything else afloat, they have marked deficiencies which render success not by any means absolutely certain.

Two months ago the plan of attack was to make a landing of troops under the guns of the navy on Morris Island, clear it gradually of the enemy, and, after Cumming's Point had been occupied, to support the attack of the forts by the ironclads with shore batteries. Since then the supposition that the defenses of the island had been so strengthened as to make this mode of operation impracticable, caused a modification of the original plan. It is now proposed to reduce the forts by the ironclads alone, and to bring and keep the land forces only as near as possible to the island, so as to secure its ready occupation after the fall of the forts shall have isolated it and necessitated the evacuation or surrender of its defenses. For this latter purpose the main body of the troops has now been landed on Cole's Island, occupied, as already stated, for some time by a regiment, with a view to working their way across it to Folly Island, as close to Morris Island as practicable. A safe anchorage for the navy nearer than Port Royal being desirable, Edisto Island was taken possession of last week by the brigade of General Stevenson, and the control of the harbor it commands secured.

It would not be difficult to demonstrate that this whole movement against Charleston cannot stand the test of sound strategy; that it is not likely to be successful without a much larger land force than that at the command of General Hunter. But as it is positively determined upon, and about being made in accordance with the wishes of the Government and the people rather than with the judgment of those entrusted with its execution, comments of this kind had better be deferred until its prudence can be measured by its results. One condition of success is certainly fulfilled: the heads of the two branches are resolved upon the utmost efforts to accomplish the desired end, and to make the best possible use of the ships, men, and material under their control. It is true, one of the old

maxims of naval warfare is, that one gun on shore is equal to an entire ship's battery. Still, there is reason to suppose that the armament of the ironclads, although comparatively not very numerous, is so powerful in point of calibre as to be adequate to the task before it. The only fear of naval men is, that obstructions will prevent the vessels from reaching the proper position for an effective bombardment. If they can but bring the seven fifteen-inch and twenty-two eleven-inch guns and three rifled two-hundred-pounders, throwing combinedly nearly six tons of iron, to bear at close range, the result cannot be doubtful.

And now I will resume my narrative. At 7 o'clock the *Bibb*, which was to take the lead, was under way, and soon afterward the whole fleet was in motion. A magnificent spectacle spread out before us after we had crossed the bar and gained the open sea. The sun shone brightly, defining plainly every object upon the vast expanse of water. Slight undulations only disturbed the blue deep in its rest from the riot of yesterday. In our way rose the huge form of the *Ericsson*, and the horizon was lined with transports black with troops and headed in a northeasterly direction. The proud squadron steamed in grand and grim procession. What would old mariners from foreign waters think of the strange floating medley of swift, well-proportioned steamers and sails, and the slow, besmeared, ugly ironclad monsters? There came first the *Bibb*, next the *Locust Point* and *Keokuk*, then the *Memphis* and *Nahant*, the flagship and the *Flambeau*, the *South Carolina* and *Patapsco*, the tug *Dandelion*, and the *Montauk*, the *Augusta* and *Catskill* and *Passaic*.

When about two miles out, the gunboats *Locust Point* and *Dandelion* stopped and took the ironclads in tow. The *Weehawken* dropped her raft, which was again taken up by the *Ericsson*. The *Memphis*, in standing to the southward to wait for its charge, ran foul of the bow of the *Keokuk*, and, although it seemed but just to touch the latter, was so seriously injured that she had at once to be sent to Port Royal for repairs. Excepting this mishap, we made our destination in safety. After two hours' steaming, we came up with the blockaders and in full sight of Fort Sumter. The flagship had preceded us, and already assumed a station near the *New-Ironsides*, whose massive, graceless, barren hull, with its tier of huge guns, looked at a distance strikingly like a great swimming castle. As the different vessels approached, they took position in range with the flagship, and soon formed a line stretching far to the southward and northward about two miles from the bar. The last of the iron-

clads had just been brought up when rapidly succeeding reports of heavy guns from the harbor told us that the advent of the fleet had been noticed and the alarm sounded by the enemy.

The fleet being assembled, the next move was to buoy the channel to the bar. This duty was performed by the *Bibb*, the buoy schooner *Admiral Dupont*, and the *Keokuk*. The range to the bar was marked out by the former two by noon. Early in the afternoon Mr. Platt of the *Bibb* went on board the *Keokuk*, and under his guidance she gallantly steered for the bar. As she neared the shore the whole fleet watched eagerly her course. The battery supposed to cover Folly Inlet was every moment expected to open upon her. But the buoys were rolled off from the deck over her slanting sides at the proper points without molestation from the enemy. The buoys being placed, she steamed over to Swash Channel, after sounding which for several hours Captain Rhind brought her back to within a short distance from the *Bibb*.

The way over the bar was now opened, and the harbor accessible to all of the ironclads at the next flood tide. About 3 P.M. a stiff breeze rose suddenly, and speedily produced such a commotion of the sea as to drive the crews of the monitors from the decks, upon which they had been basking in the sun. The sky remained clear, but the wind gained in force. With the provoking, all but uninterrupted, unpropitiousness of the weather during the last two weeks, we are almost inclined to believe that Providence frowns upon our cause. At sunset the *Patapsco* got in motion, made directly for the bar and crossed it, and took a picket station, as it were, inside, from which to prevent the removal of the buoys by the rebels during the night. Her bold movement drew out no more of an opposing demonstration from the enemy than that of the *Keokuk*. As soon as the *Patapsco* commenced moving, the *Catskill* and *Passaic* also got under way, standing for the bar, close to which they remained during the night. We presume that they are intended as a support to the *Patapsco* in case her isolated position should tempt the rebel rams into an attack.

Late in the afternoon the *Ericsson* joined the fleet with her two rafts. At sunset the *Ben Deford* also appeared among it. About dark the *Dandelion* visited the several ironclads and delivered the final instructions of the Admiral for the movement of to-morrow. The whole ironclad squadron will enter the harbor at high tide in the morning, but whether the attack is to be commenced will depend upon wind and weather. There is a general weariness through-

out the fleet of the delay of action, from day to day, by the freaks of the weather. The strain of nerves by the expected conflict itself can scarcely be more trying than the torture of suspense. May the next twenty-four hours bring us relief from the tantalization of expectation!

ON BOARD U. S. STEAM FRIGATE *New-Ironsides*

April 6, 9 A.M.

A quiet atmosphere and lulled sea greeted me at daybreak upon the quarter-deck of the *Bibb*. All signs augured for a commemoration of the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh by the opening of our guns upon Fort Sumter. About 7 A.M. I took leave of my kind hosts of the *Bibb*, and in a few minutes stood upon the spar-deck of the *New-Ironsides*. Admiral Dupont with his staff, comprising Fleet Captain C. R. P. Rodgers; Lieutenant A. S. Mackenzie, Ordnance Officer; Flag-Lieutenant S. W. Preston; Ensign M. L. Johnson, Aide-de-camp and Signal Officer; and Mr. A. McKenly, Secretary, had boarded the ship from the *James Adger* early in the morning. Duty did not absolutely require the presence of the Admiral on one of the ironclads, but a chivalric sympathy with his subordinates appeared to impel him to share the dangers of the fearful ordeal through which they were about passing.

One could not help beholding the *Ironsides* with a sensation of awe rather than admiration. The sense of the beautiful was not touched either by symmetry or elegance of form or neatness of general appointment. But she looked the fighting craft—the machine of destruction—all over. Outwardly and inwardly, her every visible inch revealed her devotion to war and to war alone. With her body stripped of the last vestige of spars and rigging, her sides discolored with slush and yawning with monstrous guns, she impressed one like a fit head and leader of the turreted nondescripts around her. Her deck, in addition to its iron plating, was protected with untanned hides aft, and a layer of sand-bags forward. To provide against penetration by shot or shell of her unarmored bow and stern, barricades of sand-bags from three to four feet thick, and rising from deck to deck, had been piled up on the gun and powder-decks. They filled the cabins and deprived the officers of their use. The furniture was stowed away below. To increase the resistance of the sand by moisture, a steady stream of water that flooded the cabins was poured from hose upon the bags. Upon the gun-deck the 11-inch Dahlgrens and 200-pound Parrotts shone

with a festive gloss. Muskets, cutlasses and pistols were stacked and heaped about. The powder-ways were open. The surgeons had their knives, pincers and saws displayed. Upon the whole, the flagship, though hardly replete with comfort, was attractive enough to one who could appreciate the stern pathos of preparation for battle.

I had been aboard about two hours when the signal to get under way was ordered to be made to all the ironclads outside of the bar. Simultaneously the drum and fife called all hands to quarters, and in a few minutes every man on board was at his post, and the ship ready to commence action at any moment. The general command of the ship was exercised by Commodore Thomas Turner and Lieutenant-Commander George E. Belknap. Lieutenant-Commander Barnes, commanding the gunboat *Dawn*, had also been detailed for special duty on this occasion. . . .

The crossing of the bar involved considerable risk from grounding, but all passed it safely, and were at anchor inside by ten o'clock. The *Weehawken* lagged somewhat behind, by having a raft from the *Ericsson* again fitted to her bow, but soon joined the rest. Charleston bar is a ridge-like elevation of the bottom of the sea, reaching from one end of the entrance of the harbor to the other. Large vessels can safely make the inside only through three openings in this, known as the Main Ship, Swash, and North Channels. The first runs to the south of the bar, almost parallel to Morris Island. The third to the north of the bar, along Sullivan's Island; and Swash Channel, between the two. The Main Ship Channel is commanded by the forts and batteries on Morris Island; the Swash and North Channels by those on Sullivan's. All three channels run into one directly in front of and at short range from Fort Sumter, whose guns, with those of the equidistant Fort Moultrie and Cumming's Point battery, thus defend the entrance to the harbor proper by a concentric fire. In addition to the mentioned works, there is said to be another heavy battery (Fort Bee) on Sullivan's Island, between the Moultrie House and the fort. It is presumed that the fire of nearly 150 guns converges at the described junction of the three channels.

The course of the ironclads was up the Main Ship Channel. It was expected that before coming under the fire of Sumter and Moultrie they would have to run, in a distance of three miles from the bar, the gauntlet of four works on the beach of Morris Island —one at Lighthouse Inlet, another near Lawford Beacon, a third

at Morris Lighthouse, and a fourth at Cumming's Point. The general belief was that the first-mentioned would interfere with the passage of the bar, and hence all hands were ordered below. But the eyes of the commanders and pilots were vainly strained in trying to discover its outlines, and the opinion became general that it had no existence. The walls and parapets of the forts further up, however, could be distinctly made out. . . .

The ironclads had come to anchor to get the benefit of the ebb tide, which it was deemed the part of prudence to await in order to discover more readily, and avoid, take up or destroy more easily, the various obstructions of the channels; but shortly after eleven a haze arose, and in the course of an hour rendered the shore lines indistinct. In the absence of any other means of guidance, Pilot Godfrey deemed these requisite for safe steering, and declared a postponement of the attack to the next day necessary. The Admiral assented to it, and hence, after standing some distance further in so as to bring us directly opposite Lighthouse Inlet, we again let go our anchor. Our turreted consorts likewise came to anchor to the southeastward and northwestward of us, in the line designated in the order of battle.

From the spar-deck of the *Ironsides* a unique panoramic scene was now in range of vision. The apprehensions of the closeness of rebel batteries having been allayed, the hatches of all the ironclads were opened, and their decks crowded with swarms of men from stern to bow, that made the quaint forms of the monitors and Whitney Battery appear like as many small islands with low mounds and teeming population. Through the mist the walls of Fort Sumter rose dimly to the northwest. Seaward the *Powhatan*, *Canandaigua*, *Huron*, *Housatonic*, *Wissahickon*, *Unadilla*, *Flambeau*, *Ladona*, *Flag*, *Bibb*, *Ben Deford* and others ranged in a long semicircle around the horizon. Upon Morris Island beach, crowds of curious rebels watched the strange sights before them with evident amazement. At intervals guns from the forts and batteries spoke of the enemy's readiness for the combat to which we were challenging them. Those around me manifestly first fretted from disappointed expectation, but by degrees lost their ill humor and indulged in pastimes little in keeping with their earnest duties. The crew seemed unusually jolly, and amused themselves with such sports as only sailors know how to practise.

In the latter part of the afternoon General Seymour and Major Duane, Chief of Engineers, came aboard and had a brief consulta-

tion with the Admiral. A brigade of General Ferry's division, it is understood, is engaged in working its way up Folly Island, with some siege batteries. That the army will remain passive witnesses of the attack by the ironclads is now certain. A spirit of indifferent merriment continues to prevail among my shipmates. On the gun-deck and in the wardrooms, jovial groups while away the time with songs and jokes, as though they were not on the eve of a struggle to the fierceness of which human records will probably have no counterpart, but about joyously returning home from a long cruise.

The Admiral and staff had occupied the cabins of Captain Turner and his officers at the stern of the ship; but, the cabins having been filled with sand-bags, we all slept on mattresses spread on the gun-deck, where the hammocks of most of the crew were also swung. About four hundred officers and men occupied the common space, yet almost perfect stillness prevailed during most of the night.

Evening, April 7.

In a few brief hours this afternoon, history has been enlarged with volumes of memorable matter. The combat for which we have been so long accumulating strength, is over. It was short and decisive. We have experienced a bitter repulse. The ironclads have come short of the expectations even of the most diffident, and we are now mourning over the apparent certainty of an abandonment of the enterprise of which the country, with more faith than reason, hoped such great results.

At sunrise a veil of mist hung over the horizon, but toward the middle of the forenoon it cleared rapidly away, and at ten o'clock the pilot announced that, at last, our work would commence. Early in the morning, signals from the shore revealed to us the undisputed occupation of Folly Island by Colonel Howell's brigade. General Seymour is with it, and seems at a loss to know why we did not move to the attack with daybreak. The Admiral, Commodore Turner and all are anxious to get under way as soon as the mist has disappeared. But Pilot Godfrey again prevails with his argumentation in favor of going in upon low tide, and we must put up with continuing upon the rock of suspense until after noon. The opportune arrival of a mail on the supply-steamer *Massachusetts* assisted greatly in passing the dragging hours. Officers and men forgot for a while the approaching dangers in the eager perusal of letters from home.

As the morning hours advanced, the sphere of our operations became more and more defined. On the lower end of Morris

Island, rebels could be seen dragging heavy guns to the beach. The men and guns on the walls of Forts Sumter and Moultrie could be readily counted. The spires and even the houses of Charleston seemed not more than a mile or two off. Our friends outside evidently know that we are about striking blows. The gunboats and transports are all standing closer to the bar. The *Flambeau*, *Bibb*, *Ben Deford*, and *Nantucket* are seeking the best points of observation from the North Channel, but a shell or two from Fort Beauregard, the outer work on Sullivan's Island, compelled the latter to make a hasty retreat to a safer position. At noon, there is a call for a general muster on the gun-deck. From the Admiral down to the powder-boys, all humbly kneel and listen to, and seek strength for the coming trial from, a short, touching prayer read by Commodore Turner. The recollection of the sight of those four hundred determined, battle-eager men, bowing in picturesque groups before their Maker, around the grimmest implements of war, will never be effaced from my memory.

At 12:10 faithful Captain Barrymore of the tender *Dandelion* took leave of us, and, with the parting of his tug, the last link connecting us with the outside world was severed At the same time the order to weigh anchor was given. At 12:30 the signal to get under way was hoisted on the flagship. The question how the ironclads were to communicate with each other during action had often puzzled me, but an ingenious arrangement contrived by the officers of the *Ironsides* and the Admiral's staff, and consisting of a narrow opening in the plate over the aft masthole, through which a long pole with small flags was raised above the spar-deck, gave assurance of a ready communication and comprehension of orders. There was some delay with the monitors ahead of us, but at ten minutes of two o'clock the whole line was in motion. General Seymour telegraphed a "God bless you" when our screw made its first revolutions.

Now comes the stirring general call to quarters. There was a great bustle for a few seconds, but the apparent chaos on the gun and powder-decks quickly changed into the most perfect order and quietude, and, in a few minutes after the order was given, every breathing body, Lieutenant Town of the Army Signal Corps, his two assistants, and myself alone excepted, was ready to do his part in the action. There was not that boisterous, evanescent enthusiasm I have often seen rise in the army to a high pitch and then suddenly fall to the depth of craven-heartedness; but the calm resolution and prompt obedience of orders that are the vital condition of success in

battle. There were four hundred men on the two decks, but a remarkable quietness was maintained.

The iron bulkheads fore and aft on the gun-deck, forming the casemates with the plated sides, were next closed. Streams of water were then again let upon the hides and sand-bags above and below. The pilot-house received another liberal dressing of slush. These last measures of protection being taken, Lieutenant-Commander Belknap's command, "Close port-holes!" rang through his trumpet over the gun-deck. In a second the ponderous shutters fell, and the hatchways were the only sources of daylight to those below. A "Look out for fore-and-aft shot!" from the trumpet next brought the gunners down behind their pieces. The grating over the hatchways was fastened by this time, with the exception of a small opening aft, through which the few permitted to remain upon the spar-deck were passing up and down. We were going at the rate of about four knots an hour. The little craft before and behind us were vigorously plowing the water with their blunt bows, keeping well in line. Nearer and nearer did we approach; clearer and clearer became the lines of the rebel defenses. Already we can count the guns on Fort Wagner (the work next to Morris Light-house) and Cumming's Point, and the windows of the houses of St. Vincent and Moultrieville. At 2:25 the first signs of the afterward fatal difficulty of steering the ship in a tideway became manifest. The bow swung to the port side, and it was necessary to stop her engines to steady her course. In a few minutes we were again in motion.

The first four monitors had already passed Fort Wagner, and we were now abreast of it. We can look into the very mouths of the guns, but they remain silent. We know not what to make of it. Ahead we steam, anxiously awaiting the report of the first gun. At last, about 3 o'clock, two flashes of fire burst from Fort Moultrie, and two shots flew across the bow of the *Weehawken*, the foremost monitor, that seemed to have approached within less than half a mile. This fairly opened the action. Everybody was now ordered below from the spar-deck and the last hatch closed. Pilot Godfrey, the Admiral, Captain Rodgers and Commodore Turner took their station in the pilot-house. The order, "Fifteen pounds up!" sounded over the gun-deck, and directly the whole ship's battery was shotted. Then followed a few minutes of intense anxiety. For me and a few others, the pilot-house and the ports that were kept open to heave the lead, afforded means enough of observing what was pass-

ing outside. But the mass of those aboard must have felt, for moments at least, natural diffidence at the thought of groping in darkness, as it were, into the deadly strife with the enemy.

The suspense did not last long. Six bells had just struck when a dull sound, like that of a sledge-hammer upon an anvil, was heard on the bow port side. It was the hostile greeting of Fort Sumter, now within 1200 yards of us. A second and a third, more violently than the first, shook the sides of the ship. Soon came the humming and whizzing of rifled and round shot and shell overhead. Still the successive discharges could be distinguished. The several reports had not yet been drowned, so to speak, in a continuous roar. But, hark! There is a reverberation as though of numerous, simultaneous thunder-claps; now a fierce, unceasing roar vibrating the air with a violence that causes even the solid mass of our ship to tremble. A look through the open port on the port side discloses the cause of the furious outburst. The first four monitors had reached the converging point of the fire of Cumming's Point battery, Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and Battery Bee. One after the other had steadily steamed, without firing a shot, to the verge of the concentrating ranges. The enemy evidently reserved their main fire for work at close quarters; but when the *Weehawken* had reached within six hundred yards of Fort Sumter, a long, broad, brilliant flame suddenly leaped from its side, with all but simultaneous intense glares from Cumming's Point and Moultrie, followed instantaneously by immense volumes of smoke and a rain of projectiles that fairly hid the turrets of our craft with countless spouts of water thrown up by striking shot and shell. Again and again this appalling scene was enacted in all its dire sublimity. As the forts and batteries, like so many vomiting craters of volcanoes, sent forth one torrent of destruction after another, my heart failed and panged with the fear of seeing the little monitors shivered into atoms. But when, in response to a signal from the flagship, they commenced replying to the enemy with the thunder of their huge batteries, and the combat was no longer one-sided, my confidence revived.

Meantime the *Ironsides* had vainly tried to keep up with the monitors ahead. At 3:37 we were startled by the command, "Stand by the starboard anchor!" followed soon by "Let go the starboard anchor!" The ship had again been disobeying the rudder and threatening to swing on the shoals on our port side. The enemy at once noticed our embarrassed position, and, improv-

ing the fixed mark afforded by the stoppage, diverted their long-range guns for a while from the monitors upon us. Bang, bang, their shot went against the sides almost faster than we could count. Happily the anchor straightened the course of the ship, and in a few minutes we were again under way. We had hardly gained a hundred or so yards upon Fort Sumter when the ship became once more unmanageable, and the anchor was again let go. The Admiral now had the monitors in our wake signalled to disregard the movements of the flagship, and run past it toward the forts. The two nearest, the *Catskill* and *Nantucket*, however, from their own heavy, unsteady steering and our own swinging, got foul of us and brushed on the port and starboard side, but got again clear, and headed on in disordered line with the *Nahant* and *Keokuk*.

The *Ironsides* continued almost helpless at the mercy of the tide —now gaining a little, now backing, now striking bottom, now swinging to right and left. Officers and crew grew restive. The enemy's guns were continually playing upon us. We had not yet returned a single shot. There was, indeed, something grand in this scornful disdain of the rebel fire; but our gunners nevertheless chafed under it. At last, at 4:30, while swinging on the starboard side, our port broadside came to bear fully on Fort Moultrie, and Commodore Turner would not let this opportunity slip. "Open port-holes, aim, fire!", followed by a severe concussion of the air, and the first and only offensive effort of the *Ironsides* in the action was made. Shortly after, the strong ebb tide rendered it utterly impossible to make headway with the ship, and the order was given to drop back. Never was a command more reluctantly given or obeyed. Deep chagrin settled upon all. Still, no other course was left, and we slowly steamed back, after signalling to the monitors to withdraw from the action and follow the flagship, and anchored under the guns of Fort Wagner.

While the *Ironsides* struggled, a passive mark, with the tide, the other eight ironclads had one after another become engaged in what will live in history as the most desperate—despite its brief duration —naval action known to mankind. I have already made an attempt to describe the raking, roaring intensity of the concentric fire of the rebel works. I might fill page after page with descriptive phrases without reflecting anything like the reality of its fury. The facts and figures respecting its effect upon the monitors which I give below will convey a better idea of its character than vain word-painting.

Under it the captains of the *Weehawken*, *Passaic*, *Montauk*, and *Patapsco* were working with might and main to come abreast, with their badly steering vessels, of the northwest face of the fort, as directed in the order of battle, firing all the while their guns, now at Sumter, then at Moultrie. But they were still under the fire of the northeast face when they discovered three lines of floating obstructions, with another consisting of a row of piles across the whole harbor a short distance beyond. They endeavored to gain the narrow passage left open through the first, but found themselves unable to exercise sufficient control over their vessels to do so. While making this attempt, the turret of the *Passaic* was so bent in by a single shot as to make the working of the 11-inch gun impracticable. A short while after, the turret refused altogether to turn, depriving her of all offensive power. The 200-pounder Parrott of the *Patapsco* also became early disabled. But, aside from these damages to two, the fact that not one of the four could make headway past the batteries, rendered their stay under the heaviest fire useless, and hence they turned about and steered back, after having been in concentric range nearly an hour. The motion of the *Weehawken* was very much impeded by the Ericsson raft chained to her bow. A torpedo exploded close to her port side, but did not inflict any damage. On the way up, the *Patapsco's* screw caught in a kind of network of chains and cable, kept afloat by barrels and perpendicular by weights. For a while it seemed as though she could not be extricated from the mesh, but in the end she worked clear.

The *Catskill*, *Nantucket*, *Nahant*, and *Keokuk* had the same experience. When the *Catskill* and *Nantucket* got entangled with the *Ironsides*, the last-mentioned steamed ahead of the three others, but all four got into action shortly after each other, and about the time those that had preceded them were turning back. The enemy had by no means spent the force of their fire upon the first four. The increased number of assailants seemed to spur them, on the contrary, into doubling their energies. For nearly half an hour the scene was wrapped in intensified sheets of flame, clouds of smoke and sprays of water. Then the impassability of the obstructions compelled the last four to fall back with the others. The *Catskill*, *Nantucket* and *Nahant* had kept their course half-way between Forts Sumter and Moultrie, received and replied to the hottest fire of both. The *Keokuk* had stood more to the left, and come within 300 yards of Fort Sumter, the fire of the whole northeast face of which

it seemed to sustain for some time alone, without being able to fire more than three shots in return—from what cause I will show below.

About fifteen minutes before 5 o'clock a signal was made from the flagship to cease firing and withdraw from the enemy's fire. Shortly after 5 o'clock the monitors, followed by the *Keokuk*, were within hail of the flagship, and the fire of the enemy stopped. In dropping down, the *Nantucket* aimed a few shots at Fort Wagner, which were the last fired on our side. When the vessels were nearest the obstructions, the pilots made out the ironclad rams *Palmetto State* and *Chicora*, with a wooden gunboat, standing toward them from the city. After approaching within a mile of the obstructions, they came, however, to a discreet halt, and did not venture to engage the monitors.

Upon coming out of range, the hatchways of the *Ironsides* were opened, and we could once more have a full view of things around us. As I reached the spar-deck, the *Keokuk* was just passing our starboard side, with Captain Rhind limping about the forward turret. A sorry sight she presented. Her sides and turrets showed innumerable holes. She was evidently used up. The *Nahant*, *Patapsco*, and *Nantucket* also passed, and the commanders of each reported more or less damage. The pilot-house of the first was badly shattered. But the full extent of the injuries to the ironclads was not known until their commanders personally reported them to the Admiral in the course of the evening. The *Keokuk* had 90 shots in all—19 on the water line (12 starboard, 7 port); 15 in the after turret (5 of them through); 12 in the forward turret (3 of them through); 25 on the sloping sides (15 starboard, 10 port); 8 through sheeting on after turret; 10 through smoke-stack (7 through, 3 glanced); 4 through the boats, 2 glanced off the deck; 1 cut signal-staff; 3 or 4 went through the flag.

The *New-Ironsides* was hit between sixty and seventy times, but sustained no material damage. One of the shutters of port five, port side, was knocked off; an 11-inch shell lodged in the bow between the sides and the sand-bags. A shot passed through the smoke-stack, and her bulwarks were much shattered. The *Weehawken* was struck fifty-nine times. The turret was badly dented, and worked with difficulty. Many bolts in the pilot-house had been loosened and driven through. The *Montauk* was hit twenty times; the *Passaic*, fifty-eight times (in addition to the damage already stated, her pilot-house was much weakened by the loosening and driving through of the bolts). The *Nantucket* was struck fifty-

one times, and had her turret stopped twice by shot. The *Catskill* received about the same number of shots. Both the latter had their decks almost torn open by rifled bolts. The *Patapsco* was hit between forty and fifty times, and, besides the disabling of her 200-pounder Parrott, had her turret much dented and pilot-house weakened. The *Nahant* was struck eighty times, and had her pilot-house almost broken into pieces. Four men were wounded, one mortally, in it, from flying bolts.

Of ammunition, the different vessels fired: *Ironsides* 8 rounds, *Catskill* 25, *Keokuk* 3, *Montauk* 26, *Nantucket* 15, *Passaic* 9, *Nahant* 24, *Wechawken* 26, *Patapsco* 18, a total of 154. Assuming that one out of every ten rebel shots struck—a very liberal allowance—it would appear that the enemy fired over four thousand rounds. Three-fourths of these, at least, were discharged while the monitors and *Keokuk* were within the converging ranges—that is, in less than three-quarters of an hour; so that it appears the forts and batteries averaged almost two hundred discharges per minute. Their fire was excellently directed. Their guns were all of heavy calibre, throwing 8, 9, 10, and 11-inch round shot and shell, and 5 and 6-inch rifled shot. The enemy had a few very effective Whitworth guns playing upon us. Several of the steel-pointed bolts thrown by them were found inside the *Keokuk* and upon the decks of several of the ironclads. The great force with which the rebel missiles struck and dented, bulged in and broke, the decks, sides, turrets, and pilot-houses, indicated high velocities from the heaviest practicable charges.

In spite of the comparative weakness of our fire, considerable damage was done to the forts. The northeast face of Fort Sumter was marked with eleven holes, plainly visible at our distance of three miles. Some gaps were three feet wide, and looked as though the shot had plowed right through the wall. Two embrasures seemed almost knocked into one. One of our first shots brought down the flag-staff of Fort Moultrie.

I conversed with all the captains of the ironclads during their meeting on board. Their opinions had but one drift: that it would be folly and sure destruction to renew the attack after to-day's experience, resulting in the total disabling of two (*Keokuk* and *Passaic*) and partial of three more (*Nahant*, *Nantucket* and *Patapsco*). The Admiral quietly received their reports, but did not ask for their opinions or make known his decision of the question of the renewal or abandonment of the attack.

April 8, 1863.

Late last evening the whole squadron dropped a mile further down the channel and anchored close to the bar. Almost my first look from the spar-deck this morning fell upon a sad sight. The *Keokuk* was sinking. She had anchored on the bar during the night. Her crew had been busy ever since last evening trying to keep her afloat by plugging the holes at her water line. But at daybreak a stiff breeze set the sea rolling, rendering their attempts futile. Captain Rhind hoisted a signal of distress at about 7, but it remained unnoticed until nearly 8, when the tug *Dandelion* came alongside the sinking craft. Through the strenuous efforts of her Captain, and Acting-Master Barrymore, every soul on board was saved, with a loss, however, of all they had. There was a mixture of the comic with the tragic in seeing officers and men lose their foothold in trying to get down the greasy slopes of the turtle-back deck and slide helter-skelter into the water, whence they were rescued by small boats. The crew were received with lusty cheers on board the *Ironsides*, and in the course of the morning sent to Port Royal on board the *Wissahickon*. The *Keokuk* went down precisely at 8:10, with her flag flying, in eighteen feet of water In order to prevent the rebels from appropriating the machinery and guns, the wreck will be blown up.

The *Weehawken* lost her raft during the night. In the course of the morning it was washed ashore on Morris Island, and taken possession of by the enemy.

About noon the Admiral had the captains of the monitors called together, and declared his determination to them to withdraw their vessels from this harbor. As is the habit of his independent mind, he had arrived at this conclusion after cool reflection upon the facts officially reported to him, without consultation with any one else. But of course he was gratified with the coincidence of the opinion of his captains. To give the order to withdraw from the harbor was undoubtedly the most painful act of the Admiral's long and faithful career in the service of his country. He had to choose between the almost certain destruction of what was left fit for action of the ironclads, and the loss of personal prestige from accepting a repulse as the result of yesterday's attack. He chose the latter; and I say, with all the confidence personal observation can give, the country should thank him for it. When the fire of the rebel forts and batteries he was to attack and destroy, in the short time of three-quarters of an hour, disabled five and weakened all of the

ironclads, how could he feel justified in continuing a work requiring in all probability a trial of days of the powers of offense and defense that had failed in less than an hour?

It is evidence of true courage of the highest order on his part to listen to the dictates of reason rather than follow the impulses of rash daring. The honor of the North was fully upheld in the action, and the loyal people can be justly proud of the devotion and gallantry of all engaged in it. . . .

When I left the flagship on Wednesday night, the *Patapsco* had already started for Port Royal, and the remainder of the monitors were expected to follow on the following day. The *Ironsides* was to return to her station among the blockaders. The Rear-Admiral and staff were to reëstablish themselves on the *Wabash* in Port Royal Harbor. The land forces, being numerically too small for independent aggressive conquests, will not be able to maintain themselves without the support of the ironclads on the islands between the Stono and Charleston, and probably will return, soon after the evacuation of the harbor, to their encampments at Hilton Head and St. Helena. Upon the whole, the loyal public had better accept the abandonment of all offensive demonstrations against Charleston as an accomplished fact.

The Admiral determined to send the *Bibb* at once to Washington with the reports of the action of himself and all the commanders under him. He promptly granted me permission to go North on her, which made me feel very jubilant, as it promised to enable me to outstrip by far all other press correspondents, not only as to knowledge of the details of the naval battle—of this I was sure anyway, as not one of my competitors had, like myself, shared its risks, but all of them had been far out of the range of fire on the transports—but also as to the time of publication. But this calculation came to naught. William Swinton, the very able correspondent of the New York *Times*, who, after the Rebellion, made quite a reputation as a historian of the war, managed to come aboard the *Ironsides* shortly after I had left her for the *Bibb*, to gather particulars of the fight from the officers and also to secure the

privilege of going North on the despatch-vessel. My annoyance on seeing him come aboard may be imagined.

The voyage on the *Bibb* was eventless. It took us three days and a half to reach Washington, giving me ample time to leisurely work up my notes and enjoy a welcome, soothing rest, after the intense excitement and nervous strain of the preceding days. My rival left the *Bibb* at Fortress Monroe, in the expectation, as I guessed at once, of getting the start of me by going on the regular boat to Baltimore and thence by train to New York, but we reached our common destination at the same time—that is, on the morning of the 13th. My report was at once issued by the *Tribune* as an extra and reprinted in the paper of the following day. It was referred to on the editorial page as follows:

> Our special correspondent's account of the great naval contest at Charleston, which we printed in an Extra early yesterday morning, will be found in full in other columns. It is a complete and admirable description, and is especially valuable because it is the account of an eye-witness. Its author shared the perils of the conflict which he describes, on board the *New-Ironsides*, the flagship of Admiral Dupont, and is the only correspondent who was with the fleet during the engagement. The assertion in a morning paper of yesterday, previous to the reception of any account except by telegraph, makes it proper for us to add that our correspondent with difficulty obtained permission from Admiral Dupont to assume his perilous station. When, however, it had been granted him, the Admiral with considerate courtesy extended the offer to the other representatives of the press, but they unanimously declined it, and no one of them witnessed the contest, except at a safe distance from the scene of danger.

The allusion to my sole presence on the *Ironsides* was occasioned by the impudent fraud which the correspondent of the *Times* attempted to perpetrate by dating his account from the *Ironsides*, and making it read so as to create the impression that the writer had been on board the ironclad during the action.

Mr. Greeley and the whole editorial staff of the *Tribune* complimented me highly upon my achievement, and I received also considerable praise from the press. A substantial recognition was also awarded to me in the form of an extra allowance of one hundred dollars and two weeks' leave of absence. I need not say that all this made me not a little proud.

The repulse in Charleston Harbor led to very savage attacks on Admiral Dupont in a number of Northern papers. George W. Smalley, who was then military and naval editor of the *Tribune*, defended him very vigorously in that paper. I wrote to Captain C. R. P. Rodgers with reference to this, and received in reply the following letter, which I have always prized very highly:

(Private.) U. S. S. *Wabash*,
PORT ROYAL, 25 April, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. VILLARD:

I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in writing to me. Your letter was deeply interesting to the Admiral as well as to myself. Your graphic and powerful account of the attack upon Charleston has done much to form public opinion, and I feel under great obligations to my old friend, Mr. Smalley, for the vigor and skill with which he has espoused our cause. Your own personal gallantry and unhesitating devotion in the exercise of your professional duty won for you the respect and confidence of us all, and I hope that it may be my good fortune soon to meet you again, and to find in a fairer field that success which we failed to win on the 7th.

Your letter to me was full of valuable information, and I can not sufficiently thank you for it.

I write briefly now, for I am sorely pressed by many unanswered letters, but I beg you to believe in the warm regard with which I am

Faithfully yours,
C. R. P. RODGERS.

HENRY VILLARD, ESQ., New York.

On the same day Captain Rodgers thus wrote to Mr. Smalley:

(Confidential.) U. S. S. *Wabash*,
PORT ROYAL, 25 April, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. SMALLEY:

I beg you to receive my very cordial thanks for your kind letter, which I received by the *Arago*. It is a great satisfaction to me to find that one whom I had learned to regard as a tried comrade, has so effectively sustained our brave Admiral, under his first reverse, when an interested and powerful clique was so earnestly endeavoring to destroy a reputation so dear to those who have served under his orders. Mr. Villard's excellent letter and your skilful editorials have done much to frustrate the interested malignity which sought to win new contracts and large disbursements at the expense of the honor of men who have, at least, during this war served bravely and faithfully. The commanding officers who fought at Charleston are, as one man, emphatic and unanimous in coinciding with the Admiral in his views and decision. We were charged with the difficult task of taking Charleston by machinery. Twelve hundred men in ingenious machines were to take a strongly fortified city upon which the resources of the Rebellion had been lavished for two years. When these machines came to us, they were wholly untried, and we were to experiment with them under such a fire as the world has never before witnessed. Our attack was gallantly delivered, but the machines were found not equal to the task assigned them. After forty minutes' fighting, without endeavoring to force the obstructions, five out of the eight smaller vessels were found wholly, or one-half, disabled, and every commanding officer in the attacking force was convinced that a persistence in the attack would turn failure into utter disaster. We might have produced a more dramatic effect by lingering until a portion of the fleet had been sunk, and have thus gratified the sensationalists, but it was certain that the Admiral could not take Charleston with the naval force given him —could not even take Fort Sumter, which I had hoped we should destroy. The power of the new ordnance and the heavy projectiles was greater than the endurance of the monitors. The shattering process was rapidly going on, and another hour's engagement would have destroyed many of the vessels.

Our people are shocked that there was so little loss of life. They forget that, in these mailed vessels, when the loss of life begins, swift destruction follows. They are nearly safe until they are destroyed. Had Charleston been taken, scores of new monitors

would have been built, and now disappointed constructors are ready for denunciation. It remains to be seen whether the country will be influenced by the opinion of carefully selected Naval Commanders or by disappointed inventors and their interested partisans. If an issue is demanded, the Naval Commanders are ready for it—ready and defiant.

I am deeply impressed by your kindness in this matter. I have shown your letter to the Admiral, and he fully shares this feeling. I thank you most warmly, and I beg you to believe me, with true regard and respect,

Ever faithfully yours,

C. R. P. RODGERS.

G. W. SMALLEY, ESQ., New York.

P. S. I had occasion to observe and admire the nerve and courage of Mr. Villard, and to witness the untiring fidelity with which he sought to perform his duties as an observer and recorder of all that was occurring.

CHAPTER XXVI

First Visit to Boston.—1863

THE main consequence of the Charleston affair to me personally remains to be told. My vacation accidentally led to an episode destined to direct the course of my whole life. When Sydney Howard Gay, the managing editor of the *Tribune*, announced to me that I could have two weeks' leave of absence, I remarked, "I am much obliged, but where shall I spend it?" "Have you ever been to Boston?" he asked; and when I answered, "No," he said, "Go to the 'Hub' by all means." Accordingly, after having "taken it easy" for a few days in New York, I followed his advice. I reached Boston on Thursday, April 21st, and spent the next day in walking about the city. On the 23d I called on Mrs. Severance, presenting a letter of introduction to her from her husband, the Collector at Port Royal. As she was not at home, her daughter Julia received me, and invited me to accompany her to the gymnasium of Dr. Diocletian Lewis, to witness the exercises of a class of young men and women. I accepted, went with her, and stayed through the performance. I was introduced to Dr. Lewis and others, among them the son of William Lloyd Garrison, the famous abolitionist. From the latter I received an invitation to go with him to hear the Rev. Samuel Johnson of Salem, a well-known liberal-minded, free-religious preacher, speak the next (Sunday) morning, and afterwards to dine with his family, in order to make their acquaintance. I gladly accepted.

I mentioned, in speaking of my deep interest in the Frémont campaign of 1856, that, like most Europeans, I looked upon the existence of slavery as an outrageous

shame and an abominable disgrace to the American Republic; that I was shocked and disgusted by the incomprehensible and most contemptible prejudice in the Northern States against the inspired patriots who demanded the abolition of the horrible institution, at the risk of constant, bitter persecution and personal danger. For them I had always felt the deepest sympathy and admiration; hence, I was delighted to receive from George W. Smalley a letter of introduction to Wendell Phillips, which I had not then delivered, and was, of course, rejoiced at the opportunity to become acquainted with his noble compeer.

Young William Lloyd and his younger brother Frank, a boy fifteen years of age, called for me, as agreed, and took me to hear Mr. Johnson, who preached in a public hall. Their sister was also present and joined us after the sermon, and we all walked together to their home. I was heartily welcomed by the parents, and at once felt entirely at home with them. Mrs. Garrison was a fine-looking woman, with a pleasant expression, but seemingly of a shy, retiring disposition. Mr. Garrison's exterior was a complete surprise to me. His public character as the most determined, fearless antislavery champion had so impressed me, as it did most people, that I had supposed his outward appearance must be in keeping with it. In other words, I had expected to see a fighting figure of powerful build, with thick hair, full beard, and fiery, defiant eyes. It seemed almost ludicrous to behold a man of middle size, completely bald and clean shaven, with kindly eyes behind spectacles, and, instead of a fierce, an entirely benignant expression. He appeared, indeed, more like the typical New England minister of the Gospel than the relentless agitator that he was. The inner man corresponded fully to the outer one. He was forbearing, and mildness itself, in manner and speech. Being a journalist himself, he took a special interest in my war experiences as a correspondent, which I was made to relate during and after the dinner, with the whole family as eager listeners.

The next morning Mr. Garrison's youngest son, Frank, called for me early, and acted as my guide in an exploration of the older part of Boston. We climbed to the cupola of the State House and ascended Bunker Hill Monument. If I remember rightly, he also took me to the residence of Wendell Phillips, to whom I presented Mr. Smalley's letter of introduction. The latter had had close personal relations with the great orator ever since he had protected him from the violence of a Boston mob, and subsequently married his adopted daughter. Mr. Phillips lived in a very small house with hardly space for the enjoyment of even ordinary comfort. He received me very cordially, and I conversed for an hour with this famous man, and became deeply impressed by his fascinating personality. Throughout the rest of my stay in Boston, I was much in company with the Garrisons, visiting with them (among others places) Readville, some fifteen miles south of Boston, where the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts colored regiments—the first ones organized in Massachusetts—were encamped. The oldest son of Mr. Garrison, George Thompson, had entered the army, much against the wishes of his father, who had always been an advocate of the doctrine of non-resistance. Mr. Garrison finally gave his sanction, however, and George ultimately became quartermaster in the Fifty-fifth Regiment. At Readville, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, attracted especial attention, no one knowing how soon his fine young life was to be sacrificed in battle. He fell in the assault on Fort Wagner.

On reaching my hotel on my return from the camp, I found a letter from Mr. Gay, saying that he had received reliable information that Rosecrans's army was to enter upon aggressive movements, early in May, from Murfreesboro', and asking whether I was willing to shorten my leave of absence and start at once for Tennessee, to report the impending campaign. It was midnight when I reached a definite resolution, and, with deep regret that I should

ve to give up the rest of my vacation, wrote in answer Mr. Gay that I would report for duty the day after the rrow. It was to this chance visit to Boston that I owe greatest happiness of my life—my marriage to Miss nny Garrison, the only daughter of the great abolition-, to whose charms of mind and person I surrendered on st acquaintance.

I returned to New York by the night train.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK SIX

IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: CHICKAMAUGA

CHAPTER XXVII

With Rosecrans at Murfreesboro'.—1863

I LEFT New York on May 3, and went directly to Cincinnati. Here I remained ten days, mainly for the purpose of watching the developments in the case of Vallandigham, the notorious leader of secession sympathizers. General Burnside, now in command of the Department of the Ohio, had arrested him on a charge of treason, and was about to bring him to trial before a court-martial. But as the General requested me not to publish anything in regard to the matter until the trial was over, at which no reporters were permitted to be present, it seemed useless to tarry longer, and I resumed my journey and reached Rosecrans's headquarters at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, five days later.

A short review of the experiences of the Army of the Ohio since I left it in eastern Kentucky, will be in place here. The campaign of Perryville had been brought to a close in October, 1862, by the successful retreat of Bragg's army into Tennessee. General Buell halted the pursuing columns north of the Cumberland River, and, after a few days' rest, turned his army again in a western direction towards Glasgow and Bowling Green. He had hardly issued orders to this effect when he was directed by the President to turn his command over to Major-General W. S. Rosecrans, who assumed charge on October 30. General McCook's and General Gilbert's corps were then concentrated at Bowling Green, and General Crittenden's corps reached Glasgow a few days later.

The strong dissatisfaction with the disappointing per-

formances of General Buell that was generally felt in official circles at Washington, at the capitals of Western States, and by the loyal public, was the principal cause of his removal; but the immediate one was, that he again manifested his former disinclination to comply with the orders from Washington to move directly into East Tennessee. Subsequent events proved, however, that for once he was right in remonstrating against those orders, on the ground that Bragg was aiming at the capture of Nashville, and that the protection of the Tennessee capital and the control of middle Tennessee were more important than the occupation of the eastern part of the State. General Rosecrans, too, was compelled to decide at once against the movement so long desired by the Government, by positive information of the appearance of Bragg at Murfreesboro', only thirty-three miles from Nashville, and to order the whole army, within a few days after his assumption of the command, to make for that city by forced marches.

Nashville was occupied during the Perryville campaign by the divisions of Generals Negley and Palmer. The place had been well fortified, and was never really in danger from the inferior rebel forces under General Breckinridge that hovered about it during the fall, acting more as a corps of observation than as besiegers, although they made some offensive attempts, and even boldly demanded the surrender of the city. But the advent of the aggressive Bragg within one and a half days' march of it formed an imminent danger, and justified the southward rush of the army for its protection. General McCook's corps reached its destination on November 9, having marched seventy-two miles in three days, and was directly followed by the other corps.

One of the first acts of General Rosecrans was a reorganization of the army. Its name was changed to "Army of the Cumberland," and it was divided into the right wing, under Major-General Alexander McD. McCook, composed of the three divisions of Johnson, Davis (the slayer of Nelson),

and Sheridan; the centre, under General Thomas, with Rousseau, Negley, and Reynolds for division commanders; and the left wing, under General Crittenden, with the three divisions of Wood, Palmer, and Van Cleve. The new Commander-in-chief devoted himself assiduously to the improvement of the efficiency of his command, filling its thinned ranks with fresh troops, and weeding out incompetent officers. He also worked vigorously in other respects to get it ready for resuming the offensive as early as possible. Officers and men were greatly in need of clothing and foot-wear. The cavalry and artillery and the transportation department required extensive remounting, and an accumulation of quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance stores had also to precede a forward movement. Rosecrans's efforts to supply all these urgent needs were very much impeded by obstruction of communications with the North. The main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad had not been fully repaired since the destruction wrought upon it by the last formidable raid of the rebel cavalry leader Morgan, and hauling had to be done for many miles with army wagons. Nor was it found possible to ensure the regular operation of that sole available rail-line. More or less successful attempts to interrupt it were repeated again and again during November and December by the rebel chieftains Morgan, Wheeler, Wharton, Forrest, and others. Still, the wants of the army were gradually so far satisfied that, towards the end of the year, it could be considered ready to resume active operations.

Accordingly, General Rosecrans, on Christmas day, 1862, issued orders for a general advance the following morning upon Murfreesboro', where Bragg's army had remained stationary, receiving the benefits of rest, replenishment, and reinforcement. The army moved on December 26, in three columns: McCook on the right, Thomas with three of his five divisions in the centre, and Crittenden on the left. They came upon the rebel pickets and outposts within a few miles of Nashville, and, pushing them and

their supports steadily before them, on December 29 reached the west bank of Stone's River in the immediate vicinity of Murfreesboro', which lies on the east side of it. General Rosecrans had believed that his antagonist would retreat on his approach, but found him well concentrated, and evidently ready to accept battle, with the two corps of Generals Polk and Hardee, and a division under General Breckinridge. Unknown to each other, both commanders prepared on the 30th to attack the next morning. By an extraordinary coincidence, the plans of battle were exact counterparts. Rosecrans aimed to inflict a great defeat upon the enemy by turning his right, and Bragg was determined to try the Perryville tactics again by a flanking movement with the bulk of his army against our right, which he doubtless knew was commanded by the same general, McCook, upon whom he had tried the same game all but successfully. In this concurrence of the purposes of the two adversaries, he who struck first and heaviest would naturally have the best chance to win, and this advantage unfortunately fell to Bragg.

Thus the great battle of Stone's River, one of the bloodiest of the Civil War, came to be fought on the last day of the year 1862. Bragg, by a general wheel of his centre and left under Polk and Hardee, managed to work around our right, and to hurl upon this flank massive columns with such irresistible impetus that they swept before them, partly dispersed, and partly captured the first of our divisions encountered, and rolled back upon the centre the other two divisions. The centre, being thus exposed to determined attacks from the front, flank, and rear, was also compelled to give ground, and succeeded in staying the steady advance of the rebels from a new position only with the help of divisions from our left. For some time during the day there was the gravest peril of a general and crushing defeat of our whole army, and it may still be considered an open question whether the prevention of such a terrible catastrophe was due more to our resistance than to the

gradual tiring out of the assailants and their lack of reserves to follow up their success. As it was, the close of that awful day found us with a loss of nearly 10,000 killed and wounded, not far from 4000 prisoners (out of a total of 43,000 effectives), and 30 pieces of artillery, and forced back on a new line forming almost a right angle to the one first held. The enemy's casualties in killed and wounded were even heavier, out of an effective total of 8000 less than ours. The result of the exhaustion of both sides was that the opposing hosts lay confronting one another for the next two days. On the afternoon of the third day, the enemy attempted another assault, upon our left, ending in a severe repulse with heavy loss. Bragg retreated in the night of the fourth day—much to the relief of Rosecrans, who had even thought of a retreat to Nashville immediately after the misfortunes of the first day. What could at best be called a drawn battle by our side was now proclaimed, of course, a Union victory, coupled with the usual assertion that it was won over greatly superior numbers. Indeed, Rosecrans telegraphed to the War Department that he had encountered more than 62,000 rebels. Bragg, to be sure, likewise exaggerated our strength beyond 60,000. But the Official Records leave no doubt of the correctness of the respective strengths above given.

Rosecrans had set out from Nashville for an offensive winter campaign. Had the outcome of his main trial of strength with Bragg been satisfactory, as he confidently expected, he would doubtless have carried out that purpose, unless severe winter weather and, maybe, the course of events in other parts of the theatre of war had prevented it. The shock received by his command on Stone's River was so great, however, that he would have been obliged to lie still for a time at least for general recuperation, but he lapsed into inactivity for months. The severe handling he suffered from Bragg had apparently taken most of the aggressive "starch" out of him, and his confidence in the army was greatly diminished. Indeed, the

relative reverse he had undergone transformed him from a buoyant fighter into another cautious and irresolute "cunctator" of the McClellan and Buell type.

The first evidence of this change of spirit was the extensive fortifications he planned and had carried out around Murfreesboro'. They were on such an elaborate scale as to indicate a decided fear of the enemy. Next came the prominence he gave, in his communications to the Government, to the great need of more drill and discipline in his army, although this shortcoming had not been considered serious enough by him before to delay his advance against Bragg. Other strong symptoms of his loss of pluck were his continuous and clamorous demands for more troops, more equipment, and more supplies. His likeness to the prototypes mentioned grew very striking when the one sound excuse for his prolonged lethargy, the protracted very bad weather, could not be pleaded any longer upon the advent of spring, and the Government began to urge upon him the resumption of offensive operations. Like the others, he did not seem to be able to get ready to move. He had no end of excuses. Suggestions to him only led to long deprecatory arguments against them. Orders from Washington produced no other effect than to draw from him remonstrances and protests. He gradually developed even an obstinate obstreperousness and outright resistance to the wishes of his superiors, and resented their interference almost as an insult and outrage. His conduct naturally produced discouragement and distrust of him at the national capital. The dissatisfaction of the Government with his inertia became known to the public, and led to criticism of him in the Eastern papers, while he had many strong champions in the Western press.

This was the state of things when I reached Murfreesboro' in May. On presenting my credentials, General Rosecrans received me with literally profuse cordiality. Referring to my review of his predecessor, he assured me that he deemed it a privilege to have so able and well-known a

critic join him. Although I had only a slight acquaintance with him (I had seen him a few times during the siege of Corinth), he invited me at once to his mess, offered to provide sleeping-quarters for me next to his, and to furnish me horses and servants. This excessive hospitality confirmed the impression which prevailed among newspaper men, and which I had brought with me, that he tried to work the press systematically for his personal benefit. I felt that, if I placed myself under obligations to him by accepting the offered favors, he would expect services in return, and my independence as a writer could not be preserved. Accordingly, I declined his offers as politely as I could, and again joined my old friends, General McCook and his staff, who occupied a spacious brick mansion, the former home of the owner of a large plantation adjacent to the town, in which I was given a small but comfortable room. I also secured a serviceable horse and a negro servant.

My very first talk with Rosecrans satisfied me that I need not have made haste to retake the field, as he had no thought of an immediate advance. Fully six weeks were, indeed, to elapse before his army got again in motion, and during that time my work remained very light, as I was subject, of course, to the usual restrictions upon the publication of information regarding intended movements, the strength and condition of the army, and other matters that might have given "aid and comfort to the enemy." Murfreesboro' was an attractive, solidly built-up town, but offered no social diversions, as most of the ten thousand inhabitants had disappeared. But I found plenty of other means of pleasantly whiling away my abundant leisure. To return to this army was to me almost like returning to one's large family, owing to the great number of friends I had in it. There had been but few changes among the general officers, and in visits to them much of my time was agreeably spent. Then General McCook and his military family were a very jolly set, and provided a good deal of fun. The singing of songs in chorus was a constant amusement. A con-

tinuous flow of official and unofficial callers also added to the liveliness of our headquarters. Drills, parades, and reviews likewise afforded diversion. The weather was most propitious for outdoor life, and I took advantage of it by daily horseback exercise.

It was my duty as well as my pleasure to pay frequent visits to the general headquarters, where I always received a hearty welcome from both General Rosecrans and his chief of staff, General James A. Garfield, in whom nobody then foresaw a future President of the United States. I will describe them separately. General Rosecrans was of middle stature, with a broad upper body and rather short, bow legs (owing to which peculiarities he presented a far better appearance when mounted than on foot); a head not large, with short, thin, light-brown hair; a narrow, long face with kindly blue eyes, strong nose and mouth, and scanty full grayish beard. His general expression was very genial. He was a great talker, voluble, earnest, and persuasive—one of the elements of his strength. General Garfield, not much over thirty years old, presented a far more commanding and attractive appearance. Very nearly, if not fully, six feet high, well formed, of erect carriage, with a big head of sandy hair, a strong-featured, broad and frank countenance, set in a full beard and lighted up by large blue eyes and a most pleasing smile, he looked like a distinguished personage. His manners were very gentlemanly and cordial, and altogether he produced and sustained a most agreeable impression.

It was not difficult for me to get on a confidential footing with Rosecrans. In fact, he freely offered his confidence to me of his own accord, and thus enabled me promptly to take a correct measure of the man. He showed at once that his disagreements with the Washington authorities were the uppermost thoughts in his mind, and that it gratified him greatly to express his ill-humor towards them. Indeed, he criticised General Halleck and Secretary Stanton with such freedom—with such a total disregard of official pro-

priety—not once, but repeatedly, that it really embarrassed me to listen to him, although, fortunately, he was content to do the talking without expecting sympathetic echoes from me. He dwelt upon the disregard of some of his wishes by those superiors as a public wrong, and denounced as criminal their efforts to force him into the offensive before he was completely ready. Nor did he hesitate to expatiate upon his plans for future operations, and this with scarcely concealed self-appreciation. He evidently believed that he was destined to play the most prominent part and reach the greatest distinction among all the Union generals. He unfolded to me his conception of the grand strategy by which the triumph of the North could be assured, coupling it with a broad intimation that Halleck and Stanton would have to be got out of the way, leaving me to infer that, after this was done, the next necessary step was to put him in the former's place. Talk of this kind was so regularly repeated by him that I could not help concluding that he was anxious to impress me with his greatness and to have that impression reflected in the *Tribune*. There was a correspondent attached to his headquarters, W. D. Bickham, who did that sort of work for him very willingly in the columns of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. But the more "Old Rosey," as the puffer in question had nicknamed him, tried to make me help in pointing him out as the great and only hope of the country, the less I was inclined to gratify him, and the smaller grew my faith in his fitness to command a large army and lead it to victory. Notwithstanding his transparent vanity and love of approbation, he tried to make me —and, for that matter, everybody else, including his superiors—believe that he disliked publicity and shrank especially from newspaper notoriety.

His principal justification of the inaction of his command was that, as long as he stood still, he held Bragg fast in his front, and prevented the sending of reinforcements from him to General Johnston in his efforts to foil Grant in the capture of Vicksburg. He explained to me at length

the strategic theory on which he rested this plea. As appears from the Official Records, he used the same argument with General Halleck, who, however, tripped him up very effectively in replying to it. The simple truth regarding his real motives was, that the display of rebel valor and the lack of resisting stamina in his own troops on Stone's River still exercised a deterrent influence on his mind, and that under it he persisted in his belief in the superior strength of Bragg, and had not pluck enough to again undertake anything against him until he had at his command what in his judgment was a sufficient preponderance, numerically and otherwise.

General Garfield was also talkative, but more reserved and discreet than his chief. He professed to have great admiration for him and implicit faith in his military talents, but, unlike him, believed that the army was fully ready in the first half of May to enter upon a new campaign. He expressed himself freely upon the several ways of conducting operations against Bragg that suggested themselves from the relative positions of the opposed armies. He appeared to have a very clear and sound strategic judgment for one whose experience as commander had been limited to petty warfare, at the head of a small brigade, with raiders and guerrillas in eastern Kentucky. I recognized also his general capacity and great store of information. A distinguished career seemed certain for him, but I am sure that he himself did not dream that the chief magistracy of the nation was awaiting him.

There could be no doubt, however, that the long stay at Murfreesboro' had resulted in the much greater proficiency of the army. As more than one-third of it consisted of newly enlisted officers and men, there was great need of improvement in drill and discipline, and it must be said that the commanding general and the commanders under him had tried their best in that respect. Whenever the weather permitted, the exercises of the troops had been energetically pushed. But I could not learn that anything beyond drills

by companies and regiments had been attempted. The explanation of this was that the Army of the Cumberland was as deficient as the Army of the Potomac and that under Grant in generals able to conduct brigade and division drills. But the same deficiency prevailed on the rebel side.

While the main body of the Army of the Cumberland enjoyed entire immunity from rebel disturbance, the enemy resumed his daring *coups* against a number of our isolated posts and his bold raids in our rear and upon our lines of communication, not long after the battle of Stone's River. His exploits forced Rosecrans to resort to counter-strokes, and from the latter part of January till June the newspapers published almost daily accounts of the more or less important undertakings of this kind on both sides, some of which I will mention. Towards the end of January, the united rebel cavalry under Forrest, Wheeler, and Wharton turned up in middle Tennessee, north of the Cumberland, and on February 3 appeared before Fort Donelson, but were repulsed by the garrison. On March 4, Colonel Colburn was sent from Franklin on a reconnoissance with a Union force of 1900 men, fell into a trap set for him by the rebel General Van Dorn, and was captured with 1400 of his command. On March 20 the rebel raider Morgan suffered a small defeat. A few days later, Forrest made a successful descent upon the Nashville & Columbia Railroad. Early in April our General Reynolds raided the Manchester & McMinnville Railroad, and soon thereafter Colonel Streight with 1600 men started from our side on his daring but disastrous raid into northern Alabama and Georgia, where he was captured with his whole force by Forrest. In May and early June, further raids were undertaken by our General Stanley and the tireless rebel Forrest.

The irritating friction between the Government and General Rosecrans continued steadily after my arrival, and even grew in severity through the month of May. But, early in June, the General found himself driven into a corner by the proof that he had failed to hold Bragg's entire force, a large

part of it having actually reinforced Johnston in Mississippi. Ordered by the Government to take advantage of the weakening of his foe by a forward movement, and yet unwilling to comply, he bethought himself of an indirect mode of evading the command from Washington. He summoned his corps and division commanders to a council of war, and succeeded in obtaining from fifteen out of seventeen an endorsement of his opposition to an advance, which vote he triumphantly telegraphed to General Halleck, who answered him cuttingly that "councils of war never fight." As the Government was loath to override the opinion of the council, General Rosecrans would probably have had his way but for the efforts of his chief of staff. In controversion of the views and verdict of the generals, General Garfield prepared and submitted an exhaustive memorandum. It set forth in detail the actual strength of our army and the estimated one of Bragg's, according to which figures we had fully one-third more effectives. It clearly stated all the arguments for and against an immediate advance. One of the strong points which he made, and which mainly moved the Government in urging Rosecrans to activity, was the imperative political necessity of stopping the growth of the anti-war sentiment in the loyal States (as shown by the spread of "copperheadism") by Union victories in the field. Although the Commander-in-chief did not yield at once, the deliberate conclusion of his chief of staff that an advance should no longer be delayed, no doubt greatly influenced his early decision to move.

On June 11, General Halleck telegraphed from Washington to General Rosecrans: "I deem it my duty to repeat to you the great dissatisfaction that is felt here at your inactivity. There seems to be no doubt that a part of Bragg's force has gone to Johnston." It appears that no answer to this was deigned by Rosecrans, whereupon Halleck wired him again on June 16: "Is it your intention to make an immediate movement forward? A definite answer, 'Yes' or 'No,' is required." This peremptory

demand elicited the following response: "In reply to your inquiry, if 'immediate' means to-night or to-morrow, No. If it means as soon as all things are ready, say five days, Yes." This extraordinary telegraphic incident was closed by a despatch dated Murfreesboro', June 24, 2.10 A.M., saying laconically: "Major-General Halleck, General-in-chief: The army begins to move at three o'clock this morning. W. S. Rosecrans, Major-General."

In this connection I will also quote a telling rebuke from a letter of President Lincoln in reply to a long defence of his course which the General had sent to him:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, August 10, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL ROSECRANS:

Yours of the 1st was received two days ago. I think you must have inferred more than General Halleck has intended as to any dissatisfaction of mine with you. I am sure you, as a reasonable man, would not have been wounded could you have heard all my words and seen all my thoughts in regard to you. I have not abated in my kind feeling for and confidence in you. I have seen most of your dispatches to General Halleck—probably all of them. After Grant invested Vicksburg, I was very anxious lest Johnston should overwhelm him from the outside; and when it appeared certain that part of Bragg's force had gone and was going to Johnston, it did seem to me it was exactly the proper time for you to attack Bragg with what force he had left. In all kindness let me say, it so seems to me yet. Finding from your dispatches to General Halleck that your judgment was different, and being very anxious for Grant, I, on one occasion, told General Halleck I thought he should direct you to decide at once to immediately attack Bragg or to stand on the defensive and send part of your force to Grant. He replied he had already so directed in substance. Soon after, dispatches from Grant abated my anxiety for him, and in proportion abated my anxiety about any movement of yours. When afterwards, however, I saw a dispatch of yours arguing that the right time for you to attack Bragg was not before, but would be after, the fall of Vicksburg, it impressed me very strangely; and I think I so stated to the Secretary of War and General Halleck. It seemed no other than the proposition that you

could better fight Bragg when Johnston should be at liberty to return and assist him than you could before he could so return to his assistance.

According to the official returns, the aggregate of officers and men present for duty at the opening of the campaign was: Fourteenth Corps, 26,058; Twentieth Corps, 16,047; Twenty-first Corps, 17,023; reserve corps, 20,615; cavalry corps, 12,281—making a total of infantry, artillery, and cavalry of over 90,000. But, from this total, the staffs and escorts of the army, corps, and division headquarters, and the division of Van Cleve left to garrison the works at Murfreesboro', had to be deducted, so that the available number of actual combatants was under 70,000.

Bragg's army was known to occupy a strong position on the range of much-broken, rocky hills extending north of and parallel to Duck River, a tributary of the Cumberland. His lines extended from Shelbyville to Wartrace at an average distance of something over twenty miles south of ours. His front was about ten miles long, and covered the railroad from Nashville to Chattanooga and the principal ordinary highways in the same direction. The nature of the country gave the enemy great advantages for defence, and, moreover, a line of field-works had been constructed for the better protection of the approaches. A cavalry force covered each of his wings. His effective total was estimated at under 40,000 bayonets and sabres.

Rosecrans's plan of operations was that of an able strategist. A front attack being forbidden by the formidableness of the rebel position, he proposed to turn Bragg's right and assail him on that flank and his rear. To that end, the corps of General Granger was to make a show of an advance in force from Triune upon the enemy's left at Shelbyville, and, at the same time, a forward movement of infantry and cavalry columns in an easterly direction was to have the appearance of a feint to divert attention from Granger. The bulk of the three corps of Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden

was to execute the principal movement around the rebel right by hurried marches in a southeasterly direction, with the town of Manchester (on the south bank of the Duck) as the objective-point, on reaching which, the rebel flank, rear, and communications would have been exposed to us.

The corps commanders were summoned to the army headquarters on the evening of June 23, and this plan was fully explained to them by the General-in-chief. I had received a plain intimation of what was to come from General Garfield during the day, and made my preparations accordingly. As the army was to move with only twelve days' rations and as little baggage as possible, I arranged to leave my trunk with the headquarters train of McCook's corps, and to set out with no other *impedimenta* than toilet things and two changes of underclothing in my saddle-bags. General Garfield had offered to provide for me at the general headquarters during the campaign; but as, in his opinion, McCook's corps was most likely to be the first to collide with the enemy, I concluded to accompany it for a few days at least. Learning that the division of General Johnson was to be in the lead, I gladly accepted an invitation to spend the night at his headquarters and ride with him next day.

The actual orders to move were not issued till after midnight. The division was roused at four and ready to get under way at five, but was not put in motion till eight. I had grown very tired, towards the end, of the monotony of our routine life at Murfreesboro', and heartily welcomed the impending change to the stir and excitement of campaigning. I felt in perfect health and highest spirits, and looked and hoped for a long period of active work. But it was ordained that my new career should be brief—indeed, cut short at its very beginning. The greatest disappointment I experienced in the Civil War was in immediate store for me.

The second division first marched for six miles over the Shelbyville turnpike, and then turned to the left into an ordinary country road leading to the sadly dilapidated

town of Old Millersburg and beyond it to "Liberty Gap," one of the several narrow defiles through the rough hills north of the Duck River. The division was preceded by five companies of mounted infantry, immediately behind which General Johnson and staff and myself followed. Nothing was seen or heard of the enemy until we approached the Gap in the afternoon, which the mounted infantry found strongly guarded by rebels. A lively skirmish ensued, and, the ground being unfavorable for a cavalry attack, the General ordered the leading brigade under General Willich to clear the way. The latter had his command ready for an advance in a short time, and moved forward with a strong line of skirmishers and supporting companies in advance, and one regiment on the right and another on the left of the road, with two regiments and a battery in reserve. The rebel skirmishers fell back before us upon their supports on the high hills forming the entrance to the Gap. A direct attack being hardly practicable, Willich made his regiments feel their way around the flanks of the enemy, and, aided by part of another brigade, finally swept them from their position just before dark, by scaling the heights in a rush, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Their camps were also captured. We lost a small number in killed and wounded. Our troops displayed a good deal of dash.

Up to that day, the weather had been all that could be wished for many weeks. But, soon after sunrise, the sky became covered, and by noon it commenced raining, and turned into a steady downpour in the course of the afternoon. It was the beginning of one of the worst rain storms that ever visited that part of the country, and actually continued with hardly any interruption for fully a fortnight. It quickly made the roads almost impassable, and the consequent obstruction of the movements of the army eventually prevented the full success of Rosecrans's strategy. I had no waterproof, but an ordinary army overcoat, which afforded little protection. By nightfall I was literally wet

to the skin. General Johnson invited me to share his tent, and had a big fire built under a large "fly" stretched over the entrance to it. Having no change of clothing, as even the extra underwear in my saddle-bags was wet, I had to spend the night in my soaked condition. In a few hours I became very feverish, and felt rheumatic pains all over my body. I suffered intensely, too, all night, from a fearful headache. In the morning, the fever was so high and the rheumatism so acute that I was entirely unable to move. The General sent for the chief surgeon of the division, who came promptly, and, after examining me thoroughly, expressed the opinion that I was suffering from a very severe attack of malarial fever and inflammatory rheumatism. He added that it was altogether out of the question for me to keep on with the army, and that the best thing I could do would be to return to Murfreesboro' or Nashville and go into a hospital. He offered to send me to the former place on an ambulance-train that was soon to start with our wounded of the day before. The thought of having to abandon the field within the first twenty-four hours was most irksome, but as I began to feel confused in my mind and could not stand on my legs, and had to choose between being taken back or left alone in a wild rebel region, I submitted to the inexorable.

An ambulance soon drove up, into which I was lifted on a stretcher. There were already two wounded officers in it, one of whom was able to sit up, so that there was room enough for me to be carried in a lying position. A surgeon accompanied us. The rain continued to come down heavily, and, what with its effect and that of the passage of artillery and trains, the roads had become so bad that our team had to be walked all the forenoon till we struck the turnpike. The ride was very rough, and would have discomforted me greatly had I not been partly out of my senses. It was late in the evening when we arrived at Murfreesboro', where I was transferred to a military hospital that had been established in a large brick building ordinarily used for mer-

cantile purposes. I had a severe attack of bilious nausea on the way, which recurred during the night and made me very weak and unable to take food of any kind. The doctor in charge interested himself specially in my case, and the next day offered to send me North in a hospital railroad car that was about to start with a load of sick and wounded officers and men for Louisville. He told me frankly that it would take me some time to get well, and advised me strongly to avail myself of the opportunity. Accordingly, I was put on the train which started from Murfreesboro' on the second morning and brought us to Louisville the next day. My fever and rheumatic aches increased during that long railroad journey, and I was a very sick man when we reached our destination. The Galt House people had been informed by telegraph, and were on hand at the station to receive and take me to the hotel.

Here I was confined to my bed till July 21, when I was sufficiently improved to take the risk of a transfer by boat to Cincinnati, where I put up at the Burnet House. The all-absorbing event of the day was the extraordinary raid which the rebel guerrilla leader Morgan was making through the southern parts of Indiana and Ohio. It was the most daring venture of the kind since the outbreak of the war. His force, consisting of several thousand mounted men, swam their horses across the Ohio not far from Louisville, and then started upon their plundering career, moving northward at first and then eastward through southeastern Indiana and across the whole State of Ohio, their route lying about half-way between Cincinnati and Columbus. This sudden invasion produced the greatest excitement and consternation in the two States, as well as throughout the Northwest. Great efforts were made to intercept the rebels with militia and troops from the enlistment camps at Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Columbus; but the raiders moved so rapidly, and interrupted communication by rail and telegraph so much, that no concentration of forces was effected in time to stop them. Several bodies of militia and

troops had, however, encounters with detachments of the enemy, and killed, wounded, and captured more or less of them. It was only when the raiders were nearing the Ohio in the eastern part of the State that a considerable body of them, with Morgan himself, were finally cornered and captured, the remainder escaping across the river.

Having recovered strength enough to resume work, I devoted myself to supplying the *Tribune* with news about the raid by telegraph and mail; and, in pursuit of that object, I went to Columbus, the capital of the State, where I prepared a long account of the rebel incursion. From Columbus I went to Yellow Sulphur Springs, near Springfield, Ohio, to drink the waters for a fortnight; but, instead of thus completing my restoration to health, I was suddenly attacked again with bilious intermittent fever, and barely managed to get back to Cincinnati, where I was once more confined to my bed for nearly three weeks. The fever threatened at one time to assume a typhoid character, but, fortunately, did not actually develop into it. I was again convalescent when intelligence was received of the two days' fighting at Chickamauga between Rosecrans's and Bragg's armies and of the disastrous result to our side. As I had hoped all along to be able to take the field again before any serious collision between the two armies occurred, I felt great disappointment that I had not witnessed it, but did what I could to utilize for the benefit of the *Tribune* the information regarding the battle received by the local papers. I remained in Cincinnati till September 29, when at last I started again for the front.

I here break off the narrative of my personal experiences in order to make room for a history of the battle of Chickamauga.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Bragg Dislodged from Chattanooga.—1863

WITHIN a little over a week after I left it, the Army of the Cumberland had compelled Bragg's forces t abandon the fortified line described in the preceding chap ter, by the literally "brief and brilliant" so-called Tulla homa campaign. Had the full execution of Rosecrans' strategic programme not been prevented by the extra ordinary inclemency of the unseasonable weather, he would probably have succeeded in working around the enemy's right flank and upon his lines of communication, and in flicting a complete defeat upon him. As it was, he force the enemy, with a loss of about two thousand in killed wounded, and prisoners, and some guns, out of middle Ten nessee, while his own loss hardly reached five hundred Bragg, in his official reports to the rebel authorities, ad mitted that our flanking movements compelled him to fal back first from the Shelbyville-Wartrace line to Tullahoma and thence to Elk River, and finally to retreat over th mountains to Chattanooga. He claimed that he did thi to save his army from "destruction without a battle," whic latter issue, much desired by himself and his command he had offered to the enemy, but failed to bring him to it His retreat was fully approved by the commanders unde him, as is shown by a direct communication from Lieu tenant-General Polk to President Davis, but was neverthe less a great disappointment to the Confederate Government It had a right to expect different results from an army whose condition, according to the reports of an aide-de camp of Jefferson Davis who had made a thorough inspec

tion of it but a short time before, was better as to equipment, drill, discipline, and health than that of any other in the rebel service. This condition was naturally changed for the worse by the inevitably demoralizing effect of a retrograde movement.

Our army thus found itself once more in almost the same position it had occupied twelve months before, until Bragg's flanking march into Kentucky had compelled its abandonment. Nor was there any compensation in the military situation for the grievous loss of a whole year's time, for the task before Rosecrans was now identical with that of Buell, viz., the advance upon Chattanooga; and its accomplishment was really rendered more difficult by the greater strength of the opposing forces, and by the diminished resources of the intervening country in consequence of its long occupation by the rebels.

Rosecrans endeavored to push after the enemy as soon as his retreat from Shelbyville and Tullahoma became known; but the continuous rainfall, the heavy roads, and mainly the high stage of the water-courses and the destruction of the bridges, rendered it impossible to interfere with the falling-back of the rebels over the Cumberland Mountains. The Commander-in-chief therefore determined to bring his main bodies to a halt, and carefully prepare for a further advance in the direction of Chattanooga by repairing the railroads to the Tennessee River and accumulating supplies. The army came to rest in a position extending from McMinnville to Winchester, with advanced posts at Pelham and Stevenson. Flying columns, however, were sent out over the enemy's lines of retreat, by which it was fully ascertained that Bragg had passed the Cumberland Mountains by the so-called Tantallon and University roads, and followed Battle Creek to the Tennessee. He crossed it at three points, and marched directly to Chattanooga, burning the railroad bridges and trestles behind him. The strategic importance of Chattanooga warranted the assumption that Bragg would strive to hold it, and imposed the correspond-

ingly difficult duty upon Rosecrans of wresting it from the enemy.

The most creditable achievement of the Army of the Cumberland in manœuvring Bragg into a retreat was not appreciated in the North as it should have been. The reason was that the news of it reached the loyal public while it was trembling over the issue of the mighty struggle between the armies of Meade and Lee at Gettysburg, and was in feverish expectation of the final outcome of the siege of Vicksburg. The authorities at Washington, in their elation over the defeat of Lee and the fall of the Mississippi stronghold, and in their angry remembrance of Rosecrans's conduct, also failed to award the meed of praise the latter had expected. Secretary Stanton telegraphed on July 7 to him, in announcing the triumphs of Meade and Grant: "You and your noble army now have the chance to give the finishing blow to the Rebellion. Will you neglect the chance?" This deliberate prod provoked a caustic retort from Rosecrans, in which he said: "You do not appear to observe the fact that this noble army has driven the rebels from middle Tennessee, of which my despatches advised you. I beg on behalf of this army that the War Department may not overlook so great an event because it is not written in letters of blood."

Rosecrans informed Halleck and the War Department in detail of the difficulties in the way of the movement on Chattanooga, but they were not considered by his superiors as great as by himself. Still, he was allowed some weeks to get ready, but when, towards the end of August, there were no signs of renewed activity on his part, the Government began afresh to spur him on. President Lincoln's cherished plan of relieving the loyalists in East Tennessee was again pressed upon him. Halleck combined this with general urging in despatches and letters on July 24 and 25. But, while Rosecrans's delay at Murfreesboro', with the enemy within easy striking distance, was justly found fault with, he made out a much better case for himself in his explanation to

the Government. He was two hundred and sixty-four miles from his primary base at Louisville, and eighty-three miles from his secondary at Nashville. All his subsistence, equipments of every sort, ammunition, and most of his forage had to be hauled the total distance by rail. There was between him and the Tennessee fifty to sixty miles of barren, mountainous country, which would have to be passed by means of difficult roads unless the railroad to the river was repaired. There was also the formidable passage of and movement along the banks of the latter, which was from 2000 to 3000 feet wide and enclosed on both sides by precipitous elevations. But all this, in the judgment of his superiors, did not justify further delay. On August 3, Halleck wired him to report the position of all his forces. The reply having furnished proof that they had remained stationary, a peremptory order reached Rosecrans on the next day from the General-in-chief in these words: "Your forces must move forward without further delay. You will daily report the movement of each corps till you cross the Tennessee River." Rosecrans, in acknowledging receipt, answered: "As I have determined to cross the river as soon as practicable, and have been making all preparations and getting such information as may enable me to do so without being driven back like Hooker, I wish to know if your order is to take away my discretion as to time and manner of moving my troops." Halleck replied promptly on August 5: "The orders for the advance of your army and that its movements be reported daily are peremptory." Rosecrans wired another remonstrance, indicating his purpose to move in a few days, and adding, if literal obedience of the order of the General-in-chief was expected, he must insist upon its modification or upon being relieved from command. The upshot of it all was that the Army of the Cumberland was in motion again by the middle of the month.

The opening campaign was to be supported by the simultaneous movement of an army under Major-General Burn-

side from southeastern Kentucky into eastern Tennessee. Burnside had not long been kept in retirement after leaving the Army of the Potomac, but in March was put in command of the Department of the Ohio, comprising all the States between the Alleghenies, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, as well as Kentucky, with headquarters at Cincinnati. During the spring and until late in the summer, he was occupied with suppressing active manifestations of rebel sympathy in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, fighting the rebel leader J. H. Morgan's new raid in July, and organizing an army for East Tennessee. He started from central Kentucky in the middle of August with about 15,000 men, organized as the Twenty-third Army Corps, and reached Knoxville on September 4 without having encountered the enemy. The Confederate troops in East Tennessee were under command of General Buckner and not much inferior to Burnside's, but withdrew down the Tennessee, fearing a front movement from him and a simultaneous one to their rear by the force detached from the Army of the Cumberland for the feint against Chattanooga hereinafter mentioned.

The Cumberland Mountains divide the waters of the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers, and extend from eastern Tennessee in a general southwesterly direction to near Athens, Alabama, rising to a height of 1000 to 2000 feet. The chain is cleft in two, for fifty miles from where it abuts on the Tennessee, by the parallel valley of the Sequatchie River, with an average breadth not exceeding four miles. The portion of the Cumberland Mountains between the Sequatchie and the Tennessee bears the specific name of Walden's Ridge. Both the main range and the ridge are masses of rock, rising to a height of 1500 to 2000 feet, with steep sides furrowed by numerous ravines, and wide but broken and timbered crests. The average distance from the line occupied by the army to the Tennessee did not exceed from sixty-five to seventy miles, but the formidable natural barriers and the character of the means of communication

made the movement to the river an arduous undertaking. The Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad had been repaired to Bridgeport on the Tennessee, but to transport the army, with its artillery and baggage, ammunition, provision, and forage trains, over its single track with the limited motive-power and rolling-stock available would have required many weeks. The troops had, therefore, to use the ordinary roads over the mountains, which, as a rule, were narrow, extremely rough, and difficult in grade. Their precarious character rendered it further necessary to utilize as many of them as possible.

The configuration of the country and the lines of communication were such that General Rosecrans had the sole choice of approaching Chattanooga either by an eastward movement to the Tennessee and thence down the valley, or of making for the river to the west of the objective-point by way of the Sequatchie and the more direct routes to Bridgeport, Stevenson, and other points on the north bank. As the former course would have had to be made over fewer roads, and would have exposed our lines of communication and possibly invited another rebel invasion of middle Tennessee, the Commander-in-chief determined upon the latter movement. In order to mislead the enemy as to his real purpose, a direct advance was to be undertaken by part of his forces from the Sequatchie over Walden's Ridge to points opposite and above Chattanooga. Accordingly, the three divisions of Crittenden's Twenty-first Army Corps, forming the left, crossed the main ridge of the Cumberland Mountains in three columns, over as many roads, into the Sequatchie Valley. Thence the infantry brigades of Hazen and Wagner, together with Minty's and Wilder's mounted ones, were detached for the diversion against Chattanooga, while the remainder of the corps marched down the Sequatchie. General Thomas's Fourteenth Army Corps, constituting the centre, took the so-called University and Tantallon roads leading to the mouth of Battle Creek and to near Stevenson. Of McCook's Twentieth Army Corps,

which was the right, Sheridan's division was already in an advanced position on the river. The other two divisions under Johnson and Davis marched respectively to Bellefonte and Stevenson. The reserve corps under Major-General Granger followed the river as soon as the preceding columns were out of the way. All these movements were so promptly executed that by August 21 the whole army was in the valley of the Tennessee. But the crossing of the river was not commenced till August 29, when it was successfully accomplished over pontoon and trestle bridges, and by boats and rafts, at three different points, by all the troops and their *impedimenta* in less than a week.

According to the regular tri-monthly returns made to the army headquarters on August 10, the total strength of the Army of the Cumberland was 4735 officers and 75,183 men—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—of which the cavalry corps comprised 9973 officers and men, the Twenty-first Army Corps 14,367 men, the Fourteenth 22,389, the Twentieth 14,222, and the reserve corps 16,936; the remainder consisting of detached bodies serving as escorts, engineers, and in other duties. As the reserve corps took no part in the operations south of the river till some weeks after the other corps, its number should be deducted from the total, thus reducing the aggregate with which Rosecrans at first confronted Bragg to about 64,000. The artillery numbered 216 field guns.

A despatch sent by General Bragg to the Richmond Government on August 24 proves that he learned of Rosecrans's and Burnside's advances only on that day, when the former had already reached the Tennessee. He reported that Rosecrans had four corps with 70,000 men (a rebel estimate for once under the actual number), and Burnside 25,000 men (an overestimate by 10,000). According to his own statements, he himself had less than 30,000 effectives of the two army corps of Lieutenant-Generals L. Polk and D. H. Hill, and the reserve corps under Major-General Walker. Polk's army corps consisted of the divisions of Cheatham and

Hindman, Hill's of Cleburne's and Breckinridge's divisions, and Walker's of two small divisions under Brigadier-Generals Gist and Liddell, about Chattanooga, and 8000 under Buckner made up of Preston's and Stewart's divisions in East Tennessee. On these figures he based a strong appeal for reinforcements, which were sent to him at once to the extent of two small divisions from General J. E. Johnston's command in Mississippi. He had the unpleasant duty of announcing, in the above-mentioned despatch, that a Federal force had appeared directly opposite Chattanooga on the day mentioned (this being the advance of the four brigades detached from the Twenty-first Army Corps) and shelled the town. Their sudden appearance was evidently a stunning surprise to him. He was deceived as to their strength, and spoke of them in his report as a "corps" when they hardly numbered 2000 men. Their nearness irritated him so much that, when he was sure that they were isolated from the rest of Rosecrans's army, he formed a plan to capture or destroy them by a *coup de main*, to be executed by a sudden rush over the river by Hill's corps. Some preparations were made to carry out this plan, but nothing came of it in the end.

Directly in the way of the Army of the Cumberland there rose on the south side of the Tennessee, running in a northeasterly direction to the vicinity of Chattanooga, two great mountain ranges, the one nearest to the river being known as Sand Mountain and the other as Lookout Mountain. They are separated by a narrow valley down which Lookout Creek flows into the Tennessee. The sides of Sand Mountain, with a maximum altitude of over 2000 feet, rise so abruptly that no road is practicable along its base except for a few miles; but a few very difficult roads lead over it and into Lookout Valley. Lookout Mountain, a great rocky mass, reaches a height of nearly 2500 feet above the level of the sea, and also declines very steeply on both sides. There were then but three wagon-roads over it—one around its precipitous abutment on the river two miles from Chattanooga, another at a distance of twenty-five miles from the

town, and the last forty-two miles from the first. Beyond Lookout Mountain several minor ridges follow the same general course a little east of north. The nearest to it is Missionary Ridge, and, next to this, Pigeon Mountain. Between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge flows Chattanooga Creek, and between Missionary Ridge and Pigeon Mountain the West Branch of Chickamauga Creek. These are tributaries of the Tennessee, which they enter respectively below and above Chattanooga. The valley of the West Chickamauga bears the name of McLemore's Cove. Pigeon Mountain is separated by Pea Vine Creek from Chickamauga Hills, the next minor ridge. Between this and Taylor's Ridge runs Middle Chickamauga Creek, which, dividing, flows along the western base of the latter ridge as East Chickamauga Creek. This whole region of mountains and valleys was then covered with a dense growth of timber and underbrush, with the exception of clearings here and there for farming purposes. The roads leading over the minor ridges were as steep and rough as those over the higher ones.

The passage over the river being effected, and Bragg's army apparently waiting to be attacked in its position about Chattanooga, Rosecrans had to decide between taking the direct offensive against the enemy and a repetition of his Tullahoma plan—that is, to compel Bragg's withdrawal from Chattanooga by a flanking movement against his communications. The great natural obstacles in the way of the former stamped it as a very rash venture to seek the rebels on their chosen fortified ground, and hence the Commander-in-chief once more resolved upon turning operations. He set his troops in motion from the south bank without delay, with McCook again on the right, Thomas in the centre, Crittenden on the left, and Granger in reserve. The general object was to reach and hold or destroy the main rebel line of supply formed by the Atlanta & Chattanooga and East Tennessee & Georgia Railroads, both north and south of their junction at Dalton, Georgia, and thereby also cut all the enemy's lines of retreat in a southward direction.

On our extreme right, a cavalry division, under command of my friend Colonel Edward M. McCook, led the advance, passed over Raccoon and Lookout Mountains into the valley of the Chattanooga River, and pushed on in a general southwesterly direction toward Rome as far as the towns of Alpine and Summerville. The whole Twentieth Army Corps followed in its wake as fast as possible. The Fourteenth Army Corps crossed Sand Mountain and had descended into Lookout Valley by September 6. Continuing up Lookout Mountain, it seized the passes at Johnson's Brook and Cooper's and Stevens's Gaps without resistance, and by the 10th had made its way down Lookout Mountain and over the southern end of Missionary Ridge into McLemore's Cove. It proved an exceedingly difficult march. General Thomas describes the roads as the worst imaginable. The ascents and descents were so long and difficult that teams had to be doubled in hauling over wagons and guns, thereby causing great delay. The Twenty-first Army Corps marched from Shellmound on the Tennessee to Hunting Water Creek, issuing from a narrow valley, up which extended the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad track to a long tunnel, with a wagon-road alongside leading over Raccoon Mountain, as the northern end of Sand Mountain is called. The whole corps followed this road into Lookout Valley, and, by the evening of September 6, General Wood's division, forming the left, was at the junction of the Nashville & Chattanooga with the Trenton branch railroad up the valley, only seven miles from Chattanooga.

In the meantime, the two infantry and two cavalry brigades under Hazen, Wagner, Minty, and Wilder had thoroughly performed their part of a feint against Chattanooga by continuously and ostentatiously demonstrating with all three arms at different points opposite the town for a distance of fifteen miles up the river. On September 8, Colonel Wagner, who had taken position in the narrow bend of the river directly opposite Chattanooga, discovered indications that the enemy was withdrawing from the town, and sent word to that effect to the army headquarters.

Towards evening the evacuation had become a certainty, so that Wagner crossed over and took unopposed possession the next morning.

This exhilarating fact was quickly made known to all parts of the army. Rumors from various sources of the rebel purpose to abandon Chattanooga had reached Rosecrans for several days before the actual evacuation. In order to test them, several bold reconnoissances were made by General Thomas along the crest of Lookout Mountain, and by General Crittenden down the Lookout Valley and around the northern slope of the Mountain. But Wagner's announcement of the occupation of the town was received by the General-in-chief before the reconnoissances confirmed the retirement of the rebels from it. General Bragg had acquired, by September 6, a sufficiently clear perception of the object of his adversary's movements to come to a decision regarding his own. He recognized the advance of our right upon his southern communications as a most threatening move, and prudently, though reluctantly, accepted the inevitable consequence of it, namely, that he could not allow Rosecrans to get between him and Rome, and that therefore his withdrawal from Chattanooga was necessary. Anticipating this as a possible contingency, he had ordered Buckner to join him. On September 6, he issued a circular order directing that the troops of his army should move immediately toward Rome in four columns. This general indication was followed only by marching directions from Chattanooga to Lafayette, a small town twenty-five miles a little east of south of Chattanooga, and the point of junction of the main roads thence and from Ringgold to the Coosa Valley and Rome. The corps of Polk and Hill were to march via Rossville; the commands of Buckner and Walker, with the supply trains, over a more easterly route. The troops were to carry six days' rations, and to include only "fighting men."

The dramatic first words of the order ("In order to meet the enemy and strike him") may have been intended to

counteract the demoralizing effect of retreat upon his troops, or may have reflected the rebel commander's actual purpose. The naming of Rome as the army's destination and the six days' rations would seem to confirm the former theory, while his subsequent bold offensive corroborated the latter. In his report of the Chickamauga campaign, he asserts that he purposely accelerated the evacuation and the first marches in order to deceive Rosecrans into the belief that he was actually retreating as fast as he could, and thus induce his adversary to press his columns on in pursuit and "expose himself in detail," while he was really concentrating against Rosecrans's centre and determined to avail of the first chance to attack. As the assertion is fully borne out by his subsequent acts, he cannot well be denied proper credit for successfully shifting his command so as to protect his main line of supply, and, this being accomplished, to seek rather than avoid his enemy. That his purpose was to fight is also rendered more than probable by the assurance he had obtained from Richmond of further heavy reinforcement by Longstreet's division of Lee's army.

The withdrawal from Chattanooga was intended to begin on the day the order for it was issued, but was postponed till dark the next day. Hill's corps moved first over the direct road to Lafayette, and was followed by Polk. Walker preceded Buckner over the road to Ringgold. The columns marched so quickly that on the evening of the 8th they were in position in McLemore's Cove, between Lee and Gordon's Mills, twelve miles from Chattanooga, and Lafayette, facing the eastern slope of the Lookout Mountains, where they remained to await and take advantage of Rosecrans's movements. Bragg did not have to wait long for tempting developments.

It was but natural and even justifiable that Rosecrans should feel highly elated at the result of his strategy in forcing Bragg to yield Chattanooga to him without a struggle. It may be freely admitted, too, that, but for the sub-

sequent untoward turn of events, his flanking movement, well conceived as it was, and carried out with extraordinary energy in passing first over the mountainous country to the north of Tennessee, then crossing the river, and next overcoming the difficulties of two rugged ranges, all within three weeks, would have ranked as one of the greatest achievements of the Civil War. He claimed his success as a great triumph in exultant language in his telegraphic report to the Government. He believed at first, as shown by his own despatches and those of Assistant Secretary of War Dana (who was with him from September 11) to the Government, that Bragg was retreating south as fast as he could by way of Rome. He was so far carried away that he boldly boasted of having gained a position from which he could effectually advance on Rome and Atlanta and deliver there the finishing blows of the war. He even felt confident of being able to intercept the enemy's retreat before he reached Rome.

Acting upon these assumptions, he issued orders to all the corps commanders to make vigorous pursuit. General Crittenden had marched his corps around Lookout Mountain to Rossville, five miles from Chattanooga, and then pushed on to Chattanooga with Wood's division on the 9th. He was ordered to recall the remainder of his troops from the north side, leave one brigade in the town, and follow the enemy on the road to Ringgold. General Thomas was directed to push over Pigeon Mountain by way of Dug Gap, and make quickly for Lafayette. Neither he nor his superior was aware that this point was also the objective of Bragg's army. General McCook received, on the evening of the 9th, from general headquarters, the news of the occupation of Chattanooga, together with orders to move rapidly upon Alpine and Summerville, so as to get upon the enemy's line of retreat and strike him in the flank.

Strange as it may seem, for three whole days after the occupation of Chattanooga, neither our General-in-chief nor the commanders of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Army

Corps suspected that, instead of trying to elude their pursuit, the rebel army was lying like a crouched lion in their path, ready to spring with all its might upon the first hostile body coming within reach. The advance of Crittenden caught up with rebel cavalry on the way to Ringgold and had some lively skirmishes with them. But though his mounted troops followed the enemy some distance beyond the last-named town, they did not discover him in force. The corps commander accepted their reports to this effect, and informed General Garfield, as chief of staff of the army, on the night of the 11th, that "in his opinion the enemy had fled beyond his reach," and that "his only hope, or rather his great hope," was "that General Thomas or General McCook may be able to hit them a side lick." Yet, when he sent this utterly erroneous conclusion, the bulk of his corps was directly east and therefore in the rear of Bragg, at a distance of not more than eight miles in an air-line from him, or, in other words, with Bragg's army driven in like a huge live wedge between him and the rest of our troops. So absolute was Crittenden's delusion that, a few hours after he had sent his message to the chief of staff, he despatched another report in which he expressed the belief that, what with Thomas in the vicinity of Lafayette, and Wilder's cavalry on the Ringgold road, "all the enemy north of Lafayette would be effectually bagged."

General Thomas had been ordered to reach Lafayette and connect with McCook on his right by September 10. He tried his utmost to be there, but, most happily for the Union cause, was two days behind time, owing to the unexpected difficulties of the roads. Had he managed to debouch earlier from the passes of Pigeon Mountain in the order in which he marched, with one division after another, he would have fallen prey piecemeal to the enemy. Even as it was, he had a narrow escape from that fate. The division of General Negley was in the lead on the 10th, on the march toward Dug Gap. On nearing it, he discovered that the approach was obstructed by felled timber and de-

fended by rebel pickets. Reconnoissances and the statements of residents showing the rebel presence in strength before him, he decided to stop at the mouth of the gorge leading to the Gap till he was assured of support, in case of need, from the rest of the corps. Baird's division came up with his early on the 11th. During the day it became evident that heavy rebel columns were moving from the north over Pigeon Mountain through Catlett's Gap and from the south through Blue Bird Gap, obviously bent upon an early attack upon our forces from both directions.

This surmise was entirely correct. During the 9th, General Bragg had become aware that a Federal column, estimated by him as from 4000 to 8000 strong, had descended from Lookout Mountain into McLemore's Cove. Seeing his first chance to strike an isolated body, he issued orders from Lee and Gordon's Mills just before midnight on the same day to Hindman's and Cleburne's divisions to move at once against the Federals in the Cove through Dug and Catlett's Gaps. Hill, Cleburne's corps commander, on receiving the order, replied that it could not be carried out, as General Cleburne was sick, four regiments of the division were on detached duty, and the two gaps were so blocked that it would take twenty-four hours to clear them for the passage of troops. Hindman moved promptly at midnight, and reached the western foot of the mountain through Worthen's Gap at daylight, having marched thirteen miles. In view of Hill's reply, Bragg ordered Buckner early on the 10th to follow and report to Hindman with his two divisions, and, to make sure that the intended blow would be quickly and vigorously struck, moved his headquarters near the scene of action in the evening of that day. He also ordered General Polk to move Cheatham's division to the support of Hindman from Lafayette, required Cleburne's division to remove the obstructions at Dug and Catlett's Gaps as speedily as possible and to join Hindman, and finally directed Walker's reserve to move up at once.

Thus Bragg left nothing undone to avail of his oppor-

tunity to the utmost. His whole army was, in fact, converging upon Thomas's advance. There can be no doubt that Negley's division would have been doomed on the 10th, when it was advancing alone, with Baird's half a day's march in the rear, but for the obstructions in the Gap, for Hindman was making for the junction of roads known as Widow Davis's Cross-roads, near which Negley had halted on the 10th, and would have struck the latter's rear had he not felt in duty bound to await the approach of Cleburne's division. He stopped four miles from the cross-roads. He had moved so promptly that he failed to learn Hill's reply, and was left to discover by his own scouting parties in the blockaded gaps the clue to Cleburne's non-appearance. A message from Hill reached him only late in the day, giving the reasons already mentioned for Cleburne's delay. Toward evening, General Buckner reported to him with his two divisions, thereby giving the rebels three divisions for an attack the next morning against our two. Of this superiority they failed, however, to avail themselves.

Hindman had received another communication from Hill during the afternoon, informing him that the Federals were advancing upon Dug Gap in force, and that he, Hill, thought that, if he was attacked, Hindman had a good chance to assail them from the rear. This Hindman read as directing him to attack after Hill had become engaged. Feeling puzzled as to the proper course to pursue, he assembled his general officers late in the evening for a council of war. During the meeting two communications from General Bragg were received, one urging him to finish his allotted work in the Cove as rapidly as possible in view of the advance of Crittenden's corps in their rear, and a later one impressing upon him that their forces were superior to the Federals and that it was of the highest importance to move vigorously and crush them. Notwithstanding this, the council voted to recommend the abandonment of the attack upon the Federals in front of Hindman, and the substitution for it of a concentrated move upon Crittenden.

A letter to this effect was sent to the army commander by a staff officer and reached him shortly before midnight. Bragg questioned the officer as to the character of the information that led Hindman and his generals to ask for a modification of his orders. Finding that it was not positive, he said that it amounted to nothing, and started the officer back at once with an oral message that his plans could not be changed and that his orders must be carried out. Half an hour later, a formal order was despatched, reaching Hindman at 4:20 A.M. on the 11th, containing these words: "General Bragg orders you to attack and force your way through the enemy to this point [Lafayette] at the earliest hour that you can see him in the morning. Cleburne will attack in front the moment your guns are heard."

Hindman inferred from the order that the general commanding looked upon his position as a perilous one, and expected him no longer to capture the enemy, but to avoid being captured himself. Being thus put on his guard, he moved his command at 7 A.M. slowly and with great caution. At about 11 A.M. he encountered the Federal skirmishers, when he formed his line for attack. He had just driven in the former when he received a despatch from headquarters directing him, if he found the enemy too strong for an attack, to fall back at once on Lafayette through Catlett's Gap, which had been cleared of obstructions, and requiring him to make his decision immediately. He answered that he was not sufficiently informed as to the enemy to decide upon his course, but would retire if necessary. An hour later, a staff officer from headquarters appeared to inquire whether he felt certain that he could make good his retreat through Catlett's Gap. He replied that he had no doubt that he could do so in case he decided to retire, but that he had ordered an advance. Soon afterward another despatch from headquarters arrived, advising him that a Federal force of from 12,000 to 15,000 was forming in front of Dug Gap, that the general commanding was

most anxious and wished to hear from him by couriers once an hour, and that despatch was necessary. How great Bragg's anxiety was is also shown by a private note to Hindman, dated 3 P.M., sent with this despatch and saying: "Dear General: Time is precious. The enemy presses from the north. We must unite or both must retire. The enemy is in small force in line of battle in our front, and we only wait for your attack." This record clearly demonstrates that, while Bragg was on the 9th and 10th and up to the morning of the 11th determined upon an attack, he then became uncertain as to his proper course, and vacillated between advance and retreat. This was doubtless due to the evidence that had reached him that the Federals before him now numbered many more than two days before, and also to the intelligence he had received of the appearance of McCook's advance seven miles from Lafayette, and of Crittenden's movements in the rear. But it was only natural that the commanding general's evident indecision made Hindman hesitate, and, after consultation with the generals under him, determine upon retreat. He had hardly issued his order to fall back upon Catlett's Gap when reports of returning scouts that the enemy was retiring reached him. He at once ordered his line to advance as rapidly as possible in order to intercept the retreating enemy. The pursuit was kept up till dark, when, at Davis's Cross-roads, General Bragg, who had appeared upon the field in person, ordered it to cease.

The rebel movements against Negley, of which he became cognizant on the 10th and 11th, as mentioned, were those just described. He did not feel warranted in accepting battle when he was threatened with attack from two directions, and resolved to retrace his steps to a safer position near Stevens's Gap. Setting first his trains in motion, he commenced falling back with his troops in the middle of the afternoon. Skirmishing with Hindman's pursuing columns soon began, but the division was across the West

Branch of the Chickamauga when the enemy appeared in heavy force on the opposite bank. Negley tried to check him from the north bank with ten guns, to which he replied with two batteries. The rebel infantry deployed and advanced against Negley's left, and was soon heavily engaged. By skilful manœuvring, the incipient attack was, however, foiled, and the retreat continued in good order, though at first it had to be made step by step and in constant conflict with the enemy; and the base of Lookout Mountain was reached in safety by the two divisions. It was altogether a lucky escape, for our strength did not exceed 9000, while the pursuing enemy numbered, according to the rebel records, over 15,000.

General McCook had made discoveries by his reconnoissances that left him no choice but to take the responsibility of not obeying his orders to advance rapidly to Summerville. The information brought in by his cavalry was so positive as to leave no doubt in his mind that the bulk of the rebel army was not retreating, but concentrating between him and the other corps. He wisely stopped his command for this and the additional reason that he failed to discover any signs of the approach of General Thomas's corps, which, as already stated, was to be at Lafayette and connect with his left on the 10th. McCook unquestionably did right in not running the risk of getting involved in an unequal contest with the enemy without being assured of support. He accordingly remained stationary, except that he cautiously moved his trains back to a safer position. He received an explanation of the delay of the Fourteenth Corps *en route* late in the evening of the 11th from General Thomas, indicating his purpose to continue his march to Lafayette, which he expected to reach on the 12th.

General Rosecrans clung to the illusion that Bragg was in full retreat and bent upon flight and not upon fight, until the reports of McCook's discoveries and Negley's experiences opened his eyes as to the real situation on the

11th. As late as the 10th, he chided Thomas for not having reached Lafayette more promptly, and later on expressed doubt as to the necessity of Negley's retreat. The awakening was naturally a rude one. There was his army divided in three parts, more than a good day's march even in an air-line from each other, and this distance was practically much increased by the difficult character of the intervening ground and of the means of communication. There were actually several chains of hills between Crittenden and Thomas, and Lookout Mountain between Thomas and McCook. The Commander-in-chief must have confessed to himself that, with the rebel army concentrated against him, as it appeared to be, he had himself created the opportunity for his adversary to overwhelm him in detail. It must have been clear to him, also, that the separation of his army rendered a rapid retrograde movement upon the only available common point—Chattanooga—out of the question. There was, indeed, no other course left to him than the quickest possible concentration of his command in a good position for offence or defence, which would secure him likewise a good line of retreat to Chattanooga. He resolved upon this at once when the truth had dawned upon him that Bragg was before him on both slopes of Pigeon Mountain, and immediately took energetic steps to bring the concentration about. He would hardly have succeeded but for misunderstandings and accidents on the rebel side, already partly related, which came to his rescue and enabled him to accomplish what he himself in his official report called a matter of "life and death."

At midnight on September 12, General McCook received orders from army headquarters, through General Thomas, to move with the utmost expedition to his support, after taking proper measures for the safety of his trains. The corps was in motion at daylight on the 13th. McCook first intended to march by the direct road to Dougherty's Gap and through it into McLemore's Cove, and expected to be himself with Thomas on the night of the same day. But,

when he learned on the way that the road beyond the Gap was not practicable, and received information during the day from headquarters indicating the presence of the enemy in the Cove, he decided to change his route. He asked and received the advice of General Thomas regarding it, and adopted one that required crossing Lookout Mountain into Lookout Valley, a march down it to the road to Stevens's Gap, and then up the Mountain again and through the Gap to the other side. While an air-line from Alpine to Thomas's position would not exceed twenty-five miles, by his roundabout route McCook marched nearly sixty miles. Instead of joining Thomas within a day or two, it was actually five days before he came in touch with him. Having reported his change of route to army headquarters, he was peremptorily ordered to turn back, against which he angrily remonstrated, and was permitted to keep on; but neither General Rosecrans nor his chief of staff, Garfield, was ever fully satisfied that he had not wasted several days' time, and exposed the other two corps to the danger of being attacked singly on the east side of Lookout Mountain while he was following the west side. The point in dispute has never been fully cleared up, but my opinion has always been that McCook acted properly in the light of his information and instructions. It cannot be denied, however, that the loss of three days by him delayed the execution of the concentrating movement correspondingly, and might have proved fatal.

General Hindman states in his official report that, when he reported in person soon after dark on the 11th at Davis's Cross-roads to General Bragg, the latter said to him at once, "We can't stay here," and immediately ordered the whole force to make a night march to Lafayette, which was done, Buckner's division going by Dug Gap and the remainder of the army by Catlett's Gap. It seems to have puzzled the generals under him that he should have abandoned the advance when the several divisions were at last united for it. Bragg affirmed that, having become satisfied of the failure

of Hindman,[1] the new movement was directed by him with a view to falling upon the separate Federal force moving via Ringgold. In pursuance of this new purpose, General Polk's and Walker's corps moved on the following day from Lafayette in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mills. Bragg received a report during the day from his cavalry under Pegram that a Federal division was marching by itself up the Pea Vine Creek valley. He informed General Polk of this in a note dated 6 P.M., September 12, and added: "This presents you a fine opportunity for striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn again on the force in the Cove. I shall be delighted to hear of your success." Bragg followed this communication at 8 P.M. with a positive order worded thus by his adjutant-general: "I now give you the orders of the Commanding General, viz., to attack at day-dawn to-morrow. The infantry column to be attacked is reported at three-quarters of a mile beyond Pea Vine Church on the road to Graysville from Lafayette." At 11 P.M. a disappointing reply came from Polk, stating that he had taken a strong position for defence, and requesting heavy reinforcements. Bragg answered that he must not defer the ordered attack, that he was already stronger than the enemy, that success depended on the rapidity of his movements, and that Buckner's command would be in supporting distance of him the next morning. Bragg reinforced this prod by another at 12:30 A.M. on the 13th, as follows: "The enemy is approaching from the south, and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost." He relates further in his report that, when he reached the front in

[1] Bragg subsequently preferred charges against Hindman and relieved him from command for "disobedience of the lawful command of his superior officer." Hindman asked for a court of inquiry, but the difficulty was settled in the end by the intervention of the President of the Confederacy.

the morning of the 13th, he found that Polk had not advanced against the enemy, and that "the latter's forces had formed a junction and recrossed the Chickamauga." His language clearly conveys the impression that, but for Polk's remissness, the intended attack on part of Crittenden's corps would have been made. It appears, however, from Polk's report to army headquarters, dated September 12, 8 P.M., that Bragg did him injustice. Polk reached the ground in good season, but the information he collected after his arrival led him to believe that not one of Crittenden's divisions, but all three, were in front of him and advancing "with steady step upon my position, and will no doubt attack early in the morning"; hence he considered it his duty to ask "most respectfully and urgently" for reinforcements. Polk added: "My troops I cannot get into position in time to attack, myself, at so early an hour as day-dawn. If I find he is not going to attack me, I will attack him without delay."

The truth was, however, that while Bragg's information, on which he based his order to Polk to attack the one division of Crittenden's corps, was reliable, Polk's assumption that three divisions were before him was also well founded. General Harker's brigade of Wood's division, forming the rear of the corps, had been ordered by Crittenden early on the 11th to make a reconnoissance from Rossville to Lee and Gordon's Mills. Early in the afternoon Wood was ordered to move at once to the support of Harker with his other brigade (his third had been left at Chattanooga), which he did. It was the movement of these two brigades that was reported to Bragg. But when General Rosecrans perceived that his salvation lay in the immediate concentration of his army, he sent, simultaneously with his orders to McCook to join Thomas, directions to Crittenden to move also towards the latter by marching his whole corps "by the most available route," and as quickly as possible, to the road from Rossville to Lafayette that Wood had followed, and to close up with the latter. Crittenden marched

promptly early the next morning, and, on the evening of the 12th, his three divisions were in exactly the positions in which Polk reported them to be to Bragg. But Polk was mistaken in assuming that Crittenden was steadily advancing on him and would attack early in the morning. Crittenden of his own accord did what Polk had done before him, on the morning of the 13th, by taking up a good defensive position, and had no more thought of attacking than the bishop-general opposed to him had before receiving reinforcements. There was, however, this great difference between them, that the rebel commander acted cautiously because of his knowledge of the presence of the enemy in force before him, while the Federal general stood on the defensive from utter ignorance of the rebel whereabouts. Crittenden not only knew nothing of Polk's advance upon him, but had not yet divested his mind of the belief that the enemy was continuing his retreat towards Rome, and persisted in expressing it to the army headquarters, even after reaching Lee and Gordon's Mills. The chief of staff found himself obliged, indeed, to tell him, in a despatch dated September 12, 9:30 P.M.: "There is no longer any doubt that the enemy is in heavy force in the neighborhood of Lafayette, and there is far more probability of his attacking you than that he is running. Get your command well in hand, and be ready for defense or advance as may be necessary." Yet, just before receiving this emphatic rebuke of his credulity, Crittenden had, in a report dated 9:45 P.M., reiterated his disbelief in these words: "I do not yet believe that there is a strong force of infantry in the vicinity of Lafayette." This town is twelve miles from Lee and Gordon's Mills, so that, while he would not be persuaded that the enemy was within that long distance, Polk was really no further than two or three miles from him.

According to the official rebel story, Bragg, on reaching Polk's front on the morning of the 13th, accepted the latter's conclusion that Crittenden's whole corps was united before them, and decided to concentrate all his forces along

the West Chickamauga Creek for an offensive flanking movement. This was done between the 13th and the 17th, and on the latter day the rebel line was fully formed and extended up the eastern bank of the Creek from Reed's Bridge to some distance above Lee and Gordon's Mills. General Bushrod R. Johnson, with six brigades, of which five were reinforcements just arrived by rail, formed his right; next came Walker's corps, opposite Alexander's Bridge; then Buckner's, near Tedford's Fork, followed by Polk's opposite Lee and Gordon's Mills, with Hill's on the extreme left. General Wheeler, with two divisions of cavalry, protected the left; General Forrest, with two other mounted divisions, the right and front. Both of these leaders had achieved equal success and renown as cavalry commanders.

On September 16, Bragg issued a characteristic "General Order," in part to this effect: "The troops will be held ready for an immediate move against the enemy. His demonstration on our flank has been thwarted, and twice has he retired before us when offered battle. We must now force him to the issue. Soldiers, you are largely reinforced. You must now seek the contest. In so doing I know you will be content to suffer privations and encounter hardships." It cannot be said that Bragg overstated the case in claiming that Rosecrans's flanking movement had been thwarted, and that he had twice declined the offer of battle, for our efforts to concentrate meant, of course, an abandonment of the flanking operations, and the retreat of Negley could be taken as one declination to fight, while Bragg's boast of another was occasioned by Crittenden's next movement away from Polk's front, of which I will speak directly.

On the night of September 17, Bragg issued his "order of battle." His plan of attack was just the reverse of that in the battle of Stone's River. His line, beginning on the right and with the centre as a pivot, was to execute a "grand wheel" across the Chickamauga and thence up its west bank. Our line was to be rolled up from left to right,

forced from the roads to Chattanooga, and driven up McLemore's Cove against Lookout Mountain, and thus destroyed or dispersed. As the order prescribed in detail: Johnson to cross at or near Reed's Bridge and turn to the left up the stream toward Lee and Gordon's Mills; Walker to cross at Alexander's Bridge and join in this move; Buckner to cross at Tedford's Fork and join Walker to the left and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front; Polk to push his troops to the front of Lee and Gordon's Mills and unite in the attack wherever the enemy may be; Hill to cover the left flank, and, in case the enemy should be developing his main strength at the Mills, to attack him in the flank; Wheeler's cavalry to hold the gaps of Pigeon Mountain and cover the rear. The order closed: "These movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor, and persistence."

Crittenden had hardly got his corps into a favorable position on the 13th when he received orders, dated 12:20 P.M., to post Wood's division in a strong defensible position at Lee and Gordon's Mills, in which it could resist stoutly any attempt of the enemy to seize the Chattanooga road; to move his other two divisions during the evening and night to a position on Missionary Ridge, so as to cover the roads in both the valley of Chattanooga Creek and Chickamauga Creek; and to send Wilder's cavalry brigade up the former stream to join General Thomas as soon as possible. Another order, dated five minutes later and not very clearly expressed, was understood by Crittenden to require him merely to hold himself in readiness to execute the new movement, so that it was only begun early the next morning on receipt of another order to start promptly. His troops reached the new position on the Ridge in a few hours' march, and he rode in advance of them to reconnoitre. At 12:30 P.M., he reported to the army headquarters as the result that he was confident no considerable force of the enemy was in his front for five miles. He added, that no water had been found on the Ridge, and that hence he

could not remain and would have to descend into the valley or return to his former position. He was directed consequently, late in the evening, to move his corps back to a good position for water along the Chickamauga from Owen's Ford to Gower's, which he did the next morning. In this position the corps remained quietly during the 15th and 16th. Crittenden certainly had not the remotest conception that a battle-cloud was gathering near him and about to burst until it was indicated to him by an order, received at 9:30 P.M. on the 16th, to issue to his command three days' rations in haversacks, and twenty rounds for the pockets of each man, in addition to full cartridge-boxes.

At the time last named, McCook had not yet connected with Thomas, who remained stationary about Stevens Gap awaiting his approach, and Crittenden communicated with the Fourteenth Corps only by his cavalry. Even when the Twentieth Corps had finally come within supporting distance of the Fourteenth on September 17, the line of the Twenty-first Corps was not in contact with Thomas as the centre. Thus, if Bragg had been able to execute the attack ordered by him for early morning on the 18th, the Army of the Cumberland would have been struck while still divided, and would probably have suffered a much worse fate than actually befell it. Crittenden would doubtless have been overwhelmed, and the rear of Rosecrans and the roads from his position to Chattanooga gained. But, as the rebel commander relates: "The resistance of the enemy's cavalry and the difficulties arising from the bad and narrow country roads caused unexpected delay in the execution of my orders." In fact, a whole day was lost by him, and the onset upon the Federals, intended for the 18th, did not begin until the following day.

There is no evidence on record that General Rosecrans began to perceive Bragg's real purpose against his left before the night of the 15th to 16th. He was aware on the 14th that the rebels had abandoned the valley between Lookout and Pigeon Mountains, and he had also learned

of strong indications of their withdrawal from Lafayette, but nothing was known at the army headquarters of the direction in which the bulk of their forces had subsequently moved. Their drift down the Chickamauga towards our left, however, was sufficiently recognized, by the time named, to produce an order dated September 16, 8:05 A.M., which showed that Rosecrans was then roused to the great gravity of the situation. This, summarily stated, was that the enemy with his whole army was practically half a day's march nearer to Chattanooga than himself, and had to push only a few miles to the eastward to get between him and the town. The order required Thomas to concentrate his corps, provided with three days' rations and extra ammunition, between Gower's and Bird's Mills, so as to command the Chattanooga Road, and "to do it to-day and as secretly as possible." This meant a movement to the left down the Chickamauga so as to bring his corps close to Crittenden's right. Thomas received the order at 3:30 P.M., but failed to comprehend its urgency—probably because he was not informed of the enemy's designs—and considered it unwise to leave his position before the arrival of McCook; hence he answered: "General McCook's troops have not yet arrived. I will send Baird's and Negley's divisions to take position to-morrow morning, and Reynolds's and Brannan's the day following." To this came response from the chief of staff, dated 8:45 P.M.: "The General Commanding fears that the movement will be too late if delayed till the time you mention. The enemy seems to be massing on our left, and the General Commanding desires that our flank movement to the left may be accomplished as soon as possible." With this exchange of despatches the day went by, and General Thomas did not get under way before the morning of the 17th, but was in the new position by evening, with his left connecting with the Twenty-first Corps at Owen's Ford.

It has already been mentioned that the Twentieth Corps did not effect contact with Thomas until the 17th, when

the latter was already in motion down the Chickamauga. General McCook himself, however, was already at the foot of Stevens Gap on the evening of the 16th, when he reported the whereabouts of his divisions to the general headquarters. He was as ignorant as the other corps commanders of the doings of the enemy. Indeed, in a despatch to General Thomas dated September 16, 3:15 P.M., he expressed the opinion that the rebel forces were at Lafayette, "except Loring's division, which went to Charleston," and that he did not think they would fight there, "as they could find much better places further to their rear." It may be easily imagined, therefore, how surprised he must have been when he received, soon after, an order from General Rosecrans to issue three days' rations and extra ammunition to his men, and to mass his corps at once between Pond Spring and Gower—that is, to move also to the left, following Thomas, and connect with him at the last-mentioned point, and to send his trains down Chattanooga Creek. He sent corresponding orders to his three divisions, of which Sheridan's reached the foot of Stevens Gap in the evening, and Davis's at noon and Johnson's in the afternoon of the next day. Starting them as soon as possible to his new destination, he soon found himself obstructed by Thomas's troops moving in advance of him on the same road, and asked for a modification of his orders, which he received, with directions to take position to the right and left of Pond Spring. This he did early on the 18th, making connection with Thomas's right.

The Army of the Cumberland was now extricated from the peril involved in the isolation of the several corps which had hung over it for a week. But, although the three corps were at last in supporting distance of each other, the army was not yet secure against being cut off from Chattanooga by the flanking movement of the enemy. Evidence of the rebel preparations for an attack *en masse* against our left accumulated on the 18th, and made Rosecrans alive to the necessity of another rapid counter-concentration. The very

great urgency of the situation made him resolve upon a bold and almost desperate manœuvre in order to meet the apparent overreaching of our extreme left (Wood's division) by the enemy, viz., the withdrawing of Thomas's corps from the centre and moving it during the evening and night by the rear of Crittenden's corps to its left, and simultaneously shifting McCook's corps to the position vacated by Thomas. The great risk lay in breaking and entirely reversing our line in the face of the enemy, whose onslaught might be expected any moment. The shift was accomplished not entirely, but sufficiently, as events proved, to save the Army of the Cumberland from destruction. Thomas was under way by 4 P.M., and kept in motion all night. His columns had a most toilsome task in finding their way in the dark over narrow cross-roads and through the woods; and although the distance traversed was only between four and five miles, the head, Baird's division, reached its destination at "Kelly's Farm" on Crittenden's left only at daylight on the 19th. This was the very position whose valiant defence by Thomas and his troops during the impending battle was destined to prevent the utter rout of all of Rosecrans's forces.

McCook received his orders to move to the position vacated by Thomas shortly after midnight, and marched at early dawn, with Johnson's division in the lead, followed by Davis's and Sheridan's. He himself reported in person between eight and nine to the Commander-in-chief at Crawfish Springs (about a mile southeast of Lee and Gordon's Mills), and was ordered by him to mass his corps about that point and await further instructions, which was done. Crittenden's corps lay still on the 17th, except that he moved Palmer's division to the left in order to make room for one of Thomas's then approaching.

Between 10 A.M. and noon on the 18th, General Wood sent in several reports that the enemy was advancing on both his left and right, and asked for reinforcement by a brigade. But no collision came from this move on the part

of the rebels, which was apparently intended simply to secure a new position, but led to a change of Crittenden's line by shifting Van Cleve's division from the right to the left of Wood's, and of Palmer's to replace Van Cleve's. This extension of our left, Crittenden made on his own responsibility. It anticipated to that extent Thomas's night move to the left. It seems almost incredible, but Crittenden says distinctly, in his official report, that he heard of Thomas's march by his rear accidentally the next morning, implying that he had not received any official advice of it.

Thus the hostile hosts became arrayed against each other for the terrible struggle into which they were about to plunge. Rosecrans tried his utmost to get ready for it, but was not, as his new line was still forming when the fighting began. He had been forced to exchange the confident part of victory and pursuit for that of an anxious defensive. He was not only anxious, but was actually apprehensive of failure, as is shown by his orders anticipatory of a possible defeat. And well he might be, in view of the positive information that had reached him, in the last few days, of the heavy reinforcements sent to Bragg from the West as well as from Lee's army. He knew, too, that, although orders had been sent from Washington in the light of those facts to Generals Grant, Hurlbut, and Burnside to send him all the troops they could possibly spare, help from any quarter could not arrive in time. Here these singular circumstances may be recorded: First, General-in-chief Halleck was under the delusion, almost to the middle of the month, that, instead of Bragg being reinforced from Lee, the reverse was the case. His belief was based upon misleading rebel newspaper reports, the surrender of Chattanooga without a fight, and upon Rosecrans's positive reports that Bragg was in full retreat southwardly. Secondly, Burnside, though repeatedly directed from Washington and requested by Rosecrans, after the occupation of Chattanooga, to close up with him, had made no serious efforts to that effect. He excused himself by Rosecrans's

advices that Bragg was in full retreat, which seemed to him to render haste unnecessary.

No proof exists that Bragg knew, before the battle, of the desperate effort made by Rosecrans to thwart him by massing his forces on the left, but it is not probable that such knowledge would have made him hesitate to offer battle; for, as is shown in the exhortation addressed to his army, he must have been inspired with faith in success by the reinforcements of his command already received and about to arrive. There is a riddle, however, in this connection which the rebel records fail to clear up. While, according to Bragg's report of the battle, a considerable body had joined him some days before, Longstreet's corps was still on the way to him when he decided to attack on the 18th, and could not reach the field in time to support him. How did it happen that he deliberately did not wait for the advent of the flower of Lee's army, sent to him especially to ensure a victory over Rosecrans? Had he fought on the 18th, Longstreet would have been too late for any share in the action. As it was, he arrived only in time to contribute to the rebel success on the second day. No light has ever been thrown on Bragg's motive.

The battle about to be fought forms no exception to the all but general rule that, in the great actions of the Civil War, the losing as well as the winning side claimed that it had to contend against far superior numbers. Yet, as will be seen from the following comparison, the contestants in this struggle were almost evenly matched, there being but a slight numerical superiority on the Union side. According to the tri-monthly return of the Army of the Cumberland of September 10, the Fourteenth Army Corps had then present for duty 22,781 officers and men, the Twentieth 13,156, and the Twenty-first 14,660, making a total of 50,597 infantry and artillery. This aggregate was reduced by about ten per cent. by the disabled and stragglers lost during the continuous and hard marching between the 10th and the 19th, thus leaving (say) about 45,000 effectives,

less about 2000 on escort and other detached duties. There was also the cavalry corps, with 9676 officers and men; but, owing to the broken and thickly wooded character of the scene of action, the mounted troops did only desultory fighting on a part of the front and on the wings, and may well be excluded, therefore, from the number of participants in the main action. The reserve corps under General Granger did not come into action until late on the second day, with the exception of one brigade under Colonel Daniel McCook, whose presence was, however, more than offset by the absence of Wagner's brigade of the Twenty-first Corps, garrisoning Chattanooga, and of one of Davis's brigades of the Twentieth Corps left to guard Stevens Gap. Hence it is right to say that there were about 43,000 combatants, exclusive of cavalry, on the Union side, with 196 pieces of artillery.

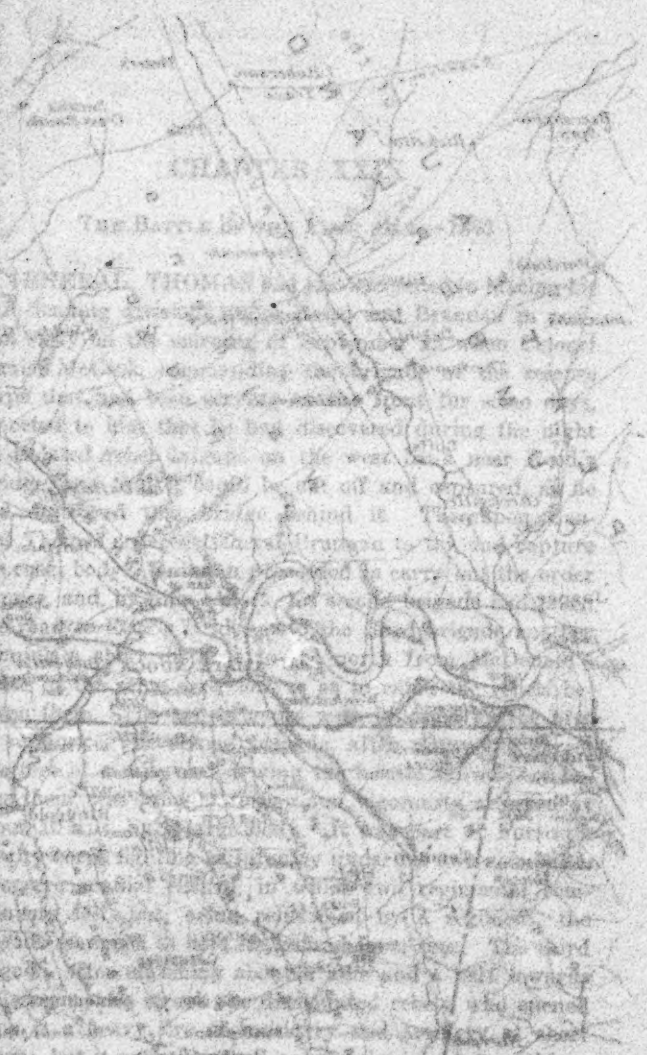
Bragg had 35,000 effectives, exclusive of cavalry, when he marched away from Chattanooga, from which five per cent. may be deducted for decrease from sickness and straggling (the rebels having been campaigning only half as long as the Unionists). He admits having been strengthened in time for the battle by two brigades of foot from Mississippi and five brigades of Longstreet's corps, which he, however, describes as weak and not exceeding five thousand effectives. But the seven brigades numbered certainly not less than 8000, bringing the effectives up to something under 42,000. This total is borne out by the aggregates of officers and men engaged given in the reports of the corps and division commanders, which foot up exactly 41,700 infantry and artillery. The rebel cavalry was stronger than the Federal, but its part also was confined to small and scattering fights, excepting the attack, hereafter mentioned, by Forrest's corps at the opening of the battle on the first day. The artillery numbered about the same as the Unionists'.

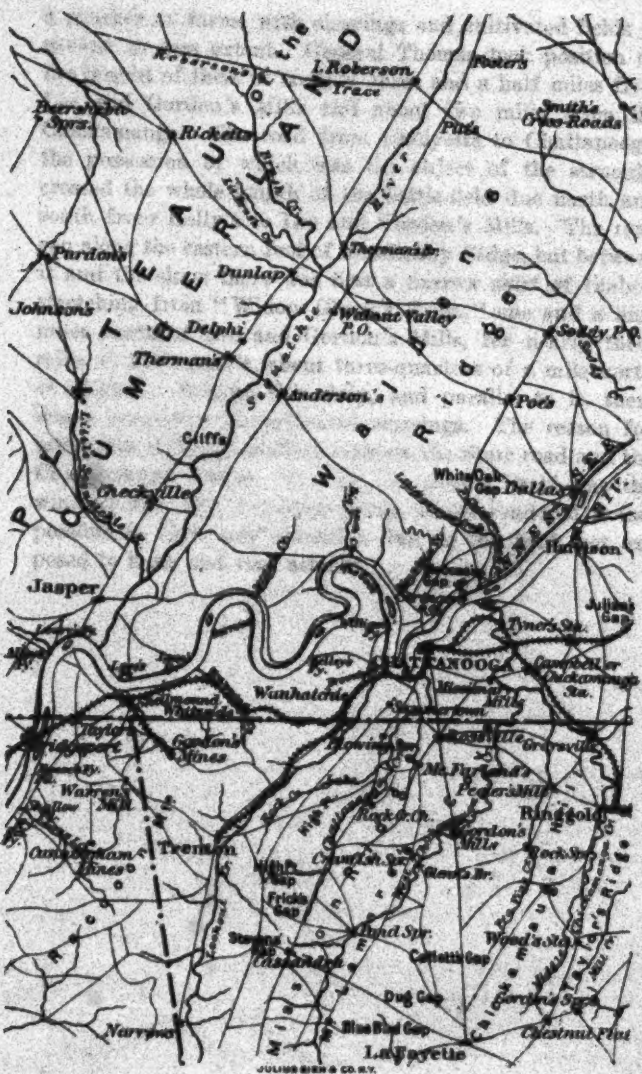
In another respect than numbers, about equal conditions prevailed on both sides. Neither the Unionists nor the Confederates were in fresh condition. The officers and men

in the two armies, from the generals in command down to the privates, were tired out by all but continuous marching by day and night. The former had been steadily on the move for nearly five weeks, the latter since the evacuation of Chattanooga. The last week, neither the one nor the other had had proper rest or regular nourishment. For days before the battle, the bulk of the troops on each side had not had cooked meals. There was much suffering, not only from hunger, but from thirst, owing to the scarcity of water on the ridges between the several streams. The animals, too, had fared very badly as to food and water. The long lack of rain in that region had caused such dryness that the movements of the masses of men and animals took place in suffocating clouds of dust, which greatly increased their hardships. By the dust rising from the roads, the signal services of the two armies divined their respective movements. The Union forces, having been longer under way by three weeks, were naturally more exhausted than their enemies. As nearly the whole of them were in motion during the entire night of the 18th to the 19th, they were really unfit for a general action. The Confederates were at least lying still during that night, and hence were better prepared for their bloody task.

It is difficult to give a description of the ground fought over on the memorable 19th and 20th of September that will convey a clear idea of it. It lay entirely on Georgia soil just south of the Tennessee boundary. It comprised the part of the valley of the West Chickamauga extending northerly from Lee and Gordon's Mills for a distance of a little over four miles. The course of the stream is so meandering that the width of the valley varies greatly and its form is very irregular. The surface is undulating, and was then generally covered with heavy timber, and largely also with an undergrowth so dense that a clear view ahead could be had only for a hundred to two hundred feet. The timber entirely concealed the movements of the hostile forces from one another. There were, however,

a number of farms with clearings and cultivated fields of greater or less extent. General Thomas took position on the largest of these at Kelly's, three and a half miles from Lee and Gordon's Mills and about two miles from the Chickamauga. The road from Lafayette to Chattanooga, the possession of which was the object of the struggle, crossed the whole length of the battle-field due north and south from Kelly's to Lee and Gordon's Mills. The road ran along the eastern foot of Missionary Ridge, but between it and the slope there was first a narrow skirt of timber, stretching from "Widow Glenn's Farm," one and a half miles north of Lee and Gordon's Mills, for nearly three miles to McDonald's, about three-quarters of a mile north of Kelly's. Beyond this strip, and parallel to it, there was a succession of cultivated clearings. The reason for taking the Unionist position between the State road and the Chickamauga instead of along the stream itself was the winding flow and numerous fords, which rendered it impossible to form any defensive line on the bank not exposed to flank and rear attacks.




Robertson
I. Roberson
Trace
Foster's
Smith's Cross-Roads
Ricketts
Pitts
Purdom's
Dunlap
Thermon's Br.
Johnson's
Delphi
Walnut Valley P.O.
Soddy P.O.
Thermans
Anderson's
Pods
Cliffs
Checkerville
White Oak Gap
Dallas
Harrison
Jasper
Tyner's Sta.
Julian's Gap
CHATTANOOGA
Wauhatchie
Lookout Mt.
Gordon's Mines
Grayville
Mc Farland's
Cedar Hill
Rock Spr.
Ringgold
Trenton
Cooper's Gap
Reed's Br.
Tunnel Hill
Friddle Gap
Boyd Spr.
Catlett Gap
Dug Gap
Blue Bird Gap
Nariows
La Fayette
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CHAPTER XXIX

The Battle of the First Day.—1863

GENERAL THOMAS had just succeeded in placing his leading divisions under Baird and Brannan in position early on the morning of September 19 when Colonel Daniel McCook, commanding the brigade of the reserve corps that had been serving on the front for some days, reported to him that he had discovered during the night an isolated rebel brigade on the west bank near Reed's Bridge, and that it could be cut off and captured, as he had destroyed that bridge behind it. Thereupon General Thomas ordered General Brannan to try and capture the rebel body. Brannan proceeded to carry out the order at once, and, by nine o'clock, his second brigade had taken one road to Reed's Bridge, and the third brigade another running a short distance to the north from McDonald's house in the same direction, so as to catch the rebels between them. The two brigades were followed by the first as support. The second brigade, after advancing three-quarters of a mile and driving the hostile skirmishers before them, was brought to bay and vigorously attacked at about 10 A.M. by a large body. It was part of Forrest's cavalry corps fighting as infantry under his own command. A severe conflict ensued, in which two regimental commanders fell, but, being reinforced by a regiment, the brigade managed to hold its ground for a time. The third brigade, after marching about a mile and a half towards the stream, also struck the dismounted rebels, who opened upon it a heavy fire of musketry and artillery at short range; but it pushed on and pressed them back to within a

short distance of the creek. These two collisions ushered in the two days' battle. General Thomas certainly had no intention of provoking the conflict, and would of course not have undertaken the venture with Brannan's division had he not been utterly ignorant of the forming of the rebel line for a general attack directly before him.

General Bragg, who was much disappointed that his army did not succeed in crossing the Chickamauga in time to attack on the 18th, insinuates in his report that General Bushrod Johnson, commanding on his right, might have moved quicker, and that he felt relieved when General Hood arrived on the field direct from Richmond with his division, and replaced Johnson as the ranking officer. The rebel right managed to cross the stream by 4 P.M. at Reed's Bridge, after a skirmish for its possession with Minty's cavalry brigade, and at a ford above, and advanced to Jay's Saw-mill, three-quarters of a mile to the west in line of battle, and thence turned southwardly for two and a half miles past Alexander's Bridge to within less than two miles of Lee and Gordon's Mills, where, after dark, the head of their column struck the Federal skirmishers. Hood formed a line facing southwest, and remained in this position all night with his troops resting on their arms. Hood had, unknown to himself and his adversaries, passed along most of the Federal front. Only Walker's Confederate reserve corps got across the Chickamauga on the 18th in addition to Hood. It found Alexander's Bridge defended by Wilder's mounted brigade, which yielded it only after a stubborn fight and dismantled the structure under fire. Walker's command crossed after dark at Byram's Ford below the bridge, and bivouacked for the night a mile to the west of it. There is no doubt that the rebel body seen by Colonel Daniel McCook was part of Hood's command, but it had passed from Thomas's front, and the force which Brannan's brigades encountered belonged to Walker's reserve corps. Hood having cleared the way for their unobstructed passage, Buckner's force and Cheatham's division

passed the stream at daylight on the 19th. By nine o'clock, the rebel line was re-formed with Walker on the right, Hood in the centre, and Buckner on the left, about one mile below Lee and Gordon's Mills, with Cheatham's division in reserve. Polk, with another division of his corps, and Hill's whole corps, were kept on the east bank until later in the day.

When Forrest found himself pushed back by Brannan's brigades, he sent for infantry support, and Wilson's brigade of Gist's division of Walker's reserve corps went first to his aid, followed soon by Ector's of the same division. Thus strengthened, Forrest took the offensive against Brannan, and pressed his right so hard that he sent "repeated and earnest requests" to General Thomas for reinforcements. The corps commander at once ordered Baird's division to his relief. Baird formed on Brannan's right and moved vigorously upon the enemy, forcing him back three-quarters of a mile. The enemy having disappeared from his front, he stopped to readjust his line to Brannan's. While so doing, he was suddenly set upon by a large body of rebels, which overwhelmed and drove back in utter confusion first Scribner's brigade, and next the brigade of regular troops under General King, upon and through the centre of Brannan, thereby exposing both of the latter's flanks. It was a complete rout, of which Baird said in his report that "entire destruction seemed inevitable," "whole battalions were wiped out of existence," and "the men could only be stopped after they had passed far to the rear." The rebels captured 23 commissioned officers, more than 400 rank and file, and the two brigade batteries. Battery H of the Fifth U. S. Artillery had more than half of its officers and men killed and wounded, and forty horses killed and twenty wounded. This rout was inflicted by the two brigades of Liddell's division of Walker's reserve corps coming to the succor of Gist's brigades, which had yielded to Baird's onset. At this critical juncture, greater disaster was fortunately averted by the appearance of John-

son's division of McCook's corps, which had been prudently ordered to the support of General Thomas by General Rosecrans when the firing on the left indicated the development of a general engagement. The division formed at once on Thomas's left with Willich's brigade on the right, Baldwin's on the left, and Dodge's in reserve, advanced, and, striking the rebels in the flank, drove them in disorder for a mile towards the Chickamauga. Willich captured five guns in a bayonet charge. Meantime, Brannan had managed to stop and break the onset of Liddell's division by a counter-attack with his first and third brigades, in which the German Ninth Ohio Regiment—the same that decided the battle of Mill Spring—recaptured at the point of the bayonet the battery taken from the regulars.

General Crittenden, being satisfied from the roar of battle that Thomas was getting heavily engaged, had of his own accord ordered Palmer's division to the assistance of the Fourteenth Corps between eleven o'clock and noon. It reached the front at about the same time as Johnson's, and, forming on the latter's right, advanced upon the enemy in echeloned columns of brigades. It became directly engaged, and, after a hot exchange of fire for an hour, the enemy yielded ground and was pursued for some distance. General Reynolds, with the second and third brigades of the fourth division of the Fourteenth Corps—the first being mounted and detached under command of Colonel Wilder—reached the field behind Johnson's division. His command did not join in the fight as a unit, but served to support and relieve, in parts of brigades, the left of Johnson and the right of Palmer, whose experiences they shared.

At half-past eleven, General Crittenden received a note from General Thomas, saying that, if he could spare another division, it should be sent to him without delay. A very heavy musketry fire then bursting out in the direction in which Palmer was moving, the corps commander sent two of his staff to the latter to ascertain the state of the fight. They soon returned, reporting that they had not been

able to reach Palmer, being stopped and fired at by the enemy. This led Crittenden to fear that his second division was being attacked from both front and rear, and to send hastily to the army headquarters for permission to order Van Cleve's to its relief, which was readily granted. Anticipating the approval of the Commander-in-chief, orders to hurry forward were sent simultaneously to Van Cleve, who started at 1 P.M. with two brigades at the double-quick, leaving one to guard the crossing at Lee and Gordon's Mills. He reached the scene of action before 2, formed on Palmer's right, and became at once severely engaged. Before hearing of Van Cleve's movement, General Rosecrans had ordered Davis's division of McCook's corps to the front, where it arrived about the same time as Van Cleve's division. It took position alongside on the extreme right and came likewise at once under fire.

This narrative shows that the beginning of the action was as accidental as the subsequent course of the battle. Rosecrans, not being ready to fight, had not formed a plan for it. Bragg operated under a preconceived programme, which was upset by the incidents related. From the initial collision between small bodies, the conflict grew into a general action by one force after another being sent forward to the support of those already engaged. We have seen how on our side the fight of Brannan's second brigade became that of the division, and how Baird's, Johnson's, Reynolds's, Palmer's, Van Cleve's, and Davis's brigades were successively drawn into it. Events took a corresponding course on the rebel side. At the opening, Forrest's dismounted cavalry fought alone. His appeal for help brought first one and then another of Walthall's brigades under fire. In response to Walthall's call for support, Liddell's division came to the rescue. When the whole of the rebel reserve corps had thus become involved and found itself hard pressed and forced to fall back, General Bragg at 11 A.M. ordered General Cheatham's division of Polk's corps to its assistance. Moving immediately, it was formed

in line of battle with three brigades in front and two in reserve by noon, and then advanced and collided within a few minutes with the Federal line, which was driving Liddell's brigades. Cheatham not only checked the Federal advance, but forced it back about three-quarters of a mile, when he encountered fresh hostile columns which made him yield in turn. Learning this, General Bragg ordered Stewart's division of Buckner's corps to make an attack for his relief. Stewart formed his line promptly, and reached the front in time for the rescue of Wright's brigade, forming Cheatham's left, which was falling back in disorder with the loss of its battery. Stewart became at once hotly engaged. As he gained no ground for some time, while losing heavily, Bragg ordered Hood's corps into action on the left of Stewart. Its strongest division, under Bushrod Johnson, entered the fight shortly before 3 P.M. After it had been engaged for some time without decided result, Robertson's brigade of the division Hood had brought with him from Virginia, and Trigg's brigade of Preston's division of Buckner's corps, were sent to its assistance.

In this wise it happened that, in the latter part of the afternoon, no less than seven Federal divisions, less two detached brigades, and five divisions and two brigades of the enemy, had been drawn into the vortex of the battle. Hence there cannot have been much difference between the numbers of combatants on each side. The action shifted during the day from right to left. It was not continuous, but like the rise and fall of the tide. As the several bodies successively came into the fray, it rose to fierceness at the points of collision, surged and roared for a time as the assailing columns advanced, and subsided into more or less protracted lulls as they fell away from each other. It was offensive at first on our part, but became more and more defensive in the course of the day. Foiled in their early attempts to break the left of our line, the rebels directed their onsets from noon against our centre. Brannan, Baird,

and Johnson on the left were let alone after the events already described. But Palmer, Van Cleve, and Davis were kept at the bloody work during the afternoon by their adversaries, Cheatham, Stewart, and Bushrod Johnson and the two supporting brigades. Palmer's division was forced back, after his first success, in considerable confusion and at one time outflanked, but he managed to stop and re-form his troops in a defensive position before dark. Van Cleve fared no better. Advancing on the right of Palmer with his two brigades, he drove the enemy rapidly and captured four guns, when he found himself flanked on the right by strong numbers, and compelled to fall back and leave the captured guns. He rallied his men and made another successful attack, taking four more guns, which were brought off. Assailed in turn, he had to yield again, but returned once more to the charge, when he encountered a fresh rebel mass which pressed his force back in such confusion that he could rally only a portion of them some distance to the rear. Van Cleve's other brigade, which had been left at Lee and Gordon's Mills, had been ordered to his relief, and came into action to his right when he was already discomfited, followed by Davis with Colonel Heg's and General Carlin's brigades.

Stewart and Bushrod Johnson were expected by General Bragg to make up for the repulse on our left by forcing our centre, gaining the Chattanooga road, and thereby cutting our army in two. His expectation was fulfilled, but, happily for us, only for a short time. Stewart, by his final repulse of Van Cleve, opened the way to the coveted highway, and not only reached it, but pushed nearly half a mile beyond it, and claimed to have captured twelve pieces of artillery. But this onset carried him singly so far from the Confederate line and all support that he directly found himself menaced on both flanks, and concluded to seek safety in retreat. As he mildly puts it in his official report: "In consequence of threatening movements on the right and left, my command fell leisurely back about sunset, re-form-

ing on the east side of the Chattanooga road." Bushrod Johnson, between three and four o'clock, fell upon Barnes's and Davis's brigades, made them, after a stout resistance, give way in partial disorder, and followed them to and beyond the Chattanooga road. At this juncture, two brigades under General Wood, which General Crittenden had asked and obtained permission to send to the succor of Van Cleve in his precarious plight, became also involved. Wood had orders to go in on Van Cleve's right, but, meeting Davis on the way and hearing from him of his distress, and seeing the evidence of it in a stream of fugitives from Heg's brigade that came pouring out of the woods, he directed Colonel Harker's brigade to form in line and push forward in an oblique direction and engage the advancing enemy. The brigade succeeded in checking him after a hot fight in which it lost very heavily. Wood's other brigade, under Colonel Buell, got ready to support Carlin's, holding Davis's right, and was about to advance when the latter brigade was also driven back by the rebels. The fugitive crowd got mixed up with Buell's men and swept them along with it some distance beyond the Chattanooga road, when the enemy was stopped by the fire of Wilder's brigade, which was lying there dismounted, and the concentrated fire of twenty-six guns which General Crittenden had ordered to open. General Sheridan had been directed by Rosecrans to hurry from Lee and Gordon's Mills with two brigades to the relief of our right, and arrived just in time to help check the pursuit of Davis's and Wood's men. Colonel Bradley's brigade of his division formed hastily, and, after a short and severe fight, in which it recaptured a Federal battery, succeeded in driving the enemy back to the east side of the Chattanooga road. Davis's and Wood's commands then re-formed and regained their former position.

General Negley's division had been left to guard the fords on our extreme right, while the other three divisions of the Fourteenth Corps made their night move to the left.

It was not molested until noon, when the enemy opened with two batteries upon it, and soon after advanced with an infantry force which was, however, easily repulsed. It was a feint on the rebel part to hold our forces in place. At 3:30 P.M., Negley received orders to move quickly to the support of General Thomas. He reached the front, where Van Cleve had been fighting, shortly before five, and discovered the enemy making a flank movement through a break in our line. He promptly sent two brigades against the rebels, which stopped them, and then, taking the offensive, pushed forward about half a mile in a brisk engagement lasting till after seven. The division did not resume its march to join Thomas, but remained on McCook's line.

Dusk and darkness had come during the last-mentioned incidents. The lull that had prevailed on our left during the afternoon was suddenly broken after dark by a tremendous outburst of musketry and artillery. Bragg was not satisfied with the compensation for the failures of Forrest, Waltham, Liddell, and Cheatham afforded by the partial successes of Stewart and Johnson—partial because they could not hold the Chattanooga road, and because our torn line was re-knitted. Moreover, the developments of the day had made him cognizant of the concentration of the main strength of the Federals on their left. He resolved to try again to break the latter. The new blow was to be struck by a night attack, so as to double its effect by a surprise. The best division of his army—Cleburne's veterans—was to deal it. It had not been engaged, and came therefore comparatively fresh to the task. It had been in position on the rebel left during the forenoon and part of the afternoon on the west bank of the Chickamauga, when it was ordered to cross at Tedford's Fork and march as rapidly as possible along the rear of the rebel lines to the right. It reached there after sunset, formed and moved forward by six o'clock with all three brigades in a front line and each followed by a battery. Cleburne says: "In

a few moments I was heavily engaged on my right and centre. The enemy, posted behind hastily constructed breastworks, opened a heavy fire of both small arms and artillery. For half an hour, the firing was the heaviest I ever heard. It was dark, however, and accurate shooting impossible. Each side was aiming at the flashes of the other, and few of the shot from either side took effect. Two of my batteries were run forward within sixty yards of the enemy's line and opened a rapid fire." Cleburne, according to his own story, drove the enemy for a mile and a half, when, his command having got confused by the advance in the darkness, and his artillery finding it impracticable to move further in the woods, he stopped, readjusted his lines and bivouacked. He claims that he captured three guns, two flags, and between two and three hundred prisoners, and that it was nine o'clock before firing on his front ceased.

Cleburne had struck Johnson's division and the left of Baird's. A terrible roar suddenly arose in front of them. The three brigades of the former and Scribner's of the latter found themselves instantly exposed to a fearful shower of bullets and crashing shot and bursting shell, and immediately thereafter furiously assailed by yelling infantry in front and flank. Johnson's left, formed by the brigade of Willich, had remained unprotected all the afternoon, although its commander repeatedly called attention to its exposure. The first rebel onset swept our first line back upon the reserves with heavy losses, but it then appears to have stood its ground till the enemy stopped fighting. The attack evidently threw our troops into great confusion, and many more of them were taken prisoners than Cleburne brought off, the greater number escaping in the darkness. Our line got so mixed up that Willich's and Scribner's commands fired into Baird's second brigade and made it retreat in disorder.

This night fight—one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war—closed the day's struggle. It had been mostly a

hap-hazard contest, from the first to the last, on both sides. Neither the generals-in-chief nor the heads of the corps exercised much command. They confined themselves to ordering one part of their troops after another into action, after which the character of the ground, the dense woods, and the difficulty of communication compelled them to let the immediate commanders do the best they could. As General Longstreet fitly expresses it in his recollections of the war: "The division commanders fought the battle." The Official War Records afford incontestable proof that the commanders not only of divisions, but of brigades and even regiments, had to shift for themselves. They warrant the assertion that, in no other of the great battles of the rebellion, are there to be found so many complaints from commanding officers, in both armies, of being unsupported in attacks and left exposed on the flanks and obliged to fall back by being actually taken on the sides and in the rear. A number of allegations appear that gaps from a few hundred feet to a mile and a quarter wide existed in the Federal and Confederate lines. For the same reason, but scanty laurels were gathered by commanders in this field for tactical achievements. Yet there are many instances of gallant conduct on record, and among them a remarkable feat of General Willich deserves to be mentioned. Major Williams, commanding the Eighty-ninth Illinois Infantry, in his report, after mentioning that at one time the heavy fire of the enemy made his command waver, says: "At this point General Willich came forward, and, standing in front of the regiment amid a shower of bullets, complimented it for its previous impetuous advance, calmed their excitement, instructed them how to advance, fire, and maintain their alignment, then dressed and drilled them for a short time; and his own inimitable coolness of manner restored order and confidence in the regiment so that, when he ordered them to advance, they did so promptly and in good order." A drill under the hottest fire—certainly an extraordinary example of the coolest courage.

The strife having been actually a series of "little battles," fought by particular units of the respective armies against each other with fluctuating results, it is not surprising that the division and brigade commanders engaged should, almost without exception on both sides, resort again in their reports to the plea of having encountered largely superior numbers, in extenuation of failure and in exaggeration of success. It is but natural that such fictions should be echoed first in the reports of corps commanders and then of the commanders-in-chief.

General Bragg had, to recapitulate, sought first to break our left and plant his army between us and Chattanooga, and next, when he had failed in this, to cut us in two by piercing our centre. General Rosecrans's chief object was to secure the concentration of his army and thereby his lines of communication with Chattanooga. As both of Bragg's attempts had miscarried, while Rosecrans had his forces fully in hand and commanded the two roads—the Rossville and the Dry Valley—to Chattanooga at the close of the day, the outcome may well be deemed to have been in our favor. It must be admitted at the same time that it was not our tactics but the Confederate to which the result was due, for the course which the action took through the aggressiveness of the enemy promoted, so to speak, and accelerated our concentrating movement. The hostile pressure contracted, as it were, our extended and loose lines, and forced us into a position astride the important roads. But it is also true that the line gained by the Confederates during the day was far better for a further offensive than that occupied by them on the morning of the 19th, since the Chickamauga was no longer between most of their troops and our own, they were within easy striking distance of us and, in front of both our flanks, much nearer to the Chattanooga roads, and, moreover, they were no longer hampered in their movements by ignorance of the ground.

Bragg was fully aware of all this, and had no other thought than to renew the struggle as early the next day as

possible, and felt sure of success. Rosecrans likewise knew but too well that another battle was still before him. The condition of the rebels was certainly better for another trial of strength and skill than ours. Their losses had been very severe, and no doubt greater than ours, except in prisoners. Their organizations were also much shaken and loosened by the varying fortunes of the day. Their general physical exhaustion was also great. But they had a reserve force of more than one-third of their army, consisting of the divisions of Hindman, Breckinridge, and Preston, from which only two brigades had been drawn into the action, as has been mentioned. They were reinforced, too, during the night by the arrival of two more brigades from Virginia. Another important accession was Lieutenant-General Longstreet in time to exercise command the next day.

On our side, the loss in killed was relatively small, but disproportionately large in wounded. The hauls of prisoners made by the enemy in his onsets comprised in not a few cases the larger parts of regiments, battalions, and batteries. But the worst we had suffered was the disrupture and scattering and mixing up of so many organizations, which could not fully be reëstablished in the dark. Moreover, our whole army had been engaged, barring Sheridan's two brigades, which, with the reserve corps, constituted the only available fresh troops, and Granger's command, which was at a distance. Our condition was, indeed, such that only the defensive could be thought of, and, accordingly, large details of our men were kept felling timber all night and erecting breastworks of logs for the protection of our lines. General Rosecrans certainly drew a fanciful picture when he said, in his telegraphic summary of the battle to the Government, "The army is in excellent condition and spirits." That he really felt very anxious for the fate of his army appears plainly from the sentence with which he closed his official account of the events of the 19th, viz., "The battle of the next day must be for the safety of the army and the possession of Chattanooga."

CHAPTER XXX

The Battle of the Second Day.—1863

BOTH armies bivouacked, or rather lay on their arms, during the night. Excepting the pickets and their supports and the working parties, the rank and file enjoyed some hours of rest. But the commanding officers on either side were not allowed that boon. Rosecrans summoned his corps commanders to his headquarters at the Glenn House between nine and ten o'clock, where they remained till midnight to report the location and condition of their troops and to receive their instructions for the next day. Most of the remainder of the night the tired Union generals devoted to conforming their lines to their orders.

The position in which our army awaited the next attempts of the enemy was as follows: Thomas formed the left on substantially the line he held at nightfall, which was almost at a right angle to that from which he had opened the action in the morning, and extended from the road to Reed's Bridge to the direct road from Lee and Gordon's Mills to Rossville and thence to the so-called Dry Valley road, leading through Missionary Ridge from Crawfish Springs to Rossville. McCook formed the right—his left, Negley's division, filling the place of Johnson's, still on Thomas's line, connecting with Thomas's right; and his right, Sheridan's division, near the Glenn House in front of the gap through which the Dry Valley road runs. Davis's two brigades were the reserve of the corps. As the divisions of Generals Johnson and Palmer remained under Thomas's orders, McCook and Crittenden had only two divisions each to command on the 20th,

and the former was soon to be deprived even of Negley's, which, as will appear, was also sent to reinforce the left. Crittenden's corps extended as the general reserve along the eastern slope of Missionary Ridge, with Wood's division on the right and Van Cleve's on the left, and was so posted as to support both Thomas and McCook. In the line thus constituted, Baird's division held the extreme left, Johnson's came next, then Palmer's, Reynolds's, and Brannan's on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, followed by McCook with Negley's (till withdrawn) on the left, Sheridan's on the right, and Davis's in reserve. There is no record of any direction to the reserve corps under General Granger to move up closer to the front on either the first or the second day of the battle, but it was left in a position covering the junction of the roads from Ringgold and Cleveland to Chattanooga at a distance of nearly four miles from our extreme left, until its commander, of his own accord, as will be seen, led it into the action on Sunday afternoon.

A council of war likewise took place during the night at Bragg's headquarters, which did not have the shelter of a building, but were located around a camp-fire. The rebel generals were informed by their commander that the army was to be fought the next day in two parts: the right wing to consist of Hill's corps, Walker's reserve corps and Cheatham's and Breckinridge's divisions, and to be commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk, and the left wing to be composed of Hindman's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, Buckner's corps and Longstreet's corps (or so much of it as had arrived), with Major-General Hood in command, to be led by Lieutenant-General Longstreet. Bragg's plan of battle, as communicated to his corps commanders, was to execute with his army a general movement by a wheel upon the extreme left as a pivot—an exact repetition of the Stone's River plan. Polk was to attack at daylight, and the action was to be taken up successively from right to left. General Longstreet reached

Bragg's bivouac only at 11 P.M., when General Polk had already returned to his corps. He had arrived by train near Ringgold at 2 P.M., and left thence for the field with two staff officers as soon as horses could be procured. The party missed their way, rode into the Federal lines and were fired at, and came very near being taken prisoners. Thus General Longstreet had the responsibility thrust upon him of leading troops immediately into action of whom he had seen only those of his own corps. He was as unfamiliar with the ground as with the greater part of his command, and spent the night in learning all he could of the latter, and in studying maps.

General Bragg had personally given his verbal order to General Polk to attack with his extreme right at daybreak. A curious chapter of incidents and accidents now occurred that will be related in full, as it had an important bearing upon the impending action. General Polk had started between 10 and 11 P.M. for his headquarters, east of Alexander's bridge, to prepare for executing his orders. On the way he met an aide-de-camp of General Hill, to whom he communicated his orders, with the further message that he desired to see General Hill at his headquarters, and that he would have fires started and orderlies stationed at the bridge to conduct the general to him. At 11:30 P.M., he issued written orders to Generals Hill and Cheatham to attack the enemy simultaneously at daylight, and to General Walker to remain in reserve, and sent them by couriers to the headquarters of these three commanders. The couriers to Cheatham and Walker promptly returned with receipts for the orders. The one sent to Hill searched for him in vain all night, and returned at daylight with the report that he had been unable to find him. Nor did General Hill put in an appearance in compliance with the order sent to him through his aide-de-camp. Thereupon General Polk sent direct orders to General Cleburne and Breckinridge, Hill's division commanders, to attack at once, and rode himself to the

front. Here he received at 7 A.M. a message from General Hill that he had gone to Alexander's Bridge, but failed to meet there the orderlies that were to guide him to headquarters, and was, therefore, unable to find them and him, that his divisions were getting breakfast, and would not be ready to move for an hour or more. He also advised General Polk to examine their line and correct some irregularities in it before attacking, and expressed the opinion that, as the Yankees had been felling trees all night, their position had become too strong to be taken by direct assault.

General Polk no doubt had committed a very grave mistake in allowing six hours to elapse between the starting and the return of the courier to General Hill before taking any other action to insure the execution of his superior's order to attack at dawn of day. General Hill's preference of his own judgment as to the proper course for himself to pursue to the peremptory order of his immediate superior must be considered an act of insubordination. Two curious features of this incident, which proved very serious for the two generals, were, first, that Polk established the fact that he had stationed the promised guides for Hill at the bridge by the soldiers themselves detailed for that duty, while Hill and staff testified that they found none there; and that Polk claimed positively that he had sent the verbal order to attack at daylight to Hill through the latter's aide-de-camp, while Hill absolutely denied having ever received it, and the staff officer in question denied having been given such a message. The effect of it all was that the rebel right, instead of attacking at daybreak, as ordered, did not commence the action till 10 A.M. This at least is the hour stated in General Bragg's subsequent formal charges against General Polk for disobedience of orders. Rosecrans, however, asserts that the battle began at 8:30 A.M., and Thomas also mentions an earlier hour. Breckinridge, who opened on the rebel right, makes it 9:30 A.M. In his official report, General Bragg thus speaks of the delay:

Before the dawn of day, myself and staff were ready for the saddle, occupying a position immediately in rear of and accessible to all parts of the line. With increasing anxiety and disappointment I waited until after sunrise without hearing a gun, and at length despatched a staff officer to General Polk to ascertain the cause of the delay and urge him to a prompt and speedy movement. This officer, not finding the General with his troops, and learning where he had spent the night, proceeded across Alexander's Bridge to the east side of the Chickamauga, and there delivered my message. Proceeding in person to the right wing, I found the troops not even prepared for the movement. Messengers were immediately despatched for General Polk, and he shortly after joined me. My orders were renewed and the General urged to their prompt execution, the more important as the ear was saluted throughout the night with the sounds of the axe and falling timber, as the enemy had labored industriously to strengthen his position by hastily constructed barricades and breastworks. A reconnoissance made in the front of our extreme right during this delay crossed the main road to Chattanooga, and proved the important fact that this greatly desired position was open to our possession. The reasons assigned for this unfortunate delay by the wing commander appear in the reports of his subordinates. It is sufficient to say they are entirely unsatisfactory.

If Bragg's contention that the way to the main Chattanooga road from his right—that is, around the left flank of Thomas and to his rear—was open early in the morning, was well-founded, the salvation of the Union army from entire destruction was doubtless due to the delay of the rebel attack. But a search of all the reports of the general officers commanding on the rebel right failed to discover any evidence corroborating Bragg's allegation. General Polk, moreover, in a long letter addressed to President Davis after his suspension from command, combats most strenuously, but not altogether convincingly, the assumption that the outcome of the battle would have been different had the attack been made as early as ordered.

At all events, the gain of those hours enabled General Rosecrans to correct some faults in our lines, which he discovered, as he narrates, on inspecting them with his

staff at daybreak. The time was also diligently utilized to further strengthen our line by additional breastworks. General Thomas having received a message at 2 A.M. from General Baird that his left could not be extended as ordered to the road to Reed's Bridge without weakening it too much, immediately requested the army headquarters to send Negley's division so that it could be placed on Baird's left and rear, to which General Rosecrans responded that he would issue the order at once. Finding that Negley had not arrived, he sent an aide-de-camp to urge him forward as rapidly as possible. Negley says in his report that he received the order from the aide at 8 A.M., but makes no reference to any preceding one from army headquarters. It is of record, however, that General Rosecrans issued it at 6:30 A.M., as well as another to McCook to relieve Negley. The General Commanding was surprised to find, on his return to the right from his inspecting ride, that these orders had not been carried out. As it was hazardous so late in the morning to cause a wide gap in the line by the withdrawal of the whole division at once, Rosecrans ordered Negley to send only his reserve brigade under Beatty immediately to General Thomas, and to withdraw the two others only when actually relieved on the line. This new order prevented Negley's compliance with that of Thomas's brought by the aide. General Crittenden, as nearest to Negley, was directed by the Commander-in-chief to relieve him, and did so by directing Wood's division and a brigade of Van Cleve's to move into the vacated position. There is no evidence that the alleged order was issued from the army headquarters to Negley or received by him, but McCook's report contains a copy of a despatch dated 6:35 A.M. from General Garfield, advising him that Negley's division had been ordered to General Thomas, and directing him to fill the space left by his withdrawal, if practicable. The order reached General McCook so late that, although he rode immediately with General Sheridan to the position

vacated by Negley, he found it already occupied by Wood's men. There must have been carelessness or confusion at Rosecrans's headquarters in issuing orders, for General McCook, in returning, met Davis with his two brigades advancing, also by direct order of the General Commanding, to Wood's position. Three divisions had therefore been actually ordered to take the place of one. McCook directed Davis to occupy part of Wood's line with one brigade and hold the other in reserve.

The tardiness in meeting General Thomas's call for help led to a bad beginning of the battle for us, for Beatty's brigade was just moving into line on Baird's left when the enemy opened the action by a furious assault at that point. The brigade had first formed perpendicularly to Baird for the better protection of our flank from a turning movement, but was directly ordered, against the remonstrance of its commander, to advance to a low ridge a quarter of a mile distant. This left a gap between the right of the brigade and Baird's left. The left of the brigade reached the ridge unopposed, but its centre and right met the enemy half way, and were not only stopped, but pressed so heavily that they had to fall back until the rebels were checked and driven to shelter by a shower of grape from the brigade battery.

Such was the beginning of the second day's struggle. The rebel attack extended quickly to nearly the whole of our left, involving the divisions of Baird, Johnson, Palmer, and Reynolds. It was delivered by Breckinridge and Cleburne's divisions of Hill's corps. As explained, instead of attacking at daybreak as ordered by Generals Bragg and Polk, they had delayed in order to enable their men to fight on full stomachs. Breckinridge's line was formed and began to advance on the left at 9:30 A.M. Cleburne on the right moved forward when Breckinridge had already been in motion for some time, with the result that there was no contact between the two divisions and that they fought independently of each other. Breckinridge advanced with

Helm's brigade on the left, Stovall's in the centre, and Adams's on the right. Pushing forward some seven hundred yards, Helm came under fire. His left found itself opposite the breastworks protecting Baird's line, and was brought to a halt by the withering fire from behind them, while the rest of the brigade came in conflict with Beatty's men. Helm was mortally wounded while urging on the regiments on his left, which upon his fall retreated in disorder. Meantime Stovall's and Adams's Confederate brigades had steadily moved forward, resisted at first only by lines of skirmishers, until Adams came up with Beatty in the position to which the latter had retired before Helm. Adams succeeded, by a vigorous onset, in pressing back Beatty and taking from him a section of his battery, after killing nearly all the men and animals belonging to it. The Federal brigade was cut in two, and its two right regiments became separated from it for the rest of the day. Adams continued on, and actually reached the Chattanooga road and passed some distance to the west of it. Stovall also reached the road, where he halted. In fact, these two brigades overreached our left, and virtually turned our flank by their movement. Their commander perceived and reported this to General Breckinridge, who rode up and ordered them to change front perpendicularly to their original line and renew the advance, with the left of Adams and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road. In this position they were directly in the rear of General Baird's division—a most threatening juncture at this early stage of the action.

When Helm recoiled, Baird made no counter-attacks, but, on the withdrawal of the enemy, sent out skirmishers who took many prisoners. He knew the weakness of his left since Beatty's withdrawal from it, and he was trying to strengthen it with regiments from other divisions when the overwhelming attack upon Beatty also forced back his left, and even reached the rear of Johnson, whose left brigade became severely engaged. When Adams and Stovall

resumed the offensive in their new formation, Baird had to order his line to face about and meet the attack fronting to the rear. Fortunately, the appearance of abundant succor insured the repulse of the rebels. General Thomas, when he was apprised of Beatty's discomfiture, at once ordered Van Derveer's brigade of Brannan's division, Barnes's brigade of Wood's, Grose's of Palmer's, and Stanley's of Negley's, to the support of the left, with the help of which reinforcements Breckinridge's brigades were beaten back. This phase of the struggle is described by Breckinridge as follows:

> The brigades advanced in fine order over a field and entered the woods beyond. Stovall, after a severe and well-contested struggle, was checked and forced to retire. Adams, on the west of the Chattanooga road, met two lines of the enemy who had improved the short time to bring up reinforcements and re-form nearly at a right angle to his main works. The first line was routed, but it was impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery; and, after a sanguinary contest, we were forced back in some confusion. Here General Adams was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Breckinridge's division, thus badly defeated in detail (it lost over one-third of its number), fell back to a position a short distance in advance of that from which it had begun its attacks, and continued *hors de combat* till nearly the end of the day, leaving Baird's front correspondingly unmolested.

Had the imminent peril from Breckinridge's push to the rear of our left not been averted, complete defeat would doubtless have overtaken the Union army then and there. Our escape was plainly due alone to the fact that the rebel division attacked without proper support. Breckinridge complains of this in his report, and apparently with good reason (although his brigades found their way around our flank by chance and not by design), for he had informed his corps commander of his discovery, and

requested and obtained consent to the change of his line; but his superior evidently did not appreciate his opportunity, and continued the front attack with the rest of his command.

Cleburne's division was to fare no better than Breckinridge's. It moved forward with Deshler's brigade on the left, Wood's in the centre, and Polk on the right, when Breckinridge was already on the way, and its effort to catch up caused, as Cleburne admits, hurry and confusion. In this condition the division became exposed, its commander says, to the heaviest artillery fire he had ever experienced. A hurricane of shot and shell swept the woods from the unseen enemy in front. The Union guns checked the right of the rebel division within less than two hundred yards of the breastworks. Its centre and left found themselves impeded in their progress by Stewart's division. Wood's brigade got mixed up with Bates's of that division, and Deshler's was entirely stopped for a time. Wood's brigade disentangled itself, and, advancing again, attempted to cross an open field extending to the Chattanooga road. It received a heavy oblique fire from small arms and artillery which drove it back. It lost five hundred men in killed and wounded within a few minutes. Polk's line had also given way, and the two brigades retreated for a quarter of a mile. Cleburne had succeeded in bringing Deshler to the front by a move by the right flank, but he too failed to make headway against the Union fire, and fell back to the position of the other brigades. Deshler himself was killed by a shell that passed clear through his body.

Upon the repulse of Helm's brigade, General Hill sent to General Walker of the reserve corps for a brigade to fill the opening in his line made by the withdrawal of Helm. His request was misunderstood, and, instead of one brigade, the two divisions of the corps came up accompanied by Lieutenant-General Polk. They were ordered to resume the attack abandoned by Breckinridge, but, to quote from Hill's report, "met with a front and flank fire

which threw them in confusion and drove them back precipitately."

Four divisions of the rebel right were thus used up. The fifth, Cheatham's, was spared and kept in reserve. While Breckinridge and the three brigades of Walker were contending against Baird and his supports, Cleburne and Walker's other brigades made futile efforts in front of Johnson's, Palmer's, and Reynolds's divisions. These, like Baird, acted mainly on the defensive, checking the enemy by a very heavy infantry and artillery fire whenever he tried to rush forward. A rain of bullets, shot, and shell was poured forth incessantly from our breastworks, the front infantry ranks doing the firing and the rear ones the loading. All the rebel reports speak of our fire as more fearful than any they had ever before witnessed. Only General Willich, with his usual impetuosity, sallied forth at the head of one of his regiments, and followed the retreating enemy for a mile, inflicting considerable loss on him. General Thomas himself did not think of striking a counterblow after the rebels' offensive had been repelled and disappeared from his front, for Breckinridge's rear attack had much shaken and confused his command, and, moreover, his supply of ammunition had grown short. But the danger to our left had now fully passed, and the rebels did not disturb it again till near the close of the day.

The struggle there had not wholly ceased when an all but fatal turn took place on our right. General Longstreet relates that he arranged the line of the left wing so that Stewart's division formed his right, followed by Bushrod Johnson's, Hood's, Hindman's, and Preston's divisions as the centre and left. Only three brigades of Hood's having arrived, Kershaw's and Humphrey's brigades of McLaws's division were also placed under his command. The divisions were formed with two brigades in the front and the others behind them in supporting distance. When the action on the Confederate right had been raging for some time, without any apparent progress, Longstreet grew anx-

ious, and sent an aide to General Bragg with an inquiry whether he had not better attack. Before the aide returned, Longstreet learned that the Commander-in-chief had already sent orders direct to his division commanders to advance. Thus all of Longstreet's divisions got in motion except Preston's, which remained in reserve on the extreme left. The rebel left was to achieve the success that had been denied to the right, and the stranger lieutenant-general from Virginia, who had not even yet seen most of the general officers and the troops now placed under his orders, snatched the laurels which the old commanders under Bragg had failed to pluck.

What occurred on our right during the fighting along Thomas's front and up to the time that Longstreet moved to the attack, was as follows: Negley's two remaining brigades were relieved from the front line by Wood's division only at 9:30 A.M. Stanley's brigade was sent quickly to the support of the left, and took an active part in the repulse of Breckinridge. Negley's, with Sirwell's, was stopped on the way to the left by an order from General Thomas to mass artillery on the elevations to the left and rear of Baird's position. Negley did not properly comply with the order, but placed the guns so that they protected the extreme right under Brannan instead of the left.

The rebel pressure on Thomas being apparently very great and steadily increasing, General Rosecrans decided to make dispositions to hold the left at all hazards, and to go even to the length of withdrawing his right wholly behind it. The resolve was a risky one, as it involved the abandonment to the enemy of one of the two lines of communication with Chattanooga, viz., the Crawfish Springs and Chattanooga road. But Rosecrans believed that the whole rebel army was being hurled against Thomas, and did not dream that a mightier force than had assailed his left was about to fall upon his right. By a message dated 10:10 A.M., he notified General McCook of his intention, directing him to prepare at once for a withdrawal of the

right, and to be ready to send reinforcements to Thomas at a moment's warning. Twenty minutes later, another order was despatched to McCook requiring him to send two brigades of Sheridan's division immediately, and with all despatch, to support Thomas, and to let the third brigade follow as soon as the lines could be drawn in sufficiently. McCook received the two orders within six minutes of each other, and lost no time in executing them. Lytle's and Walworth's brigades were taken from the extreme right and started for the left at the double quick. After General Wood had moved to occupy Negley's position, and when Davis's division was ordered to the front, Van Cleve's was also moved forward twice by the direction of the General Commanding, for the better support of Wood and Davis. Sheridan's third brigade, under Colonel Laiboldt, was held in reserve to Davis.

General Rosecrans states in his report that one of Thomas's aides, who brought him a request for further help, informed him at the same time that Brannan was out of line and Reynolds's right thereby exposed. The aide was mistaken, as Brannan was really in echelon slightly in the rear of Reynolds's right; but the Commander-in-chief acted without further inquiry on the wrong information, and at once sent an aide on the gallop to General Wood with the following order: "September 20, 10:45 A.M.: The General Commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him." The order was received at about eleven o'clock by Wood, who was then a short distance in the rear of the centre of his command, and he immediately proceeded to carry it out. General McCook was with him at the time, and must have received his own order to move Sheridan's brigade about the same time, shortly before or after. He says in his report that, simultaneously with the movement of Sheridan and much to his surprise, Wood's division left its position in the line. This naturally suggests the question why McCook did not make an effort to prevent the execution of the General-in-

chief's order to Wood if he considered it unwise and dangerous. He did nothing, and that unlucky order, to which the disaster to our army was unquestionably due, was literally obeyed. Brannan's division being between Wood and Reynolds, Wood, in order to close up on and support the latter as ordered, had to pass his command in rear of Brannan. Wood's withdrawal left a wide gap in our line, to fill which General Rosecrans gave no order, supposing that Wood was occupying the vacant space created by the assumed change of Brannan's position. Wood had requested McCook to make Davis close up to the left, and an attempt to do so was made, according to McCook, but could not and did not prevent the impending catastrophe.

Wood was diverted from his intended destination. Riding in advance of his brigade to find General Reynolds, he met General Thomas, after searching vainly for the former, told him of his order, and requested instructions as to how to place his command. The corps commander told him that Reynolds was not in need of support, but that Baird was. Wood then asked whether Thomas would take the responsibility of changing his order, to which the latter replied he would. Wood consented accordingly to go to the support of Baird, and asked for a staff officer to conduct him. He rode back with the aide to meet his command, but, on reaching them, "found," as he says in his report, "the valley south of them swarming with the enemy."

Thus it happened that General Longstreet advanced to attack our right when almost the whole of it was in motion for changes of position. There is great divergence in the statements of the official reports on both sides as to the time at which his column struck our line, but it seems correct to say that Stewart's division on his right collided first with Brannan's between eleven and half-past, and the other divisions quickly became engaged successively as they swung from the right as on a pivot to the left, and that before noon all were under fire. Stewart's right brigade under Brown moved forward simultaneously with S. A. M.

Wood's brigade of Cleburne's division on its left, followed by Clayton's and Bate's brigades. They pushed on for several hundred yards under a destructive fire, when Wood's brigade broke in confusion and exposed Brown's to an enfilading fire. The latter brigade continued on for a short distance, when its right gave way, but its left and centre, followed by Clayton and Bate, pressed on some hundreds of yards beyond the Chattanooga road, driving the Federals before them. Brown's right had recoiled from Reynolds's front. The other parts of Stewart's command came upon Brannan's division, striking it obliquely, and turning first its left, formed by Connell's brigade. After a brief resistance this brigade, as its commander says, "broke in confusion and fled to the rear." The right brigade under Croxton was taken in flank and rear in consequence, and also driven off. Reynolds, learning that the troops to his right were yielding, sent a regiment to their support, but it also was involved in the flight. Stewart, however, found himself confronted by another force. General T. J. Wood, on discovering the rebels, as related, in the large open field behind him, at once sought to meet the emergency as best he could with the available part of his command. Hastening forward, he found that Colonel Harker, a brigade commander, had already been warned by one of Brannan's staff of what had happened, but felt in doubt whether the approaching troops were foes or friends, as it seemed almost incredible that the enemy should suddenly turn up at that point. Riding forward to determine their character and being fired on, Harker went back and formed an east and west line directly in the way of the advancing rebels. This movement appears to have led Stewart to stop and fall back. He explains: "New batteries being opened by the enemy on our front and flank, heavily supported by infantry, it became necessary to retire the command, re-forming on the ground occupied before the advance." The division was so crippled that it did not take part in the action again until just before its close.

According to Longstreet's account, Hood's division, followed by Bushrod Johnson's, attacked next to Stewart's; but Johnson claims, and no doubt correctly, that he led, followed by Hood's (under Brigadier-General Law, Hood exercising command over both it and Johnson's). The two divisions formed a broad column three lines deep, thus bringing great weight of numbers to bear. The moving mass hit our most vulnerable point. The direction of its advance led it accidentally to the gap in our line made by the withdrawal of T. J. Wood's division. Passing the unoccupied breastworks of rails and logs, they fell a short distance beyond them upon Wood's rear brigade, under Colonel Buell, as it was moving to the left. Colonel Buell thus narrates what befell him:

> We had scarcely moved one brigade front when the shock came like an avalanche. My little brigade seemed to be instantly swept off the field. The greater portion of it was cut off from me and driven to the rear. My staff, who were executing orders at the time, were also cut off. The orderly carrying the headquarters flag was captured. Captain Estes succeeded in getting away in hot haste with the brigade battery to a position four hundred yards to the rear, from which he opened on the enemy, but the latter worked around to it and captured it after killing thirty-five of the horses.

Another of T. J. Wood's batteries was also forced back without a chance to fire, but escaped without being able to rejoin the division.

Having made short work of Buell's men, the attacking column directly caused further havoc. The Federal General Van Cleve, after his two advances towards the front, was finally ordered to the line of battle. His two brigades had moved but a short distance when another order reached them to hurry also to the relief of General Thomas. They were hastening in that direction when Buell's men suddenly rushed over them in their pell-mell flight. Some batteries were also driven at full speed through their ranks,

breaking them up and wounding several men seriously. This threw the brigades into great confusion, and before order could be restored the rebels were upon them. Bushrod Johnson's column again worked like a wedge, splitting the brigades in two and scattering one to the left and one to the right. The rebel general gives this graphic description of the scenes that followed:

Our lines now emerged from the forest into open ground on the border of long, open fields, over which the enemy was retreating, under cover of several batteries, which were arranged along the crest of a ridge on our right and front, running up to the corner of a stubble-field, and one battery on our left and front posted on an elevation in the edge of the woods, just at the corner of a field near a peach orchard and southwest of Dyer's house. The scene now presented was unspeakably grand. The resolute and impetuous charge, the rush of our heavy columns sweeping out from the shadow and gloom of the forest into the open fields flooded with sunlight, the glitter of arms, the onward dash of artillery and mounted men, the retreat of the foe, the shouts of the hosts of our army, the dust, the smoke, the noise of firearms—of whistling balls and grape-shot and of bursting shell—made up a battle-scene of unsurpassed grandeur. Here General Hood gave me the last order I received from him on the field—"Go ahead, and keep ahead of everything." How this order was obeyed will be best determined by those who investigate all the details of this battle.

The unusual depth of our columns of attack in this part of the field, and the force and power with which it was thrown upon the enemy's line, had now completely broken and routed their centre, and cast the shattered fragments to the right and left. Everett's battery was here ordered into action on the right of Johnson's brigade, and opened upon the retreating foe while my line continued to advance.

There was now an interval of about 800 yards between Hindman's division, on my left, and my command. Johnson's brigade, on the left, bore but slightly to the right, its left regiment stretching across the road from Dyer's house to Crawfish [Springs] road and passing on both sides of the house. Gregg's brigade, in the centre, moved a little to the right, so as to flank and capture nine pieces of artillery on its right, posted on the ascent to the eminence

in the corner of the field north of Dyer's house. McNair's brigade, now somewhat in rear of the two left brigades, moved obliquely to the right and directly upon this eminence. *My line was here uncovered by Hood's division, which must have changed its direction to the right.*

At the moment Van Cleve was being overborne, General Crittenden was placing the corps artillery in a commanding position on a hill to the rear with several hundred yards of clear fields in front. Turning from the batteries to the troops, he was astounded to see sudden and unaccountable disorder among them. He says: "There was but little firing at this moment near the troops, and I was unable to account for the confusion. In a moment, however, the enemy had driven all before them, and I was cut off from my command, though not one hundred yards in rear and in full view, and also cut off from our army. Returning to the batteries, I found them without the support of a single company of infantry." All the support that came a little later were from sixty to seventy men, the small remainder of Van Cleve's command brought up by that unfortunate commander himself. Troops were seen advancing over the open ground before the artillery. Our guns held their fire at first, as there was doubt whether they were foes or friends, but opened vigorously upon them when, on coming nearer, the rebel uniforms and flags were recognized. General Crittenden rode off to find additional help. He had hardly left when the batteries were obliged to fly precipitately. The enemy had come close up to them; his severe fire killed many of the horses, and only fifteen of the twenty-six guns got away. General Van Cleve did not succeed in getting more of his men together, but the greater portion of three of his regiments which had been driven to the right soon rallied, and did more or less fighting in the afternoon under other commanders.

All this mischief was done by the right of Hood's column. Its left and Hindman's division wrought still greater havoc. By the marching off of T. J. Wood's and Sheridan's

brigades, Davis's division had become an isolated outpost, as it were, in its position a few hundred yards to the west of the Chattanooga road behind rude breastworks—a weak outpost, too, for the losses of the previous day had reduced his force to a little over twelve hundred effectives. Ordered by his corps commander to fill the gap left by Wood, he was just moving his left brigade for that purpose when he found himself enveloped on the front and flanks by the enemy. His men fired a few rounds, but, after a short resistance, were utterly overcome. He called on his support, Laiboldt's brigade of Sheridan's division, for help, but it too was overwhelmed before it could be brought into line. Indeed, Davis's own men fleeing through its ranks made it helpless. In very little time the three brigades were swept away in complete rout. Repeated attempts were made to rally them, but they could not be brought to a stand before they were far out of harm's way.

Sheridan's brigades succumbed to the same assailants, but only after more resistance. The brigades were moving at the double-quick to the left when Davis received the shock, and orders reached Sheridan from McCook to halt and form his command for action. Directly the enemy was upon him, his men being shot down while forming. The odds against him were too great, and he was forced back some hundreds of yards, when his men rallied and drove the rebels back to Laiboldt's position before the attack. They even captured rebel colors and a number of prisoners. But they came upon the strong rebel reserves, and were forced back in turn beyond their starting-point. Sheridan's struggle was altogether with the division of Hindman, who claims to have captured in this attack eleven hundred prisoners (including three colonels), seventeen pieces of artillery, and six flags. General Lytle, one of Sheridan's brigade commanders, lost his life in the contest.

These rebel successes were achieved in less than an hour, by noon, and with relatively little loss in killed and

wounded. General Hood, however, had his hip shattered by a bullet, and was supposed to be mortally wounded, but recovered with the loss of a leg. Bushrod Johnson assumed command in his place. Our eight overwhelmed brigades—one of T. J. Wood's, two of Van Cleve's, two of Davis's, and three of Sheridan's, almost the equivalent of two divisions—were not only swept off the field, but carried in such a direction and to such a distance as to withdraw them entirely from the struggle. They were forced both off the Lafayette and Chattanooga road which formed the means of communication between them and our left, and out of the valley of the Chickamauga into the valley of the Chattanooga, so that Missionary Ridge became a barrier between them and the remainder of the army. Buell's, Van Cleve's, and Davis's men got all mixed up, and made off in confused swarms. Sheridan, after being pushed back, re-formed his brigades on a ridge overlooking the scene of his fight; but, when he ascertained that all our troops to his left had disappeared, and that the enemy was between him and General Thomas, he determined to make an attempt to recover connection with the latter by marching his command on the arc of a circle over the hills of the so-called Dry Valley road, and by it to the Crawfish Springs road, and thence over Missionary Ridge to our lines. He was obliged to disencumber himself of twenty-four guns and forty-six caissons which he had found abandoned by other organizations and scattered promiscuously over the ground.

Colonel Wilder, with his brigade of mounted infantry, which had been guarding our right flank while moving to the left in the wake of Sheridan, struck the extreme left of the column assailing the latter, and succeeded in checking and driving it back, capturing two guns. He remained on the ground, and had another successful encounter with the enemy in the course of the afternoon. He took position on the outrunners of Missionary Ridge and held it till 4 P.M., although he was repeatedly advised by superior

officers to fall back to the passes of Lookout Mountain. He then retreated unmolested to the Chattanooga Valley, bringing off with him a large number of stragglers, many ammunition wagons, caissons, ambulances, and stray beef cattle. The record of the brigade is worth mentioning as that of almost the only unit of our army fighting by itself and coming off successfully.

The impetus of victory had carried the rebels in the wake of the fugitive Federals up and down and again up the group of hills intervening between the Lafayette and Chattanooga and the Crawfish Springs and Chattanooga roads. They gathered up many spoils on the way—guns, caissons, small arms, piles of knapsacks and tents. With Bushrod Johnson's division still in the lead, they reached the crest commanding the gap through which the last-mentioned road passes into the valley of Chattanooga Creek, and in which they discovered some of our retreating trains. They managed to send some shot and shell among the wagons, producing a panic among the drivers, who abandoned their charge to save themselves. Some more guns moving with the trains also fell into their hands. By thus pushing vigorously after our shattered troops, Johnson made it impossible to rally any of Davis's men before they reached McFarland's Gap and Farm on the Crawfish Springs road, between two and three miles from Rossville. He also prevented Sheridan from rejoining Thomas, as he had planned, and compelled him to march nearly five miles down to Rossville, whence he marched south for four miles over the Lafayette road, but did not reach the front again. Davis succeeded in collecting at McFarland's between twenty-five hundred and three thousand of his own command and of Wood's and Van Cleve's men, whom he led back late in the afternoon by the cross-road towards the battle-front. On arriving near it, he was ordered to fall back to Rossville.

The dispersal of our right had another momentous consequence. The Commander-in-chief found himself sud-

denly isolated from every part of the army. He describes his misfortune as follows:

> At the moment of the repulse of Davis's division, I was standing in rear of his right, waiting the completion of the closing of McCook's corps to the left. Seeing confusion among Van Cleve's troops, and the distance Davis's men were falling back, and the tide of battle surging towards us, the urgency for Sheridan's troops to intervene became imminent, and I hastened in person to the extreme right to direct Sheridan's movement on the flank of the advancing enemy. It was too late. The crowd of returning troops rolled back and the enemy advanced. Giving the troops directions to rally behind the ridge west of the Dry Valley road, I passed down it, accompanied by General Garfield, Major McMichael, Major Bond and Captain Young of my staff and a few of my escort under a shower of grape, canister and musketry for two or three hundred yards, and attempted to rejoin General Thomas and the troops sent to his support by passing to the rear of the broken portion of our lines, but found the routed troops far towards the left, and, hearing the enemy's advancing musketry and cheers, I became doubtful whether the left had held its ground, and started for Rossville.

In other words, the Commanding General, without an attempt to ascertain the real condition of the left, as in duty and in honor bound, himself magnified the doubt he felt regarding it into the assumption that total defeat had already overtaken the army, and, giving up all thought of further resistance, rode off with a squad of followers, leaving his command to its fate. He put, as we shall see, not only the four miles to Rossville, but the eight to Chattanooga, between himself and his soldiers. This act cost him the loss of his command and irretrievably blotted his record.

General Crittenden became a like victim of the disaster. He tried to find support for his corps batteries, and, when they had been driven off, remained with a small force of about one hundred men on an adjacent hill. After vainly waiting for some time for tidings, the fear seized him that Generals Rosecrans, McCook, Sheridan, and Davis had

all fallen into the hands of the enemy. No other course seemed to be open to him than to leave the field and to find his way if possible to Rossville. He does not claim to have been cut off from Thomas, but he no doubt was. Riding over the hills, he reached the Rossville road, which he found filled all the way with soldiers, cannon, caissons, and trains. Before reaching Rossville, he learned that General Rosecrans had not been captured, but had gone to Chattanooga, and he determined to follow him there. He should at least have tried, like Davis and Sheridan, to return to the front when he heard, as he did, that Thomas was still fighting. It is true that he was left entirely without command by the orders of Rosecrans transferring Palmer's division on the first day, and Wood's and Van Cleve's on the second, to Thomas, and therefore he cannot be accused of deserting his command; still, he was riding away from instead of towards his divisions. For this he had to atone grievously.

General McCook was a third victim. He met Davis, while he was being driven back, and exerted himself to rally his troops, but without avail. He followed the division commander, and instructed him regarding his further retreat, and then set out to find General Rosecrans, but failed to discover him. He got the impression that our left was also beaten, and, learning from one of General Crittenden's staff that the latter had gone to Chattanooga, he decided to go there also. Had he remained with Davis to the last, he would have had opportunity, in the course of the afternoon, to fall in again with Sheridan's division and resume command over it. It was a strange fatality, indeed, that thus led the General-in-chief and two of the three corps commanders separately back to Chattanooga, as if fugitives from the battle-field, accompanied by mere squads of followers. All three were in ignorance of each other's fate when they turned their backs upon the scene of the struggle. All three believed that the whole army was utterly beaten and shattered, and the bulk of it de-

stroyed or captured. It is easy to imagine the deep distress of mind which must have harassed them on that unlucky ride.

General Thomas was as ignorant of what had befallen his superior and his fellow corps commanders and their troops as they were of his condition at the time of and after the rout of the right. But he was made to feel the effect of it by the sudden threatening of his right rear before Breckinridge's brigades had been fully beaten back from his left rear. He states in his report that, hearing heavy firing to his right and rear at about 2 P.M.—he must have been mistaken in the hour, or it is misprinted in the Official Records, as a score of witnesses testify that the crisis occurred much earlier—he rode in that direction to ascertain the cause. On the way he met one of his staff, whom he had sent to hurry up Sheridan's brigades, who reported that, in attempting to reach them, he had met a large force moving with a line of skirmishers in front who fired on him and compelled him to return. The aide had also encountered Brigade-Commander Harker when the latter was yet uncertain whether the body in sight was a hostile or a friendly one. Thomas thereupon at once sought Harker to instruct him to fire on the approaching line if he was fired on, and was not long in verifying the portentous discovery that the enemy had gained his right rear, and was already behind Reynolds. The duty now devolved upon him to direct during the afternoon as determined a resistance to the rebel efforts to overcome his right as he had offered in the forenoon on the left. While his failure to hear anything from the Commander-in-chief and from the rest of the army made him apprehend that something serious had occurred beyond his right, hours elapsed before he clearly understood that he was fighting alone for the honor and safety of the army.

Bushrod Johnson's leading column had moved forward all but due west so fast that the division behind it under Law lost sight of it and became diverted in a northwest-

erly direction. This led it obliquely towards Harker's brigade and part of Buell's, the remnant of the division of General T. J. Wood to which he had returned after discovering the enemy behind him. As the advancing rebels threatened his right flank, Wood retired his command to a narrow and short spur shooting out nearly due east and west at right angles from the main Missionary Ridge. The ridge fell off abruptly to the south, thus forming a strong and commanding position. When Brannan's two brigades were driven off in confusion by Stewart's division, he managed to rally a small number of his men about half a mile to the west on the hills from which the ridge occupied by Wood's troops extended. He and his staff and other officers succeeded also, by strenuous efforts, in gathering up and getting into line some hundreds of stragglers from various organizations. Wood effected connection by his right with Brannan's left, which was barely done when the Confederates delivered the first of the vehement onslaughts upon them which they attempted one after another in the course of the afternoon.

The heights constituting the southern outrunners of Missionary Ridge were the scene of the new conflict. They extend from a short distance west of the Lafayette road for about a mile to the Crawfish Springs road. They rise to a height of one hundred feet, and have a gentle, but irregular and spurring slope to the south and east, and were then covered with open woods. Their southeastern parts were within the boundaries of a farm belonging to one Snodgrass, and hence locally known as "Snodgrass Hill," as which it appears in the records of both sides. The struggle now ensuing was for the possession of it, from which the enemy would have commanded the rear of Thomas's line as well as the Lafayette road, the only line of retreat left to us. The lines of Wood and Brannan on these elevations formed a curve having almost the shape of a horseshoe, which gave our troops an enfilading and plunging fire upon the assailing enemy.

The chance-medley of troops hardly aggregated one thousand officers and men, an entirely inadequate number for the defence of the "horseshoe"; but they were gradually succored, after the beginning of the desperate wrestle, by the second brigade and one regiment of the third brigade of Negley's division, and also by Brannan's third brigade under Colonel Van Derveer, who, after taking a decisive part in repelling Breckinridge's division, had been led by the rising roar of battle on Snodgrass Hill to march of his own accord to the relief of his division commander. But even these reinforcements increased the defenders by only about fifteen hundred, and would have left their total less than one-fifth of the number Longstreet could bring against them. These overwhelming odds would doubtless have overpowered them in one of the early rebel onsets, had not, luckily, further aid come in time by the appearance upon the scene of General Granger, with the greater part of the reserve corps. Granger had been charged with guarding the lower crossings of the Chickamauga and the road from Ringgold to Chattanooga. He had heard the heavy firing in the direction of the army from 10:30 A.M., and, after listening to its swelling intensity for some time with growing anxiety, he determined to hurry to the front as quickly as possible without waiting for a call. In this, as General Rosecrans well says of him, he followed "the instinct of a true soldier." Leaving Colonel McCook's brigade to watch the Ringgold road, he started with General Whitaker's and Colonel Mitchell's brigades, and two additional regiments under the direct command of Major-General Steedman, soon after eleven o'clock. The force represented a total of thirty-seven hundred officers and men. After marching about two miles, he was suddenly fired upon by rebel skirmishers and a section of artillery. It was part of Forrest's cavalry which was guarding the rebel right. Granger stopped long enough to brush them aside, but moved on, after satisfying himself that they were only a small body and ordering up McCook's brigade

to keep the Lafayette road open between that point and the front. He reported to General Thomas for orders at 1:30 P.M. (according to Steedman), and naturally received a most grateful welcome. He was directed to go into position on the right of Brannan, which he did with alacrity. As we shall see, he was in the nick of time to prevent an attempt of the enemy to attack the "horseshoe" on the right flank and rear.

General Negley performed a different part at this stage of the battle, which subjected him to much and severe animadversion. He was charged with nothing less than marching off his command from the battle-field shortly after noon without orders. It appears that while he was moving in the forenoon to the relief of Baird's division, General Thomas had ordered him to concentrate all the artillery that could be spared from the line, with strong infantry supports, on a point of Missionary Ridge commanding the ground to the left and rear of Baird. Misunderstanding this order, he had occupied a hill some distance to the north of Snodgrass Hill, and nearly in the rear of Reynolds, with three batteries and Sirwell's brigade, which rendered effective service in checking Breckinridge's movement to our rear. Upon the rout of the right, swarms of runaways came up the ravines and over the ridge to his position, and several batteries from the broken divisions joined those already there. Negley and a number of other officers exerted themselves to rally the retreating troops for the protection of the artillery, but, as a staff officer describes it: "As soon as the detachments formed of them and brought to the front heard the sound of the enemy's muskets, they disappeared like smoke. All these scattered troops were soon gone." Finding it impossible to stop the fleeing troops, and unable to communicate with General Thomas, Negley deemed it his duty to secure the safety of the artillery, which was threatened with immediate capture by a large force of the enemy, and, accordingly, marched off with the guns and infantry to Mc-

Farland's Gap within two miles of Rossville. His retreat led to direct imputations of misconduct on his part by Generals Brannan and Wood in their official reports.

Meanwhile, on the rebel left, after the brushing away of our right and before the assaults on the "horseshoe," Bushrod Johnson, who had occupied the elevation commanding the defile of the Crawfish Springs and Chattanooga roads and captured our trains, found himself separated from the other Confederate troops both on the right and left, and far in advance of them. He observed, too, the gathering of Federal batteries on Snodgrass Hill, which dominated his position, and therefore decided to halt until he was reinforced. He sent one of his staff to General Longstreet to report his situation, and to ask for infantry and artillery, and at the same time also despatched aides in other directions for help. None appearing for some time, he galloped off himself in search of assistance. After riding some distance to the right and rear, he came upon General Hindman, escorted by his staff officers. They first had to settle the question of rank between them, Johnson having learned only just before their meeting of the disablement of General Hood. Hindman was recognized as the superior in rank by virtue of his seniority, and ordered at once Anderson's and Deas's brigades to the support of Johnson, who then returned to his command.

Pending the arrival of the expected reinforcements, Johnson ordered one of his batteries to open fire upon the rear of the Federal position on the "horseshoe," which was about six hundred yards to his right. Having vainly waited for some time for the promised brigades, he grew restive and resolved to advance without them. He formed his line facing to the north and almost perpendicular to the Lafayette road, with Johnson's brigade on the left and Gregg's on the right. He was just getting in motion when Deas's and Anderson's brigades reported, followed by the third brigade of Hindman's division under Manigault. This and Deas's were brought into position on the left

and Anderson on the right of Johnson, under whose immediate orders all the five brigades fought, although Hindman exercised superior command over them and Kershaw's and Humphrey's brigades, which were brought into connection with the line of attack on the right of Anderson. McNair's brigade, which had got astray, was also brought up in time in the rear of Johnson.

It being reported to Hindman that a force was trying to work around his left, he erroneously assumed that they were the same troops who were driven off by him and Johnson (indeed, neither he nor any other rebel general knew the extent of the havoc they had inflicted), but had been rallied and brought back to the field. Apprehensive of an attack in the rear, he sent to Generals Longstreet and Buckner for help, and, at the same time, ordered a vigorous general attack. The brigades of the centre and left were to wheel to the right until faced east, and then to advance against the enemy's flank. Anderson and Kershaw, as the pivot, were to stand still till the firing commenced to their left, and then also to advance. Hindman felt confident that this movement would drive the remnants of the Federal army upon the rebel right, thereby insuring their capture or destruction. According to him, it did not commence till 3:30 P.M., but in other reports an earlier hour is mentioned. His appeal and Bushrod Johnson's previous one for assistance failed to bring it. General Longstreet, who did not deem it safe to weaken any part of his line, nor prudent to draw so early on his reserve (Preston's division) for that purpose, applied to General Bragg for troops from the right wing. He was answered that the latter had been beaten back so badly that they could be of no service to him, from which the commander of the left deduced that the discomfiture of the rebel right had been just as great as that of the Federal right, and that the fate of the day was depending on him and his command.

Bushrod Johnson's wheeling movement commenced un-

der the protection of artillery fire upon the "horseshoe," and brought the rebel line within range of our musketry within a few minutes. It advanced determinedly up the slope, firing volley after volley, towards the crest for the defence of which Steedman's division had just hurriedly formed. Steedman boldly delivered a counter-attack upon the approaching enemy. Gallantly seizing a regimental flag, he led his men forward. With defiant shouts they rushed upon the foe, and, after a desperate conflict of twenty minutes, drove him back in confusion and gained a good advanced position. Johnson admits in his report that Deas's and Anderson's brigades and all but two regiments of Manigault's suffered so severely that they did not again participate in the action. He says further that the retreat of his whole line was precipitate, and that it required all the exertions he could make, joined to the "appeals, commands, and physical efforts" of the officers, to prevent the abandonment of the hill from which his troops had started, and of the artillery firing from it. He claims that these batteries checked our attack. The slaughter on both sides was terrible, especially among officers. The feat of Steedman's men was the more creditable as most of them had never been under fire before.

Kershaw's brigade, forming with Anderson's the pivot of the wheel, also came to the attack on the right simultaneously with Johnson's. They had been previously engaged and gained some ground, but found themselves compelled to fall back. Advancing again, they soon became exposed by the repulse of Anderson's brigade on their left. Kershaw claims that he not only stopped the Federals, but drove them with three of his regiments and the Anderson reserve regiments "pell-mell," and that he "followed them to the top of the hill, the Second South Carolina reaching even the crest." But he adds that the commander of the last-mentioned regiment, finding that the troops on his left had fallen back to their former position, was reluctantly obliged to retreat also. Longstreet refers to this part of

the action as follows: "Kershaw made a most handsome attack upon the heights at the Snodgrass house, simultaneously with Johnson and Hindman, but was not strong enough for the work."

The rebel attempts to capture the "horseshoe" were directed both against the left and the front of it, and were repelled from the latter only by the firm resistance of Wood's and Brannan's commands. These did not attack in return, but confined themselves strictly to the defensive. Anderson's brigade recoiled from them in a shattered condition, and they foiled Kershaw's onset, which the defenders describe as extremely determined. But our men fought from the shelter afforded by the rampart-like crest, overwhelming the advancing enemy by their continuous volleys.

General Thomas had established his headquarters at the Snodgrass house, from which he directed the course of the action during the remainder of the afternoon. He was made very anxious before the arrival of General Granger, on account of the short ammunition of his men, as, by somebody's unauthorized orders—the name of the guilty party is not mentioned in the reports—the ammunition-trains had been ordered back. There were not more than two or three rounds to the man left when a partial supply was obtained from the train following Steedman's division, giving an average of ten rounds per head. At half-past three Thomas received, for the first time, authentic intelligence of the full extent and consequences of the disaster to our right—four hours after it had happened!—by the arrival of General Garfield, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Thurston, General McCook's assistant adjutant-general, and two of his own staff.

The chief of staff and his companions had made their way back to the front, following roads part of the way, but cutting right through the woods over Missionary Ridge the greater part, urging their animals to the utmost speed, with the sounds of battle for their guidance. Once

they rode right upon a party of the enemy, who fired upon them, and they narrowly escaped death or capture. General Garfield had followed the Commander-in-chief as far as Rossville. During the ride to that point past the retreating soldiery, artillery, and trains of every sort, grave and quickly growing doubts rose in his mind and pricked his conscience (I heard the story from his own lips in Chattanooga, within a fortnight after the battle) regarding the official and personal propriety of his chief's and his own conduct in turning their backs upon the battle-field, and going a long distance from it without any knowledge of the fate of the greater portion of the army, and without any earnest effort to ascertain it. He expressed this feeling to his superior, with the suggestion that they proceed no further than Rossville and try to learn something definite about Thomas, and he offered to go himself in search of reliable information. General Rosecrans at first objected to both recommendations, but finally yielded to the chief of staff's urgent plea for permission to set out in quest of Thomas. Garfield's success in reaching the front proved that communication with Thomas was possible. As General Wood expresses it pointedly in his report: "He showed thereby that the road was open to all who might choose to follow it where duty called." But still stronger proof lay in the fact that the two aides of Thomas, who came with Garfield, led back with them one of the missing ammunition-trains which they had overtaken far to the rear. Garfield's ride has been commemorated perhaps more than it deserved in both prose and poetry.

His tale of Rosecrans's escape and the sorry plight of the rest of the army was hardly apt to inspire General Thomas with greater confidence in his ability to save the fortunes of the day. But that stern character was not daunted by it, and resolved to hold his ground to the last. Shortly after Garfield's appearance, instructions from General Rosecrans, dated Chattanooga, 4:15 P.M., reached Thomas over the field telegraph (thus demonstrating how easy it really

was to communicate with the front), instructing him "to assume command of all the forces, and with Crittenden and McCook take a strong position and assume a threatening attitude at Rossville. Send all the unorganized force to this place for reorganization." This was virtually an order to leave the field to the enemy and retreat. Neither General Thomas nor the chief of staff thought such a course necessary. The latter, in his first report of Thomas's condition to Rosecrans, dated 3:45 P.M., indicated this and even said: "I think we may in the main retrieve our morning disaster." But the order was not modified, and so Thomas had to obey it. He determined, however, to hold the position until nightfall. The fresh supply of ammunition was distributed as quickly as possible. Our line was strengthened by moving in Hazen's brigade, which was the only one left with full cartridge-boxes, from Palmer's front between Reynolds's right and Wood's left. The expectation that the enemy would renew his attacks was fulfilled directly.

General Longstreet had kept his reserve division under Preston inactive notwithstanding the repeated requests from his sub-commanders for assistance. But, upon the failure of the general assault upon the Federal position, he decided to respond to a further pressing demand from Hindman. Indeed, having satisfied himself by personal observation that to gain the Snodgrass heights would make him complete master of the field, he resolved upon a supreme effort to take them, and sent orders to General Buckner to move Preston to the attack. The latter first led Gracie's and Kelly's brigades forward, his third one under Trigg being kept back to meet an apprehended cavalry attack against the left and rear. In support of the advance, Buckner ordered the reserve artillery of his corps to a commanding position, from which the eleven pieces opened a heavy, continuous fire upon the hills. Preston's men passed through the discomfited lines of Anderson and Kershaw. The two brigades were to

form beyond them for a joint attack, but Gracie in the lead followed directions from Kershaw to push on, and directly received a withering musketry fire from the "horseshoe." Still, he moved on to the base of the hills and then made a rush up the nearest spur. The Second Alabama actually gained the height. There the brigade was checked by our infantry fire, suffering terrible losses. The Second Alabama went in with 239 officers and men and lost 169. Its flag was pierced eighty-three times. Gracie contended against Granger's command. Kelly's brigade followed in about ten minutes, and, bearing more to the right, attacked Brannan and Wood. He became at once as hotly engaged as Gracie, and also gained a lodgment on the outrunners of the hills. But both he and Gracie found themselves so severely pressed that they sent word to the division commander that they could not maintain themselves without reinforcements. Trigg's brigade was thereupon hurried up, one of its regiments going to the support of Gracie and the remainder making a fresh attack to the left of Kelly. At the same time, by order of General Longstreet, Stewart's division resumed action after hours of passivity, and advanced to the right of Kelly.

As Longstreet himself admits that Preston's attack was not a success, the claim of all the commanders of the defenders of the "horseshoe" that they maintained their position even against these last rebel onsets, deserves credit. The truth was, doubtless, that the enemy won some elevated ground held by our skirmishers in front and on the flanks, but did not actually penetrate our main line. But our leaders agree that the onslaughts upon them were made with extraordinary energy and bravery. General Wood states that the attack last referred to brought on the most terrific musketry duel, the fierce, continued roar of which inspired a sentiment of grandeur in which the awful and sublime were intermingled. Our front line advanced to the crest of the ridge, and delivered their fire by volleys at the command, and then retired a few paces to

reload, while the rear line took its turn in firing, thus keeping up a rain of missiles upon the enemy. Colonel Harker says that he never before witnessed so grand an example of effective musketry. General Granger speaks of our line being continually enveloped in smoke and fire. His men, in the end, got out of ammunition and had only their bayonets with which to repel the foe. Our troops were encouraged and cheered by the presence of Generals Thomas and Garfield under fire. The latter remained till the close of the action with Harker's brigade, his own former command, sustaining the spirits of rank and file by animating words and acts.

Before five o'clock, General Thomas notified the division commanders through a staff officer to prepare to withdraw their commands from the field as soon as they received formal orders to that effect. These preparations meant the drawing in of the picket lines and their reserves, and could be carried out on our left only where the enemy had abstained from offensive movements since the forenoon. Not long before, General Bragg had concluded to second indirectly the final effort of Longstreet by a new general attack with his left, and sent orders to General Polk to press forward at once with his whole line. There was considerable delay in distributing corresponding orders to the corps and division commanders under Polk, and it was near dusk before they were carried out. The line of attack was formed with Liddell's division on the right, and next Gist's, Breckinridge's, Cleburne's, and Cheatham's respectively. It so happened that, in the meantime, further orders to begin the withdrawal had been sent to the division commanders Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson and Baird, and their execution was just commencing when Polk's columns advanced. Reynolds withdrew first, and General Thomas left Wood's rear to direct Reynolds to a proper position to cover the retirement of the other troops from the left. On the way he received warning that a rebel column was advancing perpendicularly upon Reynolds, and

reached the latter in time to prevent his surprise and the loss of the line of retreat. Turchin's brigade threw itself upon the approaching rebels, and routed and drove them beyond Baird's left, with the loss of over two hundred prisoners. It was Liddell's division that received this staggering blow. Reynolds's division was then so posted to the east of the Chattanooga road as to form a curtain, as it were, behind which the retirement might be effected, it was hoped, without molestation; but it turned out otherwise.

Palmer was to move away first, Johnson next, and Baird last. The rebel attack struck them, however, before they could get out of reach. As in the morning, Baird was involved first and worst. He describes the onset as more violent than that of the morning. Three batteries opened upon him, while the rebel infantry pushed on towards him. He held fast to his position for a time, as it seemed to him safer to remain than to fall back with the enemy upon him; then, seeing the troops of Palmer and Johnson moving off, he attempted to follow suit. But he was pressed so closely that many of his men were struck down, while a large portion of the remainder became disordered, and saved themselves in separate squads, or, in the confusion, ran into the enemy's lines. Johnson asserts that he was appealed to personally by Baird, and that he sent Willich to his support, and that the latter's brigade charged the enemy "and drove them back with terrible slaughter." Strange to say, Baird makes no mention whatever of this alleged incident. Johnson further relates that, as his front was already attacked when he received the order to withdraw, he sent a staff officer to tell General Thomas that he supposed the general was under the impression, when he gave the order, that all was quiet on his front, whereas he was so fearfully assailed that a retreat might prove disastrous. Before the staff officer's return, however, the withdrawal of Palmer, followed by a hostile body, exposed Johnson's flank so that he felt obliged to retire also, barely saving his command

from complete destruction. He gives credit to his reserve brigade under Willich for having saved the troops from annihilation and capture by being able to "engage the enemy in four different directions," but makes the disgraceful confession that he neglected to send an order to withdraw to the gallant brigadier, who, however, took good care of himself and others.

Palmer also suffered in his retreat. He supposed that he was to retire only some distance to another position in the rear of the centre and there to re-form for further resistance. His men had moved but a few hundred yards when the rebels rushed over the abandoned breastworks, and, in a few moments, opened upon them with artillery from right and left and small arms from the rear. It was almost impossible under such severe fire to preserve the formations. Grose's brigade became disordered, but the remainder got off in better shape, and the loss of the division was not great. Palmer halted and formed his command beyond range so as to constitute a rallying-point for the large crowds of stragglers which came up with him. His order did not direct him to what point to fall back, but, after waiting until night had set in, he started of his own accord for Rossville.

It was Stewart's division which, in advancing, had come upon and passed over the breastworks abandoned by Reynolds and then chased Palmer and made captures from him. His men joined the divisions of the Confederate right in making hill and dale ring with the frantic yells of joy over the apparent ease with which they had now carried the position against which they had vainly butted with heavy loss in the morning. The rebels did not discover, indeed, that Thomas was in retreat, but all thought that they had driven him off to another position. As dusk had set in, and the different parts of Polk's command had become much mixed up in pressing after our troops, and there was danger of their mistaking each other for enemies after dark, they were brought to a halt all along their line.

The rebel offensive in front of Brannan, Wood, and Granger by the command of Hindman and Buckner also ceased as the shades of evening descended upon the field. But the defenders of the "horseshoe" were made to hold their position until after the left had been withdrawn. Thomas sent orders to retire to the three generals simultaneously, but they do not agree as to the time at which they did so. Brannan says he withdrew "soon after sunset," while both Wood and Granger give seven o'clock as the hour when they received the order. Fortunately, moonlight facilitated the retreat towards Rossville. It was effected by Brannan and Wood without disturbance from the enemy, but Granger fared worse. By a most censurable negligence, three regiments of Whitaker's brigade did not receive notice to withdraw, and found themselves suddenly enveloped by the two rebel brigades of Trigg and Kelly, and were compelled to surrender almost bodily with all their field officers and flags.

Our several columns reached the vicinity of Rossville before ten o'clock, with the exception of Generals Reynolds and Willich, whom General Thomas had directed to protect the rear with their commands, and who remained in position in the field till the last of the other bodies had passed, and did not get into bivouac before midnight. General Thomas, accompanied by Generals Garfield and Granger, had ridden in advance (in compliance with the Commander-in-chief's order to assume a "threatening attitude"), to select as good a position commanding the approaches to the town as could be found in the night and in the early morning. This the troops occupied as they arrived.

The enemy remained in entire ignorance of our retreat during the night. None of the rebel commanders was aware, indeed, of the extent of their success before the next day. General Bragg telegraphed cautiously in the evening to Richmond that, "after two days' hard fighting, we have driven the enemy, after a desperate resistance, from several positions and now hold the field, but he still confronts us. The losses are heavy on both sides, especially in our officers.

We have taken over twenty pieces of artillery and some 2500 prisoners." The secession Governor Isham G. Harris, one of the bitterest rebels (he died in 1897, a United States Senator), who was with Bragg, wired at the same time to a newspaper: "After two days' fighting, we succeeded in driving the enemy from his positions. The engagement not yet decisive." General Bragg was even led to believe, from alleged indications of movements in his front, that his foes were making dispositions for a renewal of the conflict in the morning. He was not at all anxious for this, "with his troops exhausted," to quote from his report, "by two days' battle, and with very limited supplies of provisions and almost destitute of water"; and the news of our disappearance must have been most welcome to him. He heard it first, while riding early in the morning towards Polk's headquarters, from General Liddell, whose pickets had discovered at dawn and reported that there were no signs of the Federals. He immediately gave orders to send out skirmishers along the whole line and move all the cavalry to the front. The rebel left still believed in the presence of our army when Bragg's aides reached it with these orders. The reconnoitring of the cavalry soon brought confirmation of the contrary. It was only then that Bragg dared to claim a "complete victory" in a second despatch to the rebel War Department. But he felt too weak for immediate pursuit. Having an aggregate loss of nearly fifty per cent. of his effective strength, including a very large percentage of officers, and considering the disorganization of the remainder, he felt that it would be reckless and disastrous to follow the enemy immediately and attack him in the entrenchments at Chattanooga, to which he supposed we had at once fallen back. His judgment was doubtless correct. His army certainly needed at least a short respite for rest and reorganization and replenishment of supplies. But his decision to remain quiet was, as will be seen, the beginning, so to speak, of his downfall.

General Rosecrans continued his mournful ride from Rossville to Chattanooga in gloomiest despondency, as I learned afterwards from his companions, for he was still under the impression that the whole army had been overwhelmed. He reached the town about 4 P.M., and established his headquarters in the building occupied by General Wagner, the post commander. Within half an hour of his arrival, both General McCook and General Crittenden rode into the place separately and reported to the Commander-in-chief for orders. McCook, accompanied by General Morton, Chief-Engineer, and three aides-de-camp, had been conducted by a guide over by-roads without meeting any of our troops until he struck the main road within less than two miles of Chattanooga. Here he met a force under command of General Spears on its way to Rossville by order of General Rosecrans to render what assistance it could to the army. The whereabouts of the Commanding General in town being thus ascertained, McCook galloped on. Crittenden had stopped a short time at Rossville to make inquiries regarding his command and General Rosecrans. He failed to get any reliable information regarding the former, but, learning from some staff officers of Rosecrans's presence in Chattanooga, he pushed on as fast as possible.

The two corps commanders had not been long with the General-in-chief when the first report from General Garfield was received. It was the first intelligence that had reached General Rosecrans that Thomas had not succumbed, but was still holding the enemy at bay. The chief of staff said in the same message: "Granger thinks we can defeat them badly to-morrow if all our forces come in. I think you had better come to Rossville to-night and bring ammunition." Notwithstanding this appeal, General Rosecrans not only did not himself act on this suggestion to return to the front, but remained in Chattanooga, and did not even send Generals McCook and Crittenden back. He told them to get some rest, which they both did.

Immediately after hearing from General Garfield, the Commanding General sent the first telegraphic report of the day's events to Washington. He wired: "We have met with a serious disaster. Extent not yet ascertained. Enemy overwhelmed us, drove our right, pierced our centre and scattered troops there. Thomas, who had seven divisions, remained intact at last news." This was a sorry sequel to his report of the first day's battle, which had closed with these words: "By the blessing of Providence, the defeat of the enemy will be total to-morrow." Far worse tidings had already reached the national authorities in the frantic, terror-stricken messages to the Secretary of War of Charles A. Dana, whom Mr. Stanton had chosen as one of his assistants, in reward really for the "vigorous editorial championship" of the Secretary after Dana had quarrelled with Horace Greeley and resigned as managing editor of the *Tribune*. Dana was sent on a roving mission to visit the different armies in the West, and report confidentially to the Secretary upon their condition, as well as his own opinions of their commanders and the leading generals under them. His part was something like that of the committees which the Convention in the first French Revolution kept at the headquarters of the armies in the field. He had joined Rosecrans on the 11th of September, and was with him in the battle, but became separated from him on the 20th, when the rebels broke our right. He fled back to Chattanooga, reaching there earlier than Rosecrans, and telegraphed at once under the impression of the rout of McCook's and Crittenden's troops, and without any knowledge of Thomas's successful resistance in the afternoon, and on the assumption that the whole army was defeated when he left the field. His report commenced, "My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name as Bull Run," and contained these passages: "Our troops turned and fled. It was wholesale panic. Vain were all attempts to rally them." "Our wounded are all left behind, some 6000 in number.

We have lost heavily in killed to-day. The total of our killed, wounded, and prisoners can hardly be less than 20,000, and may be much more." "Enemy not yet arrived before Chattanooga." The official reporter of the War Department went to sleep directly after this performance and did not learn of Garfield's report until 8 P.M., when he was obliged, in a second despatch, to modify the alarming fictions born of his fright, as follows: "My report proves to have given too dark a picture. Having been myself swept bodily off the battle-field by the panic-stricken rabble of Davis's and Sheridan's divisions, my own impressions were naturally colored by the aspect of that of the field." What a confession! Then he gives a pretty correct account of the course of the action, but adds: "The latest report from Thomas is that he was driving back the enemy." He also overestimated the strength of the enemy at 70,000.

At 8:40 P.M., Garfield sent another summary of the events of the afternoon to General Rosecrans from Rossville, in which he expressed more favorable and hopeful views of the result than the facts warranted, using such language as this: "Longstreet's Virginians have got their bellies full." "I believe we can whip them to-morrow and crown the battle with victory." "Granger regards them as thoroughly whipped to-night." He added: "I hope you will not budge an inch from this position, but come up early in the morning, and, if the rebs try it on, accommodate them." Rosecrans answered that he liked his suggestions, but did not respond to his second appeal to come to Rossville any more than to the first. Nor was a third more successful which Garfield made five hours later in these words: "I hope you will get here as soon as possible to organize the army and victory before the storm sets in." The General Commanding thought more of saving the remnants of the army than of achieving a victory.

It appears from the records that Generals McCook and Crittenden were ready again for orders at General Rose-

crans's headquarters between 11 and 12 P.M. They were finally directed to proceed to Rossville and report to General Thomas. The two generals say in their reports that they started together at 12 P.M., but, according to Captain John J. McCook of Crittenden's staff, they did not get under way till 2 A.M. General Rousseau, who had just reached Chattanooga on his return from an official visit to the North, accompanied them. The two corps commanders found in line what had been gathered of their several divisions and resumed command over them.

The chief of staff's sanguine expectations for the next day were not fulfilled. In the morning, after studying the ground about Rossville by daylight, he and General Thomas became satisfied that it was not a good one for defence, being exposed on the right to an easy flanking movement, and they united in a recommendation to the General Commanding to concentrate the army at Chattanooga; he assented to it by an order received at 6 P.M. by General Thomas. The movement commenced at 9 P.M. and was successfully carried out, and by 7 A.M. the next day, September 22, the troops were all in the positions in front of Chattanooga staked off for them by engineer officers. McCook was once more on the right, Thomas in the centre, and Crittenden on the left. The retreat was not disturbed in the least by the enemy. Rifle-pits were at once dug and breastworks thrown up, and the entrenchments subsequently improved from day to day until they were sufficiently strong for all defensive purposes.

In the forenoon of the 22d, Rosecrans telegraphed to General Halleck: "Our position is a strong one. Think we can hold out for several days." In the afternoon of the same day, he answered President Lincoln, in reply to an anxious inquiry from him about the position and condition of his army: "We are now in Chattanooga in line of battle, the enemy threatening our whole front. Have pushed to our picket line. Whether they will attack us to-day uncertain. We are about 30,000 brave and determined men,

but our fate is in the hands of God, in whom I hope." On the 23d, his confidence was so much restored that he wired to the White House: "We hold this point, and cannot be dislodged except by very superior numbers and after a great battle."

Bragg's troops only shifted their bivouacs slightly on the 21st, so as to be nearer to water in Chickamauga Creek, buried the dead, and gathered the wounded of both sides, and collected the spoils of the field in guns, small arms, accoutrements, tents, ambulances, ammunition, and quartermaster's and commissary supplies. On the 22d they were moved some miles further down the valley, but it was only on the morning of the next day that they appeared in force on the heights along our front, after some lively skirmishes with our outposts, so that Rosecrans was mistaken in reporting their presence the day before.

The rebel Commander-in-chief addressed a congratulatory order to his army on the 22d, opening thus:

> It has pleased Almighty God to reward the valor and endurance of our troops by giving to our arms a complete victory over the enemy's superior numbers. . . . . Soldiers, after two days of severe battle you have stormed the barricades and breastworks of the enemy, and driven before you in confusion and disorder an army largely superior in numbers.

Our own Commanding General was, of course, in duty bound to let off a counterblast. He did this in a high-flown proclamation, dated October 2, in which he told his soldiers, among other boastful flatteries:

> You have made a grand and successful campaign. You have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. . . . You fought the combined armies of Bragg, of Johnston and the tried veterans of Longstreet's corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow with heavy interest. When the day closed, you held the field, from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers to occupy the point for which you set out—

Chattanooga. You have accomplished the great work of the campaign. You hold the key of East Tennessee and North Georgia. . . . You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve and will receive the honor and plaudits of a grateful nation.

As between the rival claims to victory of the two generals-in-chief, the balance of truth no doubt inclines in favor of Bragg. For even the one basis of Rosecrans's boasts, the possession of Chattanooga, became directly a doubtful advantage and threatened to prove a fatal trap for him. He could not prevent the immediate close investment of the town, and, before the end of the month, the enemy held him in so tight a grip that the confidence expressed in the despatch of the 23d to the President in his ability to successfully defend the place was very much shaken. He certainly would never have extricated himself from the rebel toils with his reduced force, and, but for the reinforcements which were hurried to his relief from the East, West, and South, would have been compelled to choose between starvation and surrender or retreat.

Historic justice must, indeed, award the palm to General Bragg, although his performance fell short of his chief object of interposing his army between ours and Chattanooga. At the close of the first day, it is true, the battle might be considered a drawn one, but the issue of the second warrants no other verdict than that the Army of the Cumberland suffered a complete defeat. The incontestable facts were that fully one-third of it was overwhelmed in one attack and driven off in great disorder, and that the remainder had to abandon the whole field, with its dead and severely wounded and numerous trophies, to the enemy. Nor can it be denied that the rebel triumph was due to superior generalship. Bragg had, indeed, failed to turn our left on the 19th, but he struck us so hard that he kept us on the defensive on both days. Rosecrans had no plan of battle beyond the protection of his lines to Chattanooga. Bragg adopted a bold one for the 20th, jus-

tified by the situation and the rules of the art of war, and substantially carried it out. He was favored by the accident of hitting our right just when most of it was out of position and in motion. But the strength of his assailing columns and vigor of their onset would doubtless have been too much for our wing if it had been in line. General Longstreet is, however, justly entitled to a share of the laurels. The début of Lee's tried corps commander upon this new theatre was certainly a brilliant one. It will be difficult, indeed, to find another instance on record of a general assuming command at midnight over entirely strange troops and successfully fighting a great action with them the very next day. Most singular was the final outcome of the battle of Chickamauga in that it proved fatal in its consequence to both the victorious and the vanquished commanders-in-chief.

According to the official lists, our casualties on the two days were 140 officers, including one brigadier-general (Lytle) and 1517 enlisted men killed, 609 officers and 9147 enlisted men wounded, and 248 officers and 4503 enlisted men captured, making a total loss of 16,164. The proportion of nearly one officer to every sixteen enlisted men is very large. On the Confederate side, a number of organizations appear to have failed to make returns, so that complete lists were never available. The closest estimates show a total rebel loss of nearly 18,000. As 2000 prisoners fell into our hands, the aggregate of their killed and wounded must have been almost equal to our total loss, and fully one-third larger than ours in killed and wounded. This was the natural result of the constant offensive of the enemy on both days. Three Confederate generals were killed and four wounded. There is a great discrepancy between the returns of the respective chiefs of ordnance as to the loss of artillery on our side. Rosecrans's chief admits the loss of only thirty-six pieces, while Bragg's claims fifty-two.

The battle of Chickamauga will live in memory as one

of the bloodiest ever fought. The killed and wounded on the two days reached fully twenty-five per cent. in the Union and thirty-three per cent. in the Confederate army of the number engaged. But the percentage of the losses of particular organizations was much higher on both sides. In a number of regiments and brigades it ranged from forty to fifty per cent. and over, with even higher percentages of officers, so that regiments were commanded by captains and first lieutenants, and brigades by majors. By far the greatest relative losses were suffered during the closing struggle on the second day. Among the assailants as well as the defenders of Snodgrass Hill, almost all the casualties occurred in the two hours, and in some brigades in the last hour, before dark. Of the Confederates, Bushrod Johnson's and Cleburne's divisions, and of the Unionists Steedman's, shed the most blood.

As I was not an eye-witness of the struggle described in the foregoing, it may be asked why I undertook to write its history. The answer is a simple one. In order properly to introduce the story of the events at and about Chattanooga, which will be related in the next chapter, it was necessary to review the Chickamauga campaign. For this purpose, I examined both the Official War Records and other works relating to it, and, in so doing, was struck by the imperfections of all the existing narratives of the memorable battle. I found them incomplete, incoherent, and contradictory in a greater degree than those of almost any other of the great actions of the Civil War. These very defects excited a desire on my part to draw from the available material a truer picture of the extraordinary contest. I was not long in finding out that, owing to the complicated movements of the two armies preceding the culminating collision, to the extension of the fighting over two days, and to the insufficiency of the sources of information, I had undertaken a most difficult task. But its very difficulties stimulated my determination to overcome them. It involved months of arduous labor. I am obliged to confess,

however, that their result is not as satisfactory as I could wish it to be as regards fulness and accuracy. Yet I can affirm that its shortcomings are not due to any want of conscientious endeavor on my part, but to the impossibility of making up a consecutive, complete and absolutely clear and true account from the material at my command. I have done the best I could with it, however, and I believe I can justly claim that my story is fuller and more correct than any of the existing publications upon the subject, and that it will be readily intelligible to the general reader.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK SEVEN

IN CIVIL-WAR TIME: CHATTANOOGA

CHAPTER XXXI

Federal Concentration and Reorganization.—1863

WHEN the Government at Washington became convinced that part of Lee's army had been detached to reinforce Bragg, the General-in-chief, Halleck, ordered General Grant, on September 15, four days before the battle of Chickamauga, to send all the troops he could spare, with all possible promptness, to the assistance of General Rosecrans. The order reached Grant at Vicksburg only on the 22d, but he at once complied with it, and soon fleets of steamboats were carrying tens of thousands of men up the Mississippi, bound for Memphis, whence they were to move by land. The deep effect of the news of the reverse at Chickamauga upon the Government is shown by the fact that, for the first time since the outbreak of the Rebellion, it was led to subordinate the theretofore always predominant considerations for the safety of the national capital to the requirements of a crisis elsewhere upon the theatre of war, and to overcome its reluctance to weaken the Army of the Potomac by reinforcing other armies from it. The decision was reached to send the 11th and 12th Army Corps, under Generals Howard and Slocum, as quickly as possible, by rail, to the Tennessee, under the command of General Hooker. The transfer of the nearly 20,000 men of the two corps, of guns, horses and teams and their belongings, was effected in a week—a very creditable achievement for those days. It took place as secretly as possible, and, in response to an appeal from the War Department to the Northern press, not a single reference was made to it in the newspapers.

I was just getting ready to start from Cincinnati for

Chattanooga when I was surprised on September 29 by the sudden arrival of General Hooker, accompanied by General Butterfield, whom he had appointed his chief of staff, at the Burnet House, where I was stopping. They welcomed me very heartily, and invited me to accompany them on their way to Chattanooga. As they travelled by special trains, their offer was eagerly accepted, and I set out with them in the course of the same day for Louisville, where we stopped half a day, and then continued our journey to Nashville and Bridgeport. Railroad travel at that time was, compared with its present perfection, of a primitive character. Sleeping or parlor cars were not yet known; hence long day and night journeys were very fatiguing. Although we had the right of way, we were delayed at every point by the crowding of the lines with trains carrying troops and supplies. It took us nearly two days and a half to reach Bridgeport on October 2, the regular running time being only fourteen hours. Directly in the wake of us, a dozen or more trains landed the two divisions of the 11th Corps under Generals Carl Schurz and Steinwehr on the banks of the Tennessee.

General Hooker's elation at being restored to active service was very great. Since I had last seen him, at Fredericksburg, he had passed through the ordeal of the battle of Chancellorsville, and had considered himself definitively shelved in consequence of his great failure there. He was in the highest spirits, and full of confident expectation of new distinction in the field. He talked in a lively and gay manner on the way, but was very indiscreet in discussing his past disappointments. He had hoped to have an immediate chance to do some fighting, and was very much taken aback when he received orders to remain himself at Bridgeport, and to employ his two corps in guarding the lines of communication between Nashville and Chattanooga. This meant scattering his troops in small bodies over about 200 miles of distance and did not suit him at all. But this duty was only temporary, and he was kept busy enough

while it lasted by rebel raids upon our communications, of which I shall speak hereafter.

I lost no time in pushing on from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, which I found to be an arduous undertaking of much hardship. The falling back of our army had been unfortunately accompanied by the abandonment of Lookout Mountain and Lookout Valley to the enemy. The Mountain rises, within a little over a mile from and to the west of the town limits, sheer up from the south bank of the Tennessee to the height of 2500 feet. Around its base ran the roads which formed the only direct western approaches from the Tennessee to Chattanooga, one down Lookout Valley, and the other over Raccoon Mountain. The occupation of Lookout by the rebels cut us completely off from the use of these roads, and limited us to the one longer and very difficult line of supply from Stevenson and Bridgeport up the Sequatchie Valley to Jasper, and thence over Walden's Ridge to the north bank of the Tennessee River opposite Chattanooga, a distance of forty-eight miles. I had no choice but to take this. I left Bridgeport on the afternoon of October 3, in an ambulance with three officers, and our horses gave out when we reached Jasper, ten miles distant, after dark. Starting again at daylight, the roads proved so execrable that we decided to continue on foot, and had the hardest struggle in ascending and descending in the darkness. It took until after midnight to make the eight miles to the river. I bivouacked the rest of the night with some teamsters around a camp fire, and crossed over to the town on one of the two bridges at daybreak on the 5th. I went directly to the general headquarters, where I was very well received by Generals Rosecrans and Garfield. The chief of staff provided me with quarters in a small brick house of which some of the staff had taken possession. Having been obliged to leave my hand valise and roll of wraps behind in the ambulance, my whole equipment consisted of what I carried on my body. I continued in this uncom-

fortable predicament for nearly three days, when, to my great relief, I recovered my retarded belongings, and could discharge my duties in an easier state of mind.

Feeling very tired from my rough night's experience, I lay down for a good sleep at about 9 A.M., but was roused, after resting hardly an hour, by the sound of heavy guns. It was the beginning of the long bombardment of Chattanooga from the rebel positions on Lookout Mountain and the heights to the south of the town. The enemy had tried some desultory firing upon us on previous days, apparently in order to get the proper range, but on this, the 5th day of October, 1863, our troops had their first experience of continuous discharges. As the sounds did not cease, I got up and set out to learn what the firing meant. I spent the rest of the day in working my way on foot along our lines and becoming acquainted with the situation.

Chattanooga occupies one of the peninsulas formed by the crooked course of the Tennessee in that mountainous region. The town had, before the Northern invasion, a population of about 10,000, and, as the junction of important railroads from all points of the compass, was a flourishing commercial and industrial centre. It extended from the left bank of the river southwardly for about a mile, with an average width of half that distance. The ground rose gradually, the lower part near the river forming the business, and the upper the residence, portion. Most of the buildings were of red brick, giving the place a solid and well-to-do appearance. There were some flour- and saw-mills, a foundry, rolling-mill, and other industries. The common station of the railroads was at the southern end. Of the population only a few hundred were left, white and black. General Rosecrans was anxious to get rid of the rest of the whites by sending them into the rebel lines. Business was completely at a standstill. The contents of the stores had been removed. Many of the buildings were being used for military purposes, and a number of private houses as headquarters; but the bulk of the troops camped under tents in the outskirts.

Our lines extended across the widest part of the peninsula. Our right, to the west of the town, under General Alexander McD. McCook, first rested near the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, but was subsequently drawn in further. Next came the centre, under Thomas, and the left, under Crittenden, thus repeating the formation that had been followed through the campaign. On reaching the assigned positions, our troops were at once put to work digging rifle-pits for immediate protection. Then day and night were employed in the construction of breastworks of solid earth in the rear of the pits. They arose like magic. The rebels had erected several forts within the town limits, which were put to use. The chief engineer, General Morton, had designed an interior chain of redoubts connected by breastworks, which were rapidly approaching completion. On Cameron Hill, an abrupt elevation on the west side of the peninsula, a regular casemated citadel was being constructed. Altogether the army could be said to be well sheltered within a strongly entrenched camp. Three days after the battle, Rosecrans reported to the War Department that he had 30,000 effectives left. This number had been increased in the meantime by returned stragglers and furloughed officers and men, and by various bodies on detached service, to about 35,000—an ample number to hold the place behind the entrenchments against any attack by the rebel army. Our security was, nevertheless, by no means absolutely assured; we were, on the contrary, exposed to the double danger of being either bombarded or starved out of the place.

Missionary Ridge divides the valleys of the Chattanooga and Chickamauga. It rises abruptly, like a mighty rampart, to a height of 1600 feet above the Tennessee River, and at an average distance of about two miles from Chattanooga. From the nearest part of its summit every quarter of the town is commanded. The rebel lines stretched from near the abutment of the Ridge on the Chickamauga along its brow to and beyond Chattanooga Creek, up the slopes of Lookout Mountain facing the town. The enemy's camps

were concealed by heavy timber, but their presence along this extended front had been well ascertained by reconnoissances, spies and deserters. The length of the line was nearly eight miles—too great—and became a source of weakness to which the final rebel defeat was due. The Confederate, like the Union army, retained its formation of Chickamauga during the first stages of the investment at Chattanooga—that is, the wing under Lieutenant-General Polk formed the right, and that under Lieutenant-General Longstreet the left. The strength of Bragg's forces was, according to the returns telegraphed to the Richmond War Office on October 7: Present for duty, infantry, 4664 officers, 46,447 enlisted men; artillery, 157 officers, 3480 enlisted men, making a total of 54,748 officers and men. The enemy's superiority in infantry and artillery thus appears to have been about thirty per cent. It was shown that the losses at Chickamauga had reduced Bragg's strength of 42,000, exclusive of cavalry, to about 24,000, so that 30,000 men must have been added to his command during the intervening two weeks and a half. These heavy reinforcements appear to have been made up of the two brigades of McLaws's division and two of Hood's divisions of Longstreet's corps, which joined the army just after the battle, a division from Mississippi under Major-General Stevenson, and many thousands of absentees on furlough and sick leave, whom the rebel authorities, by strenuous efforts, succeeded in gathering up and returning to the front.

The Confederate Commander-in-chief had made up his mind to confine his operations against Chattanooga to as close an investment as the local conditions allowed, and to compel the Unionists, both by interrupting their supplies and by shot and shell, either to surrender or retreat north of the Tennessee. This decision was contrary to the judgment of his leading generals, and, as will duly appear, led to what was nothing less than outright insubordination on their part. The interruption of our supplies had already been accomplished in a great measure by forcing us off the

river route, through the occupancy of Lookout Mountain and by cavalry raids upon our lines of communication between the Tennessee and Nashville. Haste had also been made in bringing up heavy guns for the bombardment of the town. It was their début that roused me from my slumber.

I made my way to the summit of Cameron Hill, where I had a fine panoramic view of the town, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. The firing was carried on by ten guns stationed singly at considerable intervals along the winding road up the Mountain, and from one heavy piece and several light rifled pieces on Missionary Ridge. The highest gun on Lookout seemed to fire from an elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet above the river. The heavy guns fired from a distance, measured by the sound, of about three miles. The firing continued all day till sunset, but varied greatly. Sometimes there were lively outbursts so that I could not count the number of shots, and again the discharges were single and in slow succession, as if for purposes of range-finding. Hundreds of shells were thrown in the course of the day, ranging from missiles six inches in diameter to those of three-inch fieldpieces. But the enemy inflicted hardly any damage. So far as I could learn, only one private was wounded in our camps, although crowds of our men freely exposed themselves by watching the fire from our parapets. Even the children pursued their games in the streets without concern. From our side only one field battery tried a little rifle practice from one of the redoubts. A couple of thirty-pounder rifle Parrotts had arrived from Nashville, but were not yet in position.

Before my return to the army, the Northern papers had been full of all sorts of accounts of the course of the two days' battles, the causes of our defeat, and the behavior of Generals Rosecrans, McCook, Crittenden, Negley, Davis, Sheridan, Wood, and Van Cleve. Charges that the first three had sought safety in flight from the battle-field had

been freely published all over the loyal States, and official investigations called for in the press, by various State authorities, and in Washington. There was so much contradiction and partisanship in the printed versions that I resolved to ascertain the truth on reaching Chattanooga and to write a review of the battle. I began at once to gather material for it. Generals Rosecrans and Garfield expressed their readiness to place at my disposal all the information they had, including the official reports of the corps, division, and brigade commanders, as fast as they came, together with the orders issued before, during, and after the conflict. Both were also not only willing but eager to give me the benefit of their opinions of men and matters without the least reserve. Indeed, they had a good deal on their minds, which they were very glad of an opportunity to relieve by speaking out unrestrainedly.

General Rosecrans represented himself the victim of the Washington authorities generally, and of the General-in-chief and Secretary Stanton in particular. He was even more bitter and vehement than at Murfreesboro' in his denunciations of them for interfering with his plans and for not complying with his recommendations and requisitions. He announced his firm intention to "show up" these two principal offenders in his official report—a threat which he was, however, wise enough not to carry out. He affirmed emphatically that the direct and sole cause of the disaster on the second day was the want of judgment and discretion on the part of General Wood in executing the momentous order "to close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him," and opening a gap in the line although aware that the enemy was about to attack that part of it. He applied the strongest language to that division commander, and even charged that he withdrew from the line, notwithstanding that Wood, in doubt as to the prudence of moving away, had sought advice of General Thomas, who told him to stay where he was. General Rosecrans was also unqualified in his censure of Generals Mc-

Cook and Crittenden for coming to Chattanooga "without orders," and at the same time thought it necessary to defend himself by a long argument on the duties and powers of a commander-in-chief for having preceded them. On my referring to the stories about Negley, he said promptly that this general had marched his troops away without orders, and ought to be tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service.

When I broached the subject of his own plans, he did not speak in as resolute a way about holding Chattanooga as I expected to hear. He was evidently in serious doubt whether sufficient supplies to maintain his men and animals could be secured. The destruction of several hundred wagons in the Sequatchie Valley by Wheeler's cavalry, to be followed probably by a new interruption of our only railroad connection with Nashville, made the outlook very grave. He confessed that there were rations for only a few days on hand, and so little forage that he was obliged to send away officers' and artillery horses. The lack of forage diminished greatly the quantities of supplies hauled by the wagon trains, since they had to carry food for their own animals for the round trip. The badness of the roads, destructive alike of wagons and of teams, so impeded their movements that it took them over a week to go and return. The reinforcements from the East, under Hooker, practically did Rosecrans no good, as they could not be brought up within supporting distance, owing to the difficulty of feeding them. He was clearly comforting himself in advance with excuses for a step which he did not like to take, but to which he feared he might be forced. Altogether, I found him very nervous, vindictive, irresolute, with little courage and self-reliance left, and showing generally the demoralizing effect of the lost battle.

General Garfield, knowing that he was safe with me, took me freely into his confidence. He told me how fully convinced he was that his chief was making a mortal mistake in going to Chattanooga, how he tried to dissuade him

from it, and how relieved he himself was to be permitted to rejoin Thomas. He asserted that a very strong feeling prevailed in the army over the conduct of the Commanding General and the two corps commanders, and intimated that he considered their removal from command probable. He had grave doubts also as to the possibility of keeping possession of Chattanooga. Having been nominated for Congress in an Ohio district sure to give him a strong majority at the impending election, his days of active service were numbered anyway. While he did not say so directly, it could be inferred from his remarks that his faith in Rosecrans's military qualifications was shaken, if not lost, and that he was not sorry to part official company with him. His changed opinion naturally made his position very embarrassing to him. In corroboration of this, I will anticipate events by quoting from a despatch of Secretary Stanton to Assistant Secretary Watson, dated Louisville, October 21, as follows: "Generals Garfield and Steedman are here on their way home. Their representations of the incidents of the battle of Chickamauga more than confirm the worst that has reached us from other sources as to the conduct of the Commanding General and the great credit that is due to General Thomas." (War Records, Series 1, Volume XXXI, Part I, page 684.)

I sought the headquarters of General McCook before dark on the day of my arrival and found General Crittenden with him. Both generals were in a state of great irritation and apprehension over the severe censures and demands for their removal and punishment with which the Northern papers were filled, and welcomed the chance of uttering their grievances to an old acquaintance through whom they hoped to get a hearing in the press for their side. The principal defence of both was that they had been virtually deprived of their commands by the successive orders of General Rosecrans to send one after another of their divisions to the support of General Thomas. In proof, they cited the original orders. McCook also showed

me the order dated September 20, 10:30 A.M., requiring him, after sending Sheridan's division to General Thomas, "to report in person at these headquarters as soon as your orders are given in regard to Sheridan's movement." He considered it a complete justification of his following the General Commanding to Chattanooga. But it may well be asked, Would he have been court-martialled if he had not obeyed the order, in view of the change in the situation? And would it not have been to his great credit, and would he not have kept his command, if he had stayed at the front? Crittenden claimed, that, having no longer any troops to command and being without orders, he was in duty bound to report to the head of the army, which could be done only by following him to the town.

I spent the whole evening with the generals and McCook's staff, all of whose members were in a bitter and depressed frame of mind. The corps commanders had not indicated any fears of personal consequences, but the staff officers were all apprehensive. Not being fully convinced by their arguments, I should have been embarrassed but that, in their excitement and wrath, they did most of the talking. As to the charge made and reiterated by the whole press that they had gone to sleep after reaching Chattanooga, they explained it as I have already done. They emphasized the fact that the Commander-in-chief had found no fault with their conduct—an assertion which astonished me not a little, as I had heard him express himself anything but approvingly regarding it only two hours before.

The blow they anticipated had already fallen even while I was discussing the subject with them. Nashville papers three days old were received late that night, with the news that the War Department had issued an order, dated September 28, consolidating the 20th and 21st Army Corps into a new one numbered 4th, appointing Major-General Gordon Granger to the command of it, relieving Generals McCook and Crittenden from duty in the Army of the Cumberland, and ordering them to hold themselves ready

to respond to a summons before a court of inquiry. I did not hear this until late the next morning, when I went at once to the general headquarters to ascertain whether the startling announcement was true. General Rosecrans admitted that he had received intimations from Washington that such orders would be issued, but he had not yet received them. Such was the fact, and the formal order was not promulgated by him until October 9. The intelligence created a great sensation throughout the camps, and consternation at the headquarters of the two affected corps. Generals McCook and Crittenden took it very hard, although they tried to seem indifferent. They felt that the indirect method of relieving them by the consolidation would deceive nobody, but would still leave upon them the stigma of punishment for their part in the battle by removal from command, and they made known their determination to demand courts of inquiry without delay. They manifested deep regret that ignominy should also be fastened upon their troops by the wiping out of the two corps organizations. I expected that the consolidation would not, on that account, be well received by their officers and men; but all, from commanders of division down, appeared to submit quietly to the change.

I tried to discover who was directly responsible for the act. Both Rosecrans and Garfield denied that they had recommended it or any other punitive measure at Washington, and subsequent developments confirmed this. Then I had a talk with Charles A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, still at the army headquarters, but he was entirely non-committal. It is a matter of record, however—first through the publication of his reports to Secretary Stanton, and again lately through his own admission in the personal memoirs printed in *McClure's Magazine*—that his representations regarding the part played by the two generals at Chickamauga and its effect upon their subordinates had as much to do with the decision of the Washington authorities to remove them as any other influ-

ence. He is responsible for the assertion that Garfield, Wood, Palmer, Sheridan, Johnson, and Hazen demanded the removal. Justice calls for the statement that he was entirely wrong in some of his animadversions upon those corps commanders, and showed strong, bordering on malignant, bias against them. He received and conveyed impressions, like the professional journalist that he was, hastily, flippantly, and recklessly. He thus involved himself in glaring inconsistencies and contradictions and humiliating self-corrections. This criticism certainly holds good of his official correspondence relative to the Chickamauga and Chattanooga campaigns as reprinted in the War Records. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that his reports indicate great power of observation and expression, and that his characterizations of military leaders were sometimes very able and true. Nor can it be doubted that he was animated by sincere patriotic ardor, recognition of which led Secretary Stanton to overlook the shortcomings of the work of his special reporter. Wherever the latter was, his superior was kept better advised on all matters in that part of the theatre of war than from any other source. He was indefatigable, and shrank from no hardship and personal danger in discharging what he considered his duty. Yet his zeal often degenerated into officiousness, and he fell at times into the rôle of the informer, without perhaps being conscious of it. I saw a great deal of him during our joint stay—at least once and often several times a day—and never failed to find him very communicative. Being a man of great natural parts and wide and thorough acquirements, and affable withal, his society was a real boon.

Generals McCook and Crittenden left for the North, accompanied by their entire staff, on October 10. It was a bitter trial for them to take final farewell of their companions in arms, whom they had led for two years and in five different campaigns—Shiloh and Corinth, Middle Tennessee, Perryville, Stone River, Tullahoma and Chicka-

mauga. It must be said that they did not receive any too much sympathy from the officers and men of their commands. I felt sincerely for them, knowing them always to have tried to perform their duties to the best of their ability. I had been one of McCook's military family so often, and received so much kindness from all its members, that their departure moved me like a great personal loss. Their separation from the Army of the Cumberland was permanent, although they both underwent courts of inquiry into their conduct at Chickamauga, which found that General McCook committed a mistake in leaving the field to go to Chattanooga, but that this was only an error of judgment, and that in all respects his behavior was faultless, and which pronounced that "General Crittenden's conduct not only showed no cause for censure, but that it was most creditable, and that he was not even censurable for going to Chattanooga." I did not see General McCook again before the close of the war, but I found General Crittenden once more in active service six months later, at the head of a division in the Army of the Potomac. Both issued pathetic farewell orders to their corps.

On the same day, the reorganization of the army, necessitated by the formation of a new corps out of the 20th and 21st, was formally promulgated by general order. The 4th Corps was to consist of three divisions commanded respectively by Generals Palmer, Sheridan, and Wood. Each division comprised three brigades, commanded in the first by Colonel Cruft, General Whitaker, and Colonel Grose; in the second by Generals Steedman and Wagner and Colonel Harker; and in the third by Generals Willich, Hazen, and Beatty. The divisions averaged between 6000 and 7000 men, and the total strength of the corps was nearly 20,000. The 14th Corps also constituted three divisions, instead of the former four, under Generals Rousseau (who resumed command on return from leave, relieving General Brannan), Baird, and Davis, and each division consisted of three brigades—in the first under

Generals Carlin, King, and Starkweather; in the second under Colonel Morgan, General John Beatty, and Colonel Daniel McCook; and in the third under General Turchin, Colonel Van Derveer, and Colonel Croxton. Five division commanders and fourteen acting brigadiers were thereby rendered inactive. The changes in the sub-commands of the army were thus very sweeping.

General Negley was separately dealt with, and far more leniently than the two corps commanders. General Rosecrans, though considering him deserving of the severest punishment, allowed him to prepare a special defence against the statements severely reflecting upon his case in the reports of Generals Brannan and Wood. After receiving and examining the papers from him, the Commanding General came to the conclusion, as he wrote on October 14 to the War Department, that General Negley "acted according to his best judgment under the circumstances of the case." He further gave him a leave of absence for thirty days, but advised him to ask for a court of inquiry. General Negley proceeded to Washington, and, on October 30, formally requested the Secretary of War by letter to order a court of inquiry in his case. The Secretary not acceding to this and advising him to return to the front, the General telegraphed to Chattanooga for orders, and received a reply directing him to return to the army on expiration of his leave. The case now took a very curious turn, worth relating in detail as it shows our military management in a peculiar light.

Having reached Nashville, he wired on November 10 to Chattanooga for orders. He was told, in answer, to remain in Nashville until further orders, and: "It is proper that you ask for a court of inquiry. It would not be proper to assign you to a command until an investigation has been had." To this the General naturally replied that he had applied for a court, and renewed his request for one to the War Department, but heard nothing further from any quarter until he received an order, dated Chattanooga,

December 22, as follows: "Major-General J. S. Negley having failed to demand a court of inquiry for the purpose of freeing himself from charges affecting his usefulness in this command, is hereby directed to proceed to Cincinnati or to any point outside this military division and report by letter to the Adjutant-General of the army for orders." This he did promptly, only to be informed by the Adjutant-General that the General-in-chief had no orders for him, as he belonged to General Thomas's command. Finally, the President on June 9 ordered a court of inquiry for him (the same order directed courts for the corps commanders also). The court found not only that "General Negley exhibited throughout the second day of the battle and throughout the following night great activity and zeal in the discharge of his duties," and that there was no evidence affording any ground for censure, but that General Brannan's allegations were not sustained, and that General Wood deserved stern condemnation for indulging in severe reflections upon General Negley, and applying coarse and offensive epithets to him, in the presence of the army commander and some of his staff, while failing to substantiate his charges on the witness stand. Thus ended this curious "much ado about nothing."

CHAPTER XXXII

Crisis in the Confederate Army.—1863

WHILE the removal of the generals and the reorganization absorbed the attention of headquarters and camps on our side, a similar crisis was occurring in the Confederate army. Indications of it had reached us through Southern newspapers. These came into our lines almost as quickly as into the enemy's, thanks to the truce arrived at between the respective pickets, without authority, but winked at by their superiors, and which led to friendly talk and exchange of courtesies. One contained a general order of Lieutenant-General Polk, in which he took leave of his corps, and the announcement of the removal of General Hindman from command. But no one was aware of the extent and violence of the conflict then raging among the rebel generals, nor was it suspected that these internal quarrels had led to a most important event, of which we learned from rebel papers and through the great commotion on Missionary Ridge. It was nothing less than a visit of Jefferson Davis himself to Bragg's troops. The President of the Confederacy arrived on the evening of October the 10th and remained till the 13th. His presence was signalized by artillery salutes and parades and reviews, which could be clearly seen from Cameron Hill. From our picket line the band music and cheers with which the rebel soldiery responded to the speeches he made to them were also distinctly heard. It is only by the publication of the Official War Records that the connection between his visit and the squabbles of the generals has been made apparent. I think it best to give at length this interesting chapter in the history of the Rebellion.

The opposition of Bragg's lieutenants to his decision simply to invest Chattanooga speedily found vent in active demonstrations against him. The first of these on record is a letter addressed by General Longstreet to the Secretary of War at Richmond, full of complaint and criticism, in which this passage occurs:

> To express my convictions in a few words, our chief has done but one thing that he ought to have done since I joined his army. That was to order the attack upon the 20th. All other things that he has done he ought not to have done. I am convinced that nothing but the hand of God can save us or help us as long as we have our present commander. Now, to our wants. Can't you send us General Lee? . . . We need some such great mind. . . . You will be surprised to learn that this army has neither organization nor mobility, and I have doubts if its commander can give it them. . . . When I came here, I hoped to find our commander willing and anxious to do all things that would aid us in our great cause, and ready to receive what aid he could get from his subordinates. It seems that I was greatly mistaken. It seems that he cannot adopt and adhere to any plan or course, whether of his own or of some one else. . . . There is no exaggeration in these statements.

Nor was Longstreet content with this. He begged Colonel James Chestnut, Jr., aide-de-camp of President Davis, then on a visit to the army, to go to Richmond with all speed and urge action upon him. In an official letter dated October 4, to Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill, he entreated him and Buckner to see the colonel also for the same purpose.

Most of the other generals in command above the rank of brigadier followed Longstreet's example. They conspired to make a direct appeal to President Davis for Bragg's removal. Their action was hastened by the issue of an order on September 29 by the Commander-in-chief, who had learned of the cabal against him, relieving from their commands Major-General Hindman, for disobedience of orders in the affair in McLemore's Cove on September 11, and Lieutenant-General Polk, for the same offence, on the

morning of the second day at Chickamauga. A long letter to the Executive, dated October 4 and understood to have been prepared by Buckner and Breckinridge, was signed by them and Lieutenant-General Hill and Generals Hindman, Cheatham, Preston, Brown, and others. Its character may be judged from the following quotations:

> Two weeks ago this army, elated by a great victory, which promised to be the most fruitful of the war, was in readiness to pursue its defeated enemy. That enemy, driven in confusion from the field, was fleeing in disorder and panic-stricken across the Tennessee River. To-day, after having been twelve days in line of battle in that enemy's front, within cannon range of his position, the Army of the Tennessee has seen a new Sebastopol rise steadily before its view. The beaten enemy, recovering behind its formidable works from the effect of its defeat, is understood to be already receiving reinforcements, while heavy additions to his strength are rapidly approaching him. Whatever may have been accomplished heretofore, it is certain that the fruits of the victory of Chickamauga have now escaped our grasp. The Army of the Tennessee, stricken with a complete paralysis, will in a few days' time be thrown strictly on the defensive, and may deem itself fortunate if it escapes from its present position without disaster.

After urging the necessity of strengthening the army, in view of the reinforcements of the enemy, the petitioners continue: "But . . . your petitioners would deem it a dereliction of the sacred duty they owe the country, if they did not further ask that Your Excellency assign to the command of this army an officer who will inspire the army and the country with undivided confidence." Moreover, independently of other reasons, "the condition of the health of the present commander totally unfits him for the command of an army in the field." In conclusion: "In making these representations to Your Excellency, your petitioners are aware that the proceeding is unusual among military men, but the extraordinary condition of affairs in this army, the magnitude of the interests at stake, and

a sense of the responsibilities under which they rest to Your Excellency and to the Republic, render this proceeding, in their judgment, a matter of solemn duty, from which, as patriots, they cannot shrink." The petition closed with a strong affirmation of their disbelief in the possibility of success under the existing command.

The annals of modern warfare will probably be searched in vain for a counterpart to this extraordinary performance in the face of the enemy. Lieutenant-General Polk had anticipated it by a letter of his own to the same effect, to President Davis, dated two days before he was relieved from command, by one of the same date and of a like tenor to General R. E. Lee, and by another to the President, bearing the date of October 6, in which he goes so far as to say:

> General Bragg . . . allowed the whole of the fruits of this great victory to pass from him by the most criminal negligence, or, rather, incapacity, for there are positions in which weakness is wickedness. If there be a man in the public service who should be held to a more rigid accountability for failures, and upon the largest scale, than another, that man is General Bragg, and I shall be happy to go before a court of inquiry on charges preferred against me by General Bragg, that I may have the opportunity not only of vindicating my own conduct, but of establishing the truth and justice of what I have written of his lack of capacity as a commanding general.

Longstreet's letter to the Secretary of War had effect. The latter wired to General Bragg that his apparent inaction since Chickamauga was causing anxiety, and called for an explanation. The General sent a full reply, setting forth that to attack the entrenched enemy would be suicidal, and that he was making every effort to accumulate sufficient supplies for a turning movement across the Tennessee River. But the demonstrations of the other generals decided the rebel President to make a personal at-

tempt to heal the dissensions on the ground. It may easily be imagined that his task was a delicate and unpleasant one. It does not appear whether he gave hearings to both sides during his stay, but it is certain that he determined to sustain Bragg at all points. The latter offered to give up his command, but Davis would not listen to the suggestion. He not only approved of the removal of Generals Polk and Hindman, but, the day after his arrival, authorized also that of Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill. He consented the more readily to the latter as Hill had been detached from Lee's army for the same reason, disobedience of orders.

Formal charges were made by General Bragg against Generals Polk and Hindman and sent to the War Department. The two generals, of their own accord, also applied for courts of inquiry. General Polk addressed interrogatories regarding his conduct to all the commanders under him, to which they all replied, mostly in his favor, and he further secured the statements of all his staff. But it never came to courts-martial or courts of inquiry in either case. President Davis settled that of Polk by declining to authorize the appointment of a court, on the ground that his personal examination into the causes and circumstances of his removal had satisfied him that there was nothing in them to justify further investigation, and by appointing the Lieutenant-General to the command of another department, "as the best evidence," to quote from his official notification, "of my appreciation of your past service and expectations of your future career." General Hindman received even more striking exoneration. In his formal declination to order a court of inquiry, the President gave as his reasons for it that his personal investigation of the case had convinced him that, if the explanations since given had been made at the proper time, General Bragg's order relieving him would never have been issued. This snub direct was administered to Bragg, notwithstand-

ing the recantation which he addressed to the President, no doubt on his requirement, in this humiliating form, under date of November 15:

> After your action in the case of Lieutenant-General Polk, which to me has been entirely satisfactory, I feel it a duty as it is a pleasure to request similar action on your part toward Major-General Hindman. This officer, as will appear from the official reports, was conspicuously distinguished at Chickamauga for gallantry and good conduct, and nothing but the necessity for uniform discipline prevented my overlooking the previous affair for which he was suspended. From what I have heard unofficially, the General may prefer not to serve under my command; but it is only just for me to add that he possesses my fullest confidence as a most gallant soldier and excellent disciplinarian.

The outcome was, that General Hindman returned to duty under Bragg.

The narrative of the machinations against the latter would not be complete without mention of the singular controversy provoked by General Buckner with General Bragg, within a week after the army had taken position before Chattanooga, over the question whether the Commander-in-chief had the right to transfer to another general's command part of the troops which Buckner had brought with him from East Tennessee. The correspondence between them, which fills many pages in the Records, culminated in violent personal abuse and a reference of the mooted point to the War Department, which overruled Buckner, who seems to have been a conceited, carping, and querulous egotist.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Wheeler's Raid.—1863

NEARLY all through September, dryness had prevailed and produced a veritable plague of deep dust, most trying to troops and supply trains. At last, on October 1, relief came in a good rainfall. At first it expedited transportation, but as rains gradually became frequent and heavier, the blessing was turned into another affliction. By the time of my trip from Bridgeport the roads were miry, and from day to day the reports regarding their condition grew worse. They soon spoke graphically of the animals sinking in the mud up to their bellies in the bottoms of the Sequatchie and along the Tennessee. The rains proved very trying in another respect. They filled the enclosed works and the ditches around them and the connecting trenches more or less deep with standing water, which it was found very difficult to drain off. The work on the fortifications was naturally very much obstructed. The steady rain made it almost impossible for the troops to keep dry, although they were provided with tents or had secured shelter in huts and dug-outs. There was a consecutive downpour for thirty-six hours during the first week of my stay. The pontoon bridge was broken on the night of October 15 by the force of the current, but fortunately the boats and timbers were saved and the bridge restored after a few days. The rebels, taking advantage of the elements, sent a number of rafts downstream to destroy it, but these happily passed while it was broken, and proper precautions subsequently taken neutralized all efforts in this direction.

I need not say that I too was made very uncomfortable

and hampered in my work by the inclemency of the weather. Owing to the increasing trouble in feeding horses, I had concluded to try to get on without one, but, under the circumstances, locomotion became steadily more and more restricted, as every sally meant getting wet through. Weather prognostications formed the main subject of talk at the various headquarters. The flood from above quickly swelled the rivers also, and their rise assumed such proportions as to involve dangerous consequences and render the condition of the army still more precarious. By the middle of the month, the Sequatchie was so high that it could no longer be forded at Jasper, and our supply trains were compelled to come and go by a circuitous route, lengthening the time of the round trip and entailing still greater destruction of wagons and animals. The high water in the Tennessee also did great mischief right under our eyes. Of the two bridges by which Chattanooga was connected with the north bank, the trestle had to be given up.

The protracted wet spell acted as a damper on the rebels as well as on our side. The hostile guns had not apparently increased in number, and they were fired so desultorily at long intervals that the enemy seemed to be under the restraint of a scarcity of ammunition. The damage they did to life and property was so insignificant, too, that we grew entirely indifferent to them. Those were indeed dull and gloomy days, not even enlivened by the regular arrival of the mails. While the bridge was broken, not a letter or newspaper reached the camps. Even the telegraphic connection was very irregular, and several times our only communication with the North was by couriers. Some slight ripples of excitement were produced, however, by the Ohio elections.

It must seem passing strange to foreign military men, and even our present generation will find it difficult to understand, that the discord and disintegration of party politics were deliberately introduced in the armies in the field. But party exigencies, in consequence of the really threat-

ening character of the internal political situation in 1863 in the loyal States generally, and especially in Ohio, where the bitter contest between Brough and Vallandigham for Governor was waged, made the Republican leaders feel justified in bringing about the passage of the State laws permitting their respective contingents in the national armies to cast their ballots for State tickets wherever they might be. No agitation by meetings and speeches among the troops in behalf of the candidates of either party was allowed before the election, yet so many politicians were serving in the rank and file that considerable quiet canvassing went on nevertheless. The voting took place on October 13, with very satisfactory results to the loyal cause. Out of nearly 10,000 votes, less than three per cent. were cast for Vallandigham. General Garfield, having actually won his seat in Congress, left for good on the 15th, under orders to proceed to Washington and to deliver in person to the War Department General Rosecrans's report of the Chickamauga battles, and to make such verbal explanations regarding the campaign as might be called for. I could but lament his departure, for our relations had become so friendly and even intimate that he was always ready not only to give me all the army news, but to talk our situation over with me in the frankest manner. I was but too conscious that I should probably not again be able to form such a genial and professionally profitable connection in that army.

While the danger of being shelled out of Chattanooga was no longer looked upon as great, the problem of preventing our being driven from the place by starvation became more and more difficult of solution. The troops had been put on reduced rations before my arrival, but, notwithstanding this, the increasing difficulties of transportation had so limited the additions to the supplies on hand that, by the middle of October, there were not more than half-rations for a week left for officers and men. All, from the General-in-chief down to the privates, had nothing better

than the reduced regular ration without fresh meat. No sutlers' stores could be drawn on to eke out the allowances by extra eatables and drinkables. Money had lost its purchasing power. I wrote that it seemed to be impossible for us to remain in Chattanooga. Dana had the same opinion and wired it to Washington. On the 15th he telegraphed that the scarcity of food would soon make it necessary for all persons other than soldiers to leave, and that he desired instructions whether he should return to Washington or make his way to Burnside in Eastern Tennessee. The distress was still greater for beast than for man, as forage grew more scant than provisions. Yet more work had to be exacted from the poorly fed animals in hauling trains, in consequence of the steady increase of mortality among them. Hundreds fell daily en route, and the roads were literally lined with dead horses and mules. The weakness of the stock was such that teams had to double up to get empty wagons over Walden's Ridge, and it took as many as ten days for a trip only one way. Between the foot of this ridge and the banks of the Sequatchie, hundreds of teams were reported to be stopped owing to the exhaustion of animals. Artillery horses fell daily by scores. Around us in Chattanooga, the sight of famished and famishing beasts became a common one. Numbers of them could be seen tied to trees and left by their owners to starve. Many officers incurred losses in this way and had to attend to their duties on foot. Nor did there seem to be any prospect of an early alleviation of this discomfort and suffering.

The chief cause of our sorry plight was the abandonment, upon the retreat of our army into the town, of the northern slope of Lookout Mountain, which commanded the direct approaches to the town from the west, including the wagon road around the face of the mountain. This important position had been held by a brigade, but General Rosecrans ordered its withdrawal, against the protest of his chief of staff and General Granger, as I was repeatedly told by the

former. They argued with him that from 1500 to 2000 men would suffice to hold the ground against any force of the enemy, and distinctly warned him of the certain consequences of the other course; but he would not be convinced, and the hazardous step was taken. Military critics have justly said that this was as great a mistake on his part as the fatal order to General Wood in the second day's battle of Chickamauga. It not only absolutely prevented our utilization of the shorter and better land route from Shellmound on the south bank by way of Whiteside and Wauhatchie, but also the use on the river of the steamboats which had fallen into our hands below and at Chattanooga, and which, in the then favorable stage of water, would have alone sufficed to supply all the wants of the army. Moreover, it enabled the enemy to station sharpshooters on the south bank within easy range of the road on the opposite side over which our transportation had to pass for a distance. From the second week in October on, their fire proved a dangerous hindrance in the daytime to the movement of men and animals.

But the Confederates did not confine themselves to obstructing our transportation from the secondary base at Bridgeport; directly after Chickamauga they resumed their old game of breaking up our railroad connection with Nashville, so as to prevent the movement of supplies from the North to the Tennessee. Their efforts were at first alarmingly successful. The chief raider, General Wheeler, started from the rebel right on September 29, and on the following day succeeded in crossing the Tennessee near Washington, some forty miles northeast of Chattanooga, with his own two divisions and three brigades from Forrest's command, amounting in all only to between 4000 and 5000 officers and men. A cavalry division of our own, under General Crook, not over 2000 strong, had been charged with the duty of watching the fords above Chattanooga, but his force was scattered over a distance of fifty miles, and hence was unable to prevent the passage of the

enemy. Wheeler reached the Sequatchie Valley over Walden's Ridge on October 2. He divided his force, sending the greater portion under General Wharton over the Cumberland plateau, and proceeding himself down the Sequatchie towards Jasper. Unfortunately for us, the whole train of the 14th Corps, loaded with commissary, quartermaster, and ordinary stores, sutlers' and medical supplies, numbering some 400 vehicles, including a number of ambulances, was then strung out between the stream and Walden's Ridge, and fell an easy and most rich prey to the raiders. They loaded themselves up with all they could carry; stripped the teamsters and other persons accompanying the train (including a party of men and women from the United States Sanitary Commission) of their clothing and all their valuables; selected the best of the animals to remount themselves and to be driven along; shot the rest of the horses and mules, or cut their throats with their sabres, and finally set fire to the wagons and ambulances.

Wheeler then started with his booty to rejoin Wharton, but he was not to get away without some punishment. When General Rosecrans learned from General Crook, on October 1, of Wheeler's movement, he wired orders at once to my friend Colonel Edward McCook, who was watching with his cavalry division the crossings of the Tennessee above and below Bridgeport, to move up the Sequatchie at once in pursuit of the rebel cavalry. Although his three brigades were scattered and he had only three regiments and a section of artillery with him, he set out without delay from Bridgeport. At noon on the 2d, he struck the rebel rear guard near the scene of the destruction at Anderson's cross-roads and at once charged and drove it before him. He pressed closely after the enemy on the 2d and 3d, up to the summit of the Cumberland plateau. The rebels repeatedly tried to make a stand, but gave way each time under the attacks of our men. The result was a considerable rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners,

the release of a number of our men belonging to the train escort, and the recapture of about 1000 mules.

General Crook, after collecting his command, followed rapidly in the rebel track. He was too late to prevent the capture of McMinnville (garrisoned by only one small regiment) and the appropriation and destruction of large stores of every kind; but he caught up with Wharton's rear and had a severe brush with it between McMinnville and Murfreesboro', and compelled the rebels to abandon their intended attack on the latter town. But they succeeded in destroying the railroad bridges and track southward to the Duck River. Near Murfreesboro' General R. B. Mitchell came to Crook's aid with McCook's division, which had made forced marches from the Sequatchie, and, as chief of cavalry, assumed command of all the mounted pursuers.

General Hooker had sent his chief of staff with an infantry force northward by rail from Bridgeport, to assist in the capture of the raiders. General Mitchell brought Wheeler to a stand near the village of Farmington, between Shelbyville and Columbia, a short distance south of the Duck River, and put him completely to flight after severe fighting. After this, it became a steady stern chase of the rebels to the Tennessee River, which they managed to ford between Huntsville and Florence, with about half of the force they had started with, but "loaded down to the guards," as General Stanley expressed it, "with their plunder of dry goods, watches, jewelry, and greenbacks, and hundreds of them dressed in our uniforms."

Another rebel cavalry force, under the notorious General Roddey, was to have started simultaneously with Wheeler from Northern Alabama to join him on the Duck River, but for some reason it crossed the Tennessee at Guntersville, Alabama, a whole week later than appointed—that is, on October 7 and 8—and so failed to prevent, as expected, the concentration of the Union troops against Wheeler. Roddey reached Salem, Tennessee, on the 10th,

but, learning there of Wheeler's defeat at Farmington, turned right around and retraced his steps as fast as possible to the Tennessee, and managed to reach Athens, Alabama, without having had more than a slight skirmish with the Federals.

Wheeler's raid was remarkable for the distance traversed, the hardships endured, and the work accomplished by his command. He was only eleven days under way, moved at the rate of from 40 to 50 miles a day, and certainly wrought as much damage as could be inflicted, on such a flying expedition. On our side, General Crook and his division showed equal tirelessness in the pursuit, for which they received well-deserved praise in a general order from General Rosecrans. There was naturally the greatest solicitude at the general headquarters regarding the extent of Wheeler's depredations and the duration of the interruption of our communications he would compass. The destruction of the wagon train had a most embarrassing immediate effect. Railroad connection was happily restored in four days—another of the many demonstrations during the Civil War that raids never succeeded in crippling railroads for any length of time.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Rosecrans Relieved from Command.—1863

AMONG the negative traits of General Rosecrans's character, not the least was the obstinacy with which he clung to his own conclusions, in defiance of reason and facts. His justification of the abandonment of the river route to the enemy was, of course, the assumption that it would be practicable to supply the army fully by way of the Sequatchie and Walden's Ridge. He stuck to it stubbornly against all the arguments to the contrary of General Garfield and others, until Wheeler's newest exploits and the steady decrease instead of increase of the available stores of food compelled him to consider the problem how to undo his mistake by re-opening the river line. The conclusion was indeed forced upon him that without this it would be equally impracticable to hold Chattanooga or to reach a condition of readiness for the resumption of the offensive, inasmuch as the food difficulty would not permit him to draw the reinforcements under Hooker and Sherman near enough for the latter purpose. Symptoms of his change of mind were noticeable before General Garfield's departure. He commenced talking to him on the subject, to General Smith, the new Chief of Engineers, to other generals, to Mr. Dana and myself. He began, too, to study the topography of the surroundings of Chattanooga and to send out engineer officers for the examination of particular points. This led to the evolution of an ingenious plan for neutralizing the obstructive effect of the hostile control of Lookout Mountain, viz., to seize and hold the south bank from a point beyond the range of the rebel artillery opposite the western front of the narrow peninsula formed by the first

great bend of the river below Chattanooga and known as Moccasin Point. While it was ten miles by water around the bend, it was not quite a mile across it in an air line from the north end of the main bridge of the town. The south bank being seized, supplies could be brought up the river from Bridgeport, landed at Moccasin Point, and thence hauled in wagons to the town. There were two steamboats and some barges available for the water transportation. The success of the plan would reduce the time from Bridgeport to one day each way, and thus solve the problem of sustaining the army. To carry it out, it was judged best that the initial attempt to effect a lodgment on the south bank should be made from Chattanooga, but that it should be supported by a simultaneous movement up the river by General Hooker's command.

It was ordained that General Rosecrans should not himself execute this clever plan. He had fully made up his mind to carry it out, and had already issued preliminary orders, including one to Hooker to concentrate his command, when his powers as commander-in-chief were suddenly cut off. A thunderbolt had been forging against him in Washington and descended upon him on October 18, in the form of a telegraphic Presidential order dated the 16th, relieving him from the command of the Department of the Cumberland, and directing him to proceed to Cincinnati and report by letter to the Adjutant-General of the army. By the same order, Major-General George H. Thomas was appointed his successor. This summary dismissal came as a stunning surprise to the doomed general. I can affirm from personal knowledge that while he had been apprehensive of removal after the battle, the tone of President Lincoln's subsequent despatches to him, and the fact that weeks had gone by without any indication of other intentions towards him, had led him to believe in his retention in command. He was wise enough not to give utterance to his feelings, and to leave at once for the North even before the change of command became known to the army. When

I bade him good-bye, he only remarked: "This was to be expected."

The truth was, that his fate had been decided at the national capital early in the month. On the 3d, a telegraphic order was sent to General Grant at Vicksburg, requiring him to proceed at once with his staff and headquarters to Cairo, and to report to the General-in-chief by wire for orders on his arrival there. It was several days in reaching him by boat, but, although he was lamed by an accident at New Orleans, he obeyed at once, and telegraphed from Cairo on October 16 for further instructions. The answer came in the evening of the same day, to the effect to proceed forthwith to the Galt House, Louisville, where he would be met by an officer of the War Department, with orders and instructions. He was also told to take his staff and headquarters with him, so as to be prepared to take the field immediately. This and the direction of his movements made pretty clear to the General and his military household what were the Government's intentions towards him. On reaching Louisville the next day, the officer of the War Department turned out to be Secretary Stanton himself, who delivered to Grant an order of the President constituting the military division of the Mississippi, with the three departments of the Ohio, of the Cumberland, and of the Tennessee, and placing him in command of the division, with headquarters in the field. The order also authorized him to relieve General Rosecrans by General Thomas, if he thought it best to make the change.

Before leaving Washington, the Secretary had wired to Dana on the 16th to meet him in Louisville, in pursuance of which the latter at once started for the North. As he relates in his memoirs, he reached Nashville on the night of October 20, and was intercepted at the station by a staff officer of General Grant, who told him his chief was on a train standing next to his and wished to see him. Dana had heard nothing of the great changes in the military commands, and his surprise when he learned what had hap-

pened may be imagined. General Grant informed him also that Secretary Stanton no longer desired him (Dana) to come to Louisville, but to return to the front with himself. Dana accepted the situation, and was directly on his way again to Chattanooga. They reached Bridgeport the next day, and set out for their destination the following morning. Grant's foot troubled him so that he took two days for the trip; but Dana rode through in one. An officer who passed Grant on the way told me that he presented a singular appearance with his white cotton gloves, low shoes, and white socks which were exposed for several inches. Dana reported to Stanton on the 23d that the General arrived "wet, dirty, and well." Grant himself, in a letter to Halleck, described the roads he had passed over as bad almost beyond conception.

Rosecrans's retirement from active command was the penalty for his loss of the battle of Chickamauga. Nor can it be doubted that his removal was demanded by the interests of the service and of the country. His desertion of the field alone afforded ample justification, and his conduct after the retreat to Chattanooga furnished other good reasons for it. There was the withdrawal from Lookout Mountain, already discussed. Next he was guilty of the presumption of despatching to the President on October 3 the senseless suggestion that he offer a general amnesty to all Confederate officers and soldiers, which gave great offence and raised suspicions of political aspirations on his part, although Mr. Lincoln replied kindly. But the greatest fault he showed was his indecision upon the question of staying in Chattanooga, notwithstanding the strong and repeated admonitions of the Government, and especially of the President, to hold the place. This state of the General's mind is revealed in Dana's despatches to the Secretary of War, but I must in duty point out that the extravagance of their language, in genuine reporter's style, unduly exaggerated the case. As Dana's denunciations were the only information which reached the Government from an au-

thoritative source—even Rosecrans's own report did not reach the capital until after he was relieved—they proved the determining factor (just as they did in the cases of McCook and Crittenden) with Stanton and Halleck. Full credit for this riddance was claimed by Dana himself in a conversation with me some months later in Washington. The President was inclined to exercise that weak clemency towards the General which he manifested towards McClellan and other disappointing commanders, but finally yielded to the "categorical imperative" which Stanton on this as on other occasions was obliged to address to the Executive. I cannot help remarking, that, as my own eyes observed at the time, Dana had intimate intercourse, day and night, with General Rosecrans, and that he enjoyed his personal hospitality, sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same building. His reports also prove that he deliberately drew the General into confidential communications, the substance of which he used against him, and that he held talks with general officers regarding Rosecrans which were nothing less than insubordination on their part. It can hardly be admitted that patriotic motives were a sufficient excuse for such a course.

Just before starting for the North, in obedience to the summons of Secretary Stanton, the Assistant Secretary wired him that he feared Rosecrans would evacuate Chattanooga at once unless he was ordered to remain. It is due to General Rosecrans to state that there was no foundation for this last accusation, and I am at a loss to understand how Dana could utter it, for I can personally bear witness to the contrary. I saw the General daily, and knew that the reopening of the Tennessee and the proposed movement of General Hooker absorbed his attention. Moreover, I recollect clearly that Dana expressed regret to me, an hour before his departure, that he was not to be present when the attempt to seize Williams's Island and the south bank should be made; so that he had no real ground for entertaining the fears he despatched to his chief. But his mes-

sage was effective, in that in consideration of it Stanton and Grant agreed to act at once by removing Rosecrans and appointing Thomas in his place.

I had never considered Rosecrans qualified to lead a large army. I can indeed claim that I took a correct measure of his mental and moral calibre directly after I made his acquaintance at Murfreesboro'. As early as June 14, I had written privately to the managing editor of the *Tribune* from that place, in reply to a suggestion from him that I should try to get into confidential relations with the General Commanding:

> My intercourse with him could hardly be more intimate than it is. I always make it my object to secure the confidence and respect of others in my private character as well as in that of a representative of a leading journal, and am generally successful. As to the mode of securing the confidence of the General proposed by you, I must say that it could not be employed, in my opinion, without degrading me to a mere mouthpiece of him, as which my self-respect and conception of professional dignity will never allow me to serve. I refer to the recommended reading of my correspondence to him, with a view to its modification at his pleasure. Permit me to advise you, in connection with this, not to commit the *Tribune* too strongly to the advancement of his military fortunes. *There are flaws in his moral as well as intellectual composition and professional capacity, which the future will surely develop into prominent shortcomings*, and may make too much previous commendation a source of contradiction, inconsistency and humiliation.

Personally and professionally the exit of General Rosecrans from the scene was, in one respect, a disadvantage, in another a relief to me. On the one hand, while I knew his successor well enough, his natural reserve, if not stiffness of manner, his reticence and indifference to the press, precluded such facilities at headquarters as I had enjoyed under the previous régime. Thomas's staff followed his example, and was offish towards correspondents, whereas the military family of Rosecrans, in accordance with his own

seeking of favor with the press, observed the opposite course. On the other hand, Rosecrans constantly embarrassed me by trying his best to induce me by special favors to defend him in the *Tribune*. He went so far even as to let me not only read but copy for publication the principal official reports on the battle which came in before his departure, with the result that the *Tribune* printed them in advance of all other papers. In this connection I give a letter from Mr. Dana to General Thomas, which appears in the War Records and explains itself.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, March 9, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

GENERAL:

It is stated by a newspaper correspondent that, on the 19th of January, you were serenaded by the Ninth Ohio Regiment, and on that occasion declared to some of the officers of the regiment that you had praised them in your official report of the battle of Chickamauga, and then added: "I wanted to do justice to the regiment, and I cannot understand why—I feel sorry—that the War Department saw fit to curtail my report so as to leave this out." I presume that you are aware that the only copy of your report which has yet been published was the rough draft furnished by you to Major-General Rosecrans, that officer being in great haste to make out his own report. General Rosecrans gave this rough draft which you had sent him to Mr. Villard, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, and it was published in that paper. The final report which you sent to Washington was, so far as I am aware, never seen by Mr. Villard. I am confident that you have not imputed to the War Department the mutilation of any official documents; but it seems proper that you should be aware of a statement which pretends to be made on the authority of your own language.

I am, General, with great regard,
Yours faithfully,
C. A. DANA.

This chapter may fitly be closed with a brief sketch of the new commanding general. Thomas was a graduate

of West Point, and had had more than twenty years of active service, including the Seminole and Mexican wars, in the artillery and cavalry, before the outbreak of the Civil War. He had thus had longer military experience than any other general officer in the Army of the Cumberland. He held the rank of colonel of cavalry in the regular army. Though a native of Virginia, he had never faltered for a moment in his fealty to the flag. He had a commanding presence, being nearly six feet high, and a soldier-like, erect bearing, with an open countenance, but rather a stern expression, full light-brown hair and beard tinged with gray. On first acquaintance, he seemed of a stolid nature and stiff and distant in manner, but on closer intercourse would reveal himself as a sturdy, resolute character, with the strongest sense of duty, and, altogether, a thorough soldier. He was not a genius, but was very intelligent, and although he seemed at times not quick in perception and too deliberate in execution, he could always be relied on to do what was required of him to the best of his ability. His even temperament gave him that coolness in action and equipoise in success as in failure which he possessed in a higher degree than any of his fellow-generals. He differed creditably from most of them in another regard: he was entirely unselfish and unambitious. He never made the least effort for personal preferment, and rather shunned than sought higher commands, from modest doubts of his competency and consequent shrinking from great responsibilities. It will be remembered that he declined the command of the army when Buell was superseded. In the same spirit, he felt it his duty, when a report reached him that Secretary Stanton had inquired how his appointment, instead of Rosecrans's, would be taken in the army, to intimate to Dana his reluctance to be the successor. While he was not communicative or fluent and polished in speech, he was by no means discourteous, and, as his reports show, thought and expressed himself very clearly.

Feeling that I was no longer wanted at the general head-

quarters as a messmate, I looked about for another connection. I received several offers to join other messes, but finally decided to accept the invitation of Brigadier-General Willich to share his tent and table. Of his antecedents as a Prussian artillery officer I have spoken in describing the campaign under Buell. He was forty-eight years old, and was probably the most thoroughly trained officer in the army. He possessed great general intelligence and knowledge, and conversed well on almost any subject. He had, however, pronounced socialistic views, which had led to his participation in the revolutionary rising of 1849 in Germany and to his exile, and with these I did not at all sympathize. We had many disputes over them, but they left no irritation. He provided me with a camp bedstead, and I partook regularly of such fare as he had. His one servant, a private soldier, was a very smart man and of general utility in cooking, washing, waiting at the table, cleaning our clothes, blacking our boots, and taking care of the general's horse. In apologising for the meagre meals he served, General Willich asserted that Fritz was a most successful purveyor and had nearly always managed to keep him in plenty, but that as there was now no chance to forage and his cooking was confined to the treatment of the reduced rations, he could not well do himself justice. Although the commissary department then distributed only hard bread, bacon, and coffee, Fritz showed real genius in evolving sufficient repasts out of this scant material and some canned vegetables and fruit he had managed to save from better days. I enjoyed Willich's hospitality as long as I remained in those parts, and I had nothing to complain of but the dampness. We could keep up a log fire only in front, not inside of, the tent, and when it rained, it was impossible to feel either dry or warm. To counteract this, our faithful attendant treated us at proper intervals to hot punch, for which he had kept some bottles of cognac in close reserve.

I became the guest of General Willich before I knew that

General Grant was coming to Chattanooga to assume supreme command; but as my chances of being allowed to join his headquarters were no better than with General Thomas, I concluded not to run the risk of a refusal, but to content myself where I was. It was fortunate for me that Mr. Dana returned, as he became my main reliance for correct information relative to the plans of the Commanding General, which he imparted and discussed with me freely, knowing that I would not make improper use of it. Next to him, General W. F. Smith, the engineer-in-chief, whose acquaintance I had made at Fredericksburg, General Meigs, the Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, whom the Secretary of War had sent to Chattanooga immediately after the battle, and the old division commanders of the Army of the Cumberland, were helpful to me. The scene of current events was also so confined that any occurrence of importance could hardly escape my notice.

CHAPTER XXXV

The Reopening of the Tennessee River.—1863

THE very last order General Rosecrans gave to the engineer-in-chief was to make a thorough reconnoissance of the south bank opposite the west side of Moccasin Point. General Smith carried out his instructions on October 19. He found an opening low in the ridge bordering the river, through which a small creek discharged into it, with Brown's Ferry at its mouth. This opening, or gorge, offered a way for landing parties to gain by a rush the first heights rising from 250 to 300 feet to the right and left of it and commanding the narrow valley between them and Lookout Mountain, and the roads running through it towards the town from a lower ferry. From that position the communications of the enemy up the Lookout Valley and over Raccoon Mountain could also be threatened. It was discovered further that the ridge was occupied by only a thin chain of pickets, which it seemed quite practicable to surprise. General Smith was so well satisfied with the feasibility of the proposed lodgement that he immediately matured plans for effecting it without delay. He submitted it to General Thomas, as the new army commander, who laid it, with his approval, before General Grant upon his arrival. The very next morning, the two generals were conducted to the ground by General Smith, who explained the topography and his proposed *coup de main*. He convinced them of the soundness of his plan, and they authorized him on the spot to proceed with the necessary preparations.

General Smith was assigned to the command of the expedition to be formed for his purposes. The brigades of

Generals Hazen and Turchin, numbering over 4000 men, and three batteries under Major Mendenhall, were ordered to report to him. The programme was to make the movement partly by water and partly by land. Fifty pontoons built for another bridge were prepared, each to carry twenty-five armed men and the rowers, together with two flat-boats holding forty and seventy-five men respectively. This flotilla would thus be manned by about 1600 men drawn from both brigades, with General Hazen in command, and was to pass down the river at night to the selected points for landing, a distance of nearly nine miles from Chattanooga. The remainder of the infantry and the artillery were to march under cover of night to the proper point on the east bank (the western front of Moccasin Point), whence the infantry was to be hurried in over the pontoons, directly after the landing of Hazen's men, while the guns remained to cover by their fire, if necessary, the operations of the joint forces. Complete surprise was, of course, the main condition of success.

General Smith invited me to accompany him on the expedition, and I gladly accepted. The preparations were pushed day and night, and with as much secrecy as possible. Even the brigade commanders learned the real purpose only the day before the expedition took place. As a number of boats had yet to be built and nearly all the oars to be made and the men instructed in rowing, it was not until the evening of the 26th that everything was ready. I was notified to join General Smith at midnight, and was promptly on hand. He kindly furnished me with a mount for the occasion. I had enjoyed a long sleep before starting and felt fresh enough for the night's adventures. We crossed over the bridge to the north side at about one o'clock, and had a good deal of difficulty in finding our way. Fortunately it did not rain, but it was very dark, and the very bad road was blocked by Turchin's command and the artillery. But we reached the landing-place of the ferry (which in ordinary times ran to the mouth of the

gorge opposite) by two o'clock, dismounted and stretched on the ground, awaiting developments. Absolute silence was enjoined in order not to excite the attention of the enemy. No lights or fires were permitted. It was really remarkable how quiet the 3000 men and hundreds of animals, that bivouacked huddled together near the bank, were kept for the next few hours. Not a sound was heard by the rebel pickets, as was subsequently learned, though they were only about a quarter of a mile from us.

The flotilla was manned by one o'clock, but did not get under way until 3 A.M. The fifty-two boats moved noiselessly out in long procession. It was found directly that the current would carry them along without the use of oars. After floating down for three miles, the boats came in sight of the first rebel picket fires, but, by keeping well up the east bank, were not discovered by the enemy until the first boat touched the other bank, when a few shots, which were returned from the flotilla, were fired at them. This was the first sign to our party that the boats had reached their destination. It was then nearly five o'clock. I had fallen asleep leaning against a tree, but was aroused by the stir about me. We saw nothing but the signal fires just lighted by our side to indicate the landing-points, but we heard the noises caused by the disembarkation, as well as the commands of officers. In about twenty minutes, sharp musketry was again heard and continued for some time. We inferred that the rebel grand guard was attempting to drive our men into the river. Our anxiety was relieved by the appearance of several boats which, having discharged their loads, came to carry over Turchin's men. More and more boats followed them, and the passage over was affected with such regularity and rapidity that by daylight all the infantry and even a section of artillery were on the west bank. Towards dawn some rebel guns had been brought up and threw a number of shells at the boats, but without doing any damage or interrupting the transfer.

I crossed over with General Turchin on one of the last boats, and soon ascertained that General Smith's plan had been successfully carried out in every detail. We stepped on the bank, a short distance to the right of the mouth of the gorge at which the first landing was effected, and near which stood the small house of the ferryman, the only human habitation in sight. The gorge formed the bed of a small creek then running so full that it could be crossed only by a foot-bridge of a single log over which our men had to pass in single file. The gorge was just wide enough for the stream and an ordinary road hugging it closely and running up and over the ridge, and the slopes on each side were very abrupt and difficult of ascent. The summit was sharp and but a few feet wide. These hills fringed a valley over a mile wide, partially cultivated, and enclosed to the west by the high parallel range of the Raccoon Mountain.

Hazen and Turchin were to take the hills respectively to the left and right of the gorge. Fifty men of the Twenty-third Kentucky, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Foy of that regiment, having landed first, quickly moved up the road about a quarter of a mile to the crest, and commenced building breastworks, after throwing out some skirmishers. Shortly afterwards the latter reported the approach of a force of the enemy. They turned our detachment and compelled it to fall back until they came upon more of our troops under Colonel Langdon of the First Ohio. A stand was then made, the enemy were checked and finally driven off. It was ascertained that the rebel body charged with guarding the river consisted of three small regiments of Law's brigade of Longstreet's corps, with three pieces of artillery; but they were so scattered along the river that only 150 men attacked Foy's men. They left six dead and a number of wounded. We lost less than forty in all and captured the rebel camp, some cattle and a lot of forage. Our forces then occupied the ridge to the right and left, according to programme, and fortified themselves as

strongly as possible with breastworks and abattis. As soon as the last troops had crossed over, the construction of a pontoon bridge was commenced, and pushed so energetically that it was completed before dark. I was one of the first to recross on it and make my way back to Chattanooga, and reached my quarters very tired and hungry at seven.

The good news I brought was sent by General Willich to the regiments of his brigade and to the other brigade commanders, and was welcomed with much joy in the camps. The achievement at Brown's Ferry was a great step towards the unlocking of the river route to Bridgeport, but it could not bear the full desired fruit without such further movements on our part as would prevent the enemy from rendering the position gained useless by again obstructing navigation from other points on the left bank, between the Ferry and Bridgeport. The only way to accomplish this effectually was to shut him out from the approaches to the river by the valley of Lookout Creek, or, in other words, by occupying it ourselves. This was to be Hooker's task. It was intended that he should execute it simultaneously with the other move. He was ordered to concentrate his command for this purpose some days before General Smith's expedition was authorized; but if Dana's report of October 23 to Secretary Stanton can be believed, he was laggard about this on the ground that his wagon trains had not yet arrived. He did not commence the movement until the morning of the 27th, the very time the expedition was landing at the Ferry. Dana, who went to Bridgeport to accompany Hooker, wired thence on that day to his superior that the General was in an unfortunate state of mind towards the plan he was to execute, finding fault, criticising, dissatisfied, and truculent. Hooker's force was to consist of Schurz's and Steinwehr's divisions of the Eleventh Corps, under General Howard, and Geary's second division of the Twelfth Corps. He was strengthened, moreover, by two brigades of General Palmer's di-

vision, which started on the night of October 24 from Chattanooga to join him by way of Rankin's Ferry.

Hooker's troops were ordered to move without wagons, with three days' rations and forage, and sixty rounds on their persons. They passed directly over and crossed the Tennessee from Bridgeport by a pontoon bridge, with Steinwehr's division in the lead, and followed the road along the base of Sand Mountain to Shellmound, where they entered the valley of Running Water Creek, up which they marched to Whiteside, where they went into camp late in the evening. The next morning, the column continued up Running Water Creek to the watershed, and descended through the gorge into the Lookout Valley. It pushed on as far as Wauhatchie without meeting any opposition; but, a short distance from that place, near the junction of the Brown's Ferry and Chattanooga road, the cavalry advance suddenly received fire from rebels concealed in the underbrush on a hill close to the road. The column halted and a brigade was deployed to the left and another to the right of the location of the rebels, in order to cut them off; but the enemy fled across Lookout Creek and set fire to the railroad bridge over it. Resuming the march, our troops became exposed to the fire of the batteries on Lookout Mountain, which commanded that part of the valley; but the shells they threw did no injury. Between four and five, the mouth of Lookout Valley was reached and a junction effected below it by Howard with the command of General Hazen. The Eleventh Corps went into camp less than a mile from Brown's Ferry, with its left resting on the ridge occupied by Hazen, and its right at the base of Raccoon Mountain. Geary's division was directed to encamp near Wauhatchie, three miles from the Twelfth Corps, in a position covering the two roads leading from Lookout Valley to Kelley's Ferry, the first below Brown's.

We had lost but a few men so far, but the enemy did not intend to yield the position of Lookout Valley so easily. They had observed the division of Hooker's force and de-

termined to take advantage of it by a night attack. General Hazen was said at the time to have been so strongly impressed with this danger that he sought General Hooker and urged him to concentrate, but without effect. Hooker considered an attack improbable, and the control of the roads to Kelley's Ferry too important for any risk. General Geary's division consisted of three very weak brigades numbering together not over 1500 men. This division commander had noticed that his movements and numbers were clearly observable from the rebel signal-station on Lookout Mountain; moreover, very active signalling from it made him apprehend that something was contemplated against him during the night, and he therefore exercised extra precaution in posting his pickets and grand guards. But as Howard's corps had apparently cleared the valley of the enemy to the north, he assumed that any move upon him would come from the south, and he guarded against surprise mainly from that direction. His men slept on their arms, with their cartridge-boxes on. Their rest was not disturbed until nearly eleven o'clock, when some picket firing led General Geary to have the whole camp aroused. All was quiet again until after midnight, when the discharge of the guns of our pickets to the north and east gave warning of the approach of the enemy from the side he was least expected. General Geary had barely time to form a line when a heavy body fell upon his left, firing and cheering.

Lieutenant-General Longstreet, commanding the left of the investing army, was ordered on October 27 to dislodge our troops from their new position at Brown's Ferry. While observing it with General Bragg from Lookout Mountain, he was apprised of the approach of Hooker's column. Repairing to a nearer point of observation, they watched the march of Howard's corps down the valley and saw Geary's division, which they took to be the rear guard, come to a halt. They made a correct estimate of the strength of both bodies, and saw in the long distance sepa-

rating them their opportunity for swooping down upon and destroying the smaller one. General Law's brigade, a detachment of which had been encountered by Howard's cavalry advance, already lay in concealment behind one of the low short ridges traversing the Lookout Valley, half way between Howard and Geary. General Longstreet directed the other three brigades of Jenkins's (formerly Hood's) division, which were lying on the east side of the mountain, to concentrate at its base, and to move around it and join Law, who was ordered to advance close to the road between our two bodies. Part of the division was then to move upon Geary, the remainder to prevent the Eleventh Corps from reinforcing him, by blocking the road, and, if circumstances were favorable, to attack and stampede our troops over the river. Otherwise, Jenkins was to withdraw after Geary's destruction. Jenkins moved with three brigades, as ordered, but found it so difficult to work around the mountain that he did not reach his destination before midnight. Law's and Robertson's brigades were to hold the position occupied by Law, Bratton's was to surprise Geary, and Benning's to be stationed within reinforcing distance of Bratton. The main reliance was on the panic which they expected to produce on our side by the night surprise.

Bratton attacked with the Hampton Legion and Fifth South Carolina on the right, and the First, Second, and Sixth South Carolina and Palmetto Sharpshooters on the left. His line advanced within short range before firing, when a hot exchange of musketry ensued. The enemy tried to force first our left, then our right and centre. Bratton asserts that he drove part of our line through its camp and beyond the trains behind it; but Geary insists that not a foot was yielded at any point, and that every rebel forward move was repelled. He admits, however, that the Hampton Legion almost succeeded in gaining the road to Kelley's Ferry in his rear, but they were caught in flank and driven back with considerable loss in killed and wounded. The

enemy had no artillery, but our division battery kept up an incessant shower of grape and canister upon the assailants at short range. The fighting continued till after three o'clock, when our men's cartridge-boxes were nearly empty. Fortunately, the hostile fire then slackened, and the rebels gave up the struggle and withdrew from the field, leaving their severely wounded behind. Geary naturally claimed a decided victory, but it appears conclusively from the rebel official reports that Bratton was ordered to retire by General Jenkins in consequence of what had happened in the meantime to the brigades of Law and Robertson.

The sudden and heavy firing towards Wauhatchie was heard and its meaning at once understood by General Hooker, who immediately sent a direct order to Schurz's division, which was encamped close to his headquarters, to hasten to the aid of Geary, and, at the same time, notify General Howard of this order, with the further one to double-quick Steinwehr's in the same direction. The two divisions were promptly under arms. General Schurz, after making sure that his three brigades were ready to move, put himself at the head of the leading brigade under Brigadier-General Tyndale. The corps commander joined him and rode with him for a time. The column moved, with flankers on each side, in bright moonlight. After marching for half a mile, the left flankers were attacked, and the head of the column received a heavy volley from a hidden force, wounding one of Schurz's staff at his side and several men. The leading regiment stopped and a few shots were fired in return, when the march was resumed. Schurz then learned that his other two brigades, which he had supposed to be following Tyndale's closely, had been halted some distance behind by order of General Hooker. About the same time, he received an order from the latter, by an aide-de-camp, to take from the enemy and hold a height to his left, commanding the gap in the spur of hills through which the main road to Chattanooga turns to the east. Tyndale's men were formed and climbed up

the steep slope and speedily drove the rebels from the intrenched crest after a short engagement, and remained in that position. This encounter was with Robertson's brigade, which formed the left of the rebel line on the hills.

Meantime, Steinwehr's division had a similar experience. After being under way for a short time, its head also received a volley from another hill flanking the Chattanooga road on the north. Howard ordered the height to be taken, and Steinwehr assigned the task to Smith's brigade. A line of three small regiments, not exceeding 700 men in all, made for the hill and ascended it under severe fire, without returning it, trusting to their bayonets, as ordered. As they reached the crest, the enemy fled, leaving their intrenching tools and fifty prisoners in our hands. They proved to be Law's brigade, outnumbering our force by one-half. It was the capture of the two hills which led the rebel division commander to the conclusion that his venture was hopeless, and to his order to all his brigades to fall back beyond Lookout Creek.

After Tyndale's brigade was in position, General Schurz, in order to ascertain why his other brigades were kept behind, rode back and found General Hooker, and, reporting to him that the hill had been occupied, asked for further instructions. The Commanding General asked him curtly why he had not pushed his column to the support of Geary. He answered very properly because only Tyndale's brigade had been at his disposal and employed in taking the hill. He was then ordered to reinforce Geary without delay, and did so; but none of his troops reached the latter before half-past five, over two hours after the rebels had given up the fight with him.

The affair has become known as the "Battle of Wauhatchie," but hardly deserves to be designated as such, considering the smallness of the number engaged and the losses on each side. Our casualties were 420, of which Geary lost 216 and Smith's brigade 164. We had eleven officers killed, including the two of Geary's battery, which

also lost one-third of its men and half of its horses. The rebel loss was much exaggerated in our reports. Even General Thomas gave it as 1500 in his despatches to Washington. In reality, it was not much over 500; that of Bratton's brigade alone was 356. But while this encounter was of small importance in this respect, the effect of it was very consequential for us, as it deterred the enemy from any other attempt to recover control of the left bank, and put our ability to hold the place beyond all doubt, and thus gave us the undisputed use of the river route for supplying Chattanooga. The rebel surprise was well planned, but turned out only another of the many instances of night attacks (owing to the great difficulty of managing them properly, especially in a broken and wooded country), becoming more hurtful to the assailants than to the assailed. If Law's and Robertson's brigades, which were very well placed for preventing Howard from succoring Geary, had attacked determinedly, instead of remaining more on the defensive, the result would probably have been different. Even as it was, they kept Howard's two divisions from giving aid to Geary until he had saved himself by the gallant struggle of his command. The passiveness of Benning's brigade, which does not seem to have fired a shot, has never been explained.

General Bragg was bitterly disappointed by the failure of his best division, numbering fully 5000 men, as he said in his report to the War Department, and pitted, as they were, against "parts of the 11th and 12th Corps, troops which have more notoriety for their want of steadiness under fire than anything else. The officers do not seem to have appreciated a night attack. It should have been made with great vigor and promptness, and completed before the enemy could have time to know our purposes. . . . The reports of Generals Jenkins and Law conflict, each apparently claiming that the other was at fault." Bragg ascribed the miscarriage directly to the jealousy of these two generals.

On our side, the affair had a painful sequel. As has been seen, although General Hooker promptly issued orders, as soon as the firing was heard, to reinforce Geary with the whole of Howard's corps, not a man reached Geary until long after his fighting was over. My narrative shows how this happened. But, strange to say, General Hooker, who was solely responsible for it, committed the outrageous injustice in his official report of charging General Schurz and one of his brigade commanders, by implication, with disobedience of orders in not going promptly to the relief of Geary, as ordered. The censured generals did not see Hooker's report until January, but then at once made application for courts of inquiry. General Schurz obtained one, before which the facts were proved by the most conclusive evidence to be just as I have related them. The result of the investigation was a complete exoneration of the division commander and his subordinate and a thorough humiliation of Hooker, whose conduct was explained at the time by his being under the influence of liquor during the engagement. Another explanation is that he had hated Schurz ever since the battle of Chancellorsville, and that the utterly unfounded charge was probably due to vindictive malice.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Preparations for the Offensive.—1863

THE general headquarters learned of the fighting at Wauhatchie within two hours after its commencement. The news caused great uneasiness, which was allayed, however, before daylight by the tidings of the repulse of the enemy. Generals Grant and Thomas set out in the early morning for Lookout Valley, via Brown's Ferry, after ordering two brigades to reinforce Hooker. They returned after noon, satisfied that Bragg could not recover the positions gained by us. They found the approaches to Brown's Ferry already well protected by the erection of connecting redoubts, under the direction of General Smith, on the ridge held by Hazen and Turchin. Hooker was also rapidly intrenching on a well-chosen line. General Palmer's two brigades, which had been detained by difficulties in crossing the river, were about to join with them. The force available in Lookout Valley for meeting a new attack numbered nearly 25,000, and was ample for the purpose. Moreover, the rest of the army at Chattanooga was within supporting distance.

Reports of the night fight, more or less exaggerated, spread rapidly through the camps around the town and produced general rejoicing. It instantly revived the spirit of the troops, as it was generally understood to mean nothing less than the definite laying of the spectre of famine and the quick restoration of full rations. This general elation prevailed, in spite of the steady fire which the enemy kept up all day, from four guns on Lookout Mountain, as though to vent his anger at Jenkins's discomfiture in the Lookout Valley. An ocular demonstration that

a return to plenty might confidently be expected was made that very day. One of the two disabled boats which had fallen into our hands had been repaired, and was now got ready to pass down the river in order to carry supplies between Bridgeport and Brown's Ferry. As the rebel batteries upon Lookout Mountain completely swept the horseshoe bend of the river by which Moccasin Point is formed, the boat had to run the gauntlet of their shell and shot. Midnight was therefore fixed for the daring attempt. I went to the landing near that hour, to witness the start, and found a crowd of officers already there. The boat was manned by volunteers with experience in steamboating. It got off soon after the appointed time, with our silent good wishes. After it had been under way for about twenty minutes, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by reports of single shots and volleys from small arms, followed in less than a minute by the reverberation of the fire of heavy guns. We thus knew the craft had been discovered, and trembled for the crew. But in less than an hour later, three whistles—the agreed signal—told us that it was safe after all, when we broke out into three grateful cheers. The boat was not hit by heavy missiles, but received a shower of bullets, one of which perforated a steam-pipe. This did not, however, impede its progress down the river, and the damage was easily repaired. It took on a load at Bridgeport and started on the up-trip the same day. We learned the next morning that the boat which had been captured and repaired at Bridgeport had come up and landed a heavy cargo at Brown's Ferry the evening before. The two boats and the barges they could tow could bring up between 700 and 800 tons a day, or more than the daily consumption of the army. Notwithstanding the high stage of water, the natural obstructions between Brown's and Kelley's Ferries caused so much trouble and loss of time that the boats at first ascended no higher than Kelley's, eight miles by wagon road from Brown's. But the road became so bad by severe

use and rain that the boats, after a few days, again ran to Brown's. Complete relief of the army, however, remained thenceforth assured.

The credit due for General Smith's achievement was given him by General Thomas in a very complimentary general order issued on November 1. General Hooker's command also received special recognition in another, dated November 7, in which this passage (rather overdone, considering that we suffered scarcely any losses in taking the hills) occurs: "The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the sides of a steep and difficult hill over 200 feet high, completely routing and driving the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's division of greatly superior numbers who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war." In another respect, Generals Grant and Thomas had so much ground for dissatisfaction with the behavior of General Hooker that he would not have been distinguished by that order if they could have helped it under the army rules entitling the superior to a share of the glory actually achieved by a subordinate.

As shown by his report of October 26 to the General-in-chief, General Grant at first had some doubts of the possibility of sustaining the army at Chattanooga, and discussed the contingency of leaving the defence of the place to part of it and moving the bulk nearer to regular supplies. With a view to this, General Smith was ordered to resume work on the fortifications, which had been allowed to lag owing to the all but continuous rain, and push it to completion, which he agreed to do within three weeks, so that 10,000 men could hold the place against any hostile force. In the same report, Grant gives expression to his strong apprehension that the enemy would have a large force up the river and cross it between Blythe's Ferry and Cotton Port, thirty to forty miles northeast of Chattanooga, and then repeat Bragg's former movement upon our communications via McMinnville. In that case, the weak

condition of our artillery horses and our deficient supplies would prevent the army from following the enemy. This fear led him to send orders to General Sherman to drop the repair work he was doing on the railroad along the Tennessee and push eastward with his troops as quickly as possible. In explanation, he stated that the enemy was evidently moving a large force towards Cleveland (a railroad centre twenty-five miles east of Chattanooga), and might break through our lines and move on Nashville, in which event his (Sherman's) troops would be the only available forces that could beat them there. He added that, with Sherman's command at Chattanooga before the enemy crossed the Tennessee, we could turn their position so as to force them back and avoid the possibility of a northward move that winter. General Grant was misinformed as to the alleged rebel movement. Bragg had not stirred at that time, but it turned out that soon afterwards he decided upon a diversion to the east.

The alarming news was brought to the army headquarters by some of our spies from the rebel camps that Longstreet had started with a large force for East Tennessee. As it was confirmed from other sources on the next day, and as the movement doubtless threatened great danger to General Burnside, General Grant at once considered with General Thomas the possibility of either attacking Bragg's position or moving against his communications to the northeast, in order to bring about the recall of Longstreet. Grant thought that Bragg had only 30,000 men left on our front, while Thomas's estimate was 40,000. After carefully weighing all the circumstances, the two generals came reluctantly to the conclusion that nothing aggressive could be safely undertaken before Sherman's advent. Renewed orders to hasten his movements were sent.

The regular flow of sufficient supplies for men and animals, the fruit of our successes at Brown's Ferry and in the Lookout Valley, freed the minds of Generals Grant and Thomas from all doubts as to our ability to remain in

Chattanooga. The approach of Sherman further promising enough strength for the resumption of the offensive, the two commanders now entered upon plans for raising the siege. It was clear that to make Bragg withdraw by long-distance strategic movements was out of the question, owing to the nearness of the inclement season, the impossibility of accumulating sufficient supplies, and the condition of our draft animals. There was no other way than to drive off the enemy by direct aggressive operations. Perceiving this, the generals were receptive of suggestions which General Smith was ready to make to this end. After repeated and close observations of the ground, the engineer-in-chief was convinced that the northern end of Missionary Ridge, from the tunnel by which the Chattanooga & Cleveland Railroad passes under it to Chickamauga Creek, was not occupied by the enemy; that a passage of the Tennessee could therefore be forced at the mouth of the creek, the terminal heights of the ridge seized, and the rebel left thereby turned. Having satisfied himself by a personal reconnoissance that the topographical conditions were correctly represented, General Grant resolved to attempt the seizure of the position described, and directed all necessary preparations to be made as quickly as possible. The operation was not to be undertaken, however, before the advent of the reinforcements under General Sherman, for whose fine troops a leading part was reserved. With them there would certainly be sufficient numerical power for a decisive blow. According to the official returns, the effective strength of the Army of the Cumberland, at the end of October, was, without cavalry: 4th Army Corps, 19,781 officers and men on duty; 11th Corps, 6152; 12th Corps, 9211; 14th Corps, 19,220; reserve artillery, 1219—or nearly 56,000; and fully half as many again were being led towards Chattanooga by Sherman, making a total of between 85,000 and 90,000.

It is now time to speak in detail of Sherman's doings. When General Grant received orders to send all the troops

he could spare to the aid of Rosecrans, General John E. Smith's division of General McPherson's Seventeenth Corps was going up the Mississippi to join General Steele's command, for an expedition up the Arkansas River. The division was ordered to disembark at Memphis. Next, General Sherman, whose Fifteenth Corps was lying along the Big Black River about twenty miles east of Vicksburg, was directed to send one of his divisions at once to that town, for immediate embarkation. He detached the first division, under General Osterhaus, and it marched immediately. The following day, the corps commander was ordered to report in person to General Grant at Vicksburg. He was there told that he and his corps would be sent to Eastern Tennessee, except one division which was to remain on the Black River; but, as a substitute for it, Smith's division of the other corps, already up the river, would be placed under his orders. His first division embarked on the 23d, but the second and fourth were delayed some days by the want of boats. General Sherman started on September 27 and reached Memphis on October 2. He found his instructions from General Halleck, according to which he was to conduct the troops that had come up the river and all others that could be spared from Western Tennessee to Athens, on the Tennessee River, following the railroad and repairing it as he moved. From Athens he was to report by letter for orders to General Rosecrans as Commander of the Army of the Cumberland. Osterhaus's division had already been moved by rail to Corinth, and Smith's was being moved to that point. Finding that, owing to the limited supply of rolling-stock, it would take weeks to get all the rest of his troops off by rail, General Sherman shipped only his guns and wagons and made the men and animals march. On the 16th, his whole force was assembled at Corinth and reached Iuka on the 19th. Here the railroad repairing commenced, making further progress slow. The first and second divisions led, under the command of F. P. Blair, Jr., and constantly skirmished

with mounted enemies. Being ordered to drive the rebels beyond Tuscumbia, they had a considerable fight with them at Cane Creek, and occupied the town on October 27.

On October 24, an aide-de-camp of General Grant personally delivered to General Sherman despatches conveying the first information that General Grant had been put in command of the three departments and armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland, and Ohio, and that Sherman himself had been appointed to the command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee. He at once issued general orders placing West Tennessee under General Hurlbut, and Mississippi under General McPherson, and ordered the former to select 8000 men from the best troops of the Sixteenth Corps and send them under General G. M. Dodge after him. While his fourth division was crossing the Tennessee at Eastport by the use of two gunboats and a scow, a messenger arrived who had floated down the river in a boat, and brought General Grant's order of October 24, already mentioned. It had been sent to General Crook, who had forwarded it by the water route—a rather risky venture, it would seem, but successful in this case. The order was executed instantly, the two divisions called back to Eastport, the only practicable crossing, the railroad work abandoned, and every nerve and muscle strained to expedite the further march to Bridgeport.

The leading division, with General Sherman at the head, reached Florence on November 1. Marching on to Rogersville and the Elk River, the column found the latter impassable and was obliged to follow it up to Fayetteville. Here, orders reached Sherman from Grant to march to Bridgeport with the Fifteenth Corps and to leave General Dodge's command at Pulaski, to guard the railroad from Columbia to Decatur. Accordingly, General Blair was ordered to march with the second and third divisions by way of Newmarket and Bellefonte, while, of the other divisions, the first moved by Decherd and Stevenson, and Smith's by University Place and Sweeden's Cove. General Sher-

man himself accompanied the latter, and, pushing on in advance of it, reached Bridgeport on November 13. Having reported his arrival by wire to General Grant, he was desired to come to Chattanooga at once. He took the up-river boat the next evening and reported at the general headquarters on the morning of the 15th. He received a most hearty welcome. The proposed plan of operations was fully explained to him. His four divisions were to come to Chattanooga, three direct and the other after a diversion to Trenton in the Lookout Valley, in order to create the impression upon the enemy that the flanking movement of Rosecrans in September was to be repeated. His troops were not to enter Chattanooga, but to move past the town, concealed as much as possible, up the right bank, to a position opposite the mouth of Chickamauga Creek, and there, at the concerted time, cross the Tennessee on a pontoon-bridge, seize the northern outrunners of Missionary Ridge, and thence turn the rebel right. His command was to perform the principal part in the proposed operations, which were to be preceded and accompanied by supporting movements by the Army of the Cumberland, as well as by Hooker's column.

November 15 was mainly spent by the three commanding generals in a discussion of the plan, with the aid of maps and topographical sketches. The next day, they rode, under the guidance of the engineer-in-chief, to several commanding points, from which the visitor easily obtained a very clear comprehension of the positions of friends and enemies, spread out like a panorama before him. He was made fully acquainted not only with the character of the task assigned to him, but also with the anxious desire of all he conferred with for its speedy accomplishment. He could hardly help discovering a feeling that the approach of his divisions had not been as rapid as it might and should have been, and he took occasion to demonstrate that, ever since he had received the order to push through with

the least delay, he had done his best to accelerate their movements. The prevailing impatience, as he himself described this feeling, was chiefly due to the great and growing solicitude for the fate of General Burnside and his command in Eastern Tennessee. All he saw and heard at Chattanooga "inspired me," to use his own dutiful words, "with renewed energy." He telegraphed immediately to his fourth division, which had arrived at Bridgeport, to prepare for the march via Shellmound to Trenton. A perfect understanding having been reached with his fellow-commanders, he started on the return trip on the morning of the 16th. He rode to Kelley's Ferry, and was greatly disappointed to find that he was too late for the day's down-boat. Loath to lose precious twenty-four hours, he, nothing daunted, embarked with his staff officers on a small boat, with a steersman and four rowers, and started down the river. It was a very hazardous venture, not only because rebel scouts were still making their appearance on the banks, but because neither the man at the helm nor the oarsmen had had experience on the river. But the valuable load was safely landed late in the evening at Bridgeport, and thenceforth the General strove, day and night, for the redemption of his promise to General Grant to have his legions on the ground, ready for the struggle set for the 20th.

I was apprised of General Sherman's coming before his arrival, but I made no effort to see him during his brief stay. I knew that he had no time to spare for anything else than his duties. I was certain, too, that he would refuse to see me or any other correspondent. His hostility to the press had become more and more pronounced, and, in striking evidence of it, there were circulating at the time some vehement outbursts from him against it. In one letter to a publisher he had said that he thought praise from a newspaper was contamination, and he would willingly agree to give half his pay to have his name kept out of

the public prints. In another, to the editors of the Memphis *Bulletin*, he expressed himself thus:

> I don't think you can conceive the mortification a soldier feels at the nauseating accounts given to the public as history. That affair at Collierville [an attempt to capture the town of that name by the rebel guerrilla Chalmers] should have been described in these words: "Chalmers tried to take Collierville, and did not." But ridiculous, nonsensical descriptions have followed each other so fast that you ought to be ashamed to print Collierville. Now I am again in authority over you, and you must heed my advice. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press, precious relics of former history, must not be construed too largely.

In the face of these fulminations, it naturally seemed the part of discretion to keep away from the General.

The diversion of Longstreet naturally inspired our commanders with confidence in the success of the impending attempt to force the enemy from Missionary Ridge. By it the Confederates themselves paved the way for our eventual triumph. It seems the more incomprehensible that they should have taken the false step of dividing their army as they were fully aware, notwithstanding our efforts to conceal the arrival of our reinforcements, that Hooker's command had already joined us and that Sherman's columns were rapidly approaching. They determined, indeed, in spite of this knowledge, to hurry Longstreet to East Tennessee to crush Burnside, and get him back before Sherman could reach Chattanooga. Their hardihood became our opportunity. Here is the story of their folly.

About November 1, a camp rumor reached Longstreet that he was to be sent against Burnside. Two days later, General Bragg summoned him to a council, at which Lieutenant-General Hardee and Major-General Breckinridge were also present, for a general discussion of possible movements by their army. Various operations were proposed, and finally one into East Tennessee came up for considera-

tion. Longstreet pronounced in favor of it, provided it could be executed secretly and with great rapidity and with no less than 20,000 men, and provided further that the remainder of the army would be withdrawn to a strong position behind the Chickamauga until the return of the expeditionary force. (This is Longstreet's version of what occurred at the council, but General Hardee, when requested in writing, some months later, to confirm it, replied that he did not recollect the suggestion of the temporary withdrawal behind the Chickamauga.) It was decided to try a *coup* against Burnside. Longstreet was to undertake it with two divisions, against which he claims to have protested as too small a force for quick success, but he was overruled and yielded. Marching orders were issued, and the two divisions, with an extra complement of artillery, numbering not much over 16,000 men, were under way by the 5th. But, owing to all sorts of unforeseen impediments and unexpected delays, the march was not rapid, but very slow, so that the rebels did not appear near Knoxville, behind whose fortifications Burnside had concentrated most of his command, until the 18th, and actually delivered the famous unsuccessful attack upon the place only on the 29th.

A decided improvement had taken place in our life since the raising of the blockade of the river. Mails and newspapers arrived again daily and banished the oppressive feeling of isolation from the rest of the world. While the mass of the army was, of course, ignorant of the plans of the commanding generals, the presence of Grant and the visit of Sherman were generally looked upon as sure indications that something was up, and that action would soon supersede our passiveness. Aware as I was of the reconnoitring of General Smith and his excursions with the commanding generals to the north of the town, I could guess their intentions without asking any questions. The dread of being shut up maybe for the winter months in Chattanooga, and the long continuance of the prevailing

monotony, had greatly discouraged me, but the prospect of stirring developments restored my buoyancy. The weather in November, too, was more favorable. We had heavy fogs instead of all but steady rain; and the sun shone now and then in the middle of the day. I was lucky enough, in the second week of the month, to secure the use of the horse of a field officer during his furlough, so that I could get necessary exercise and spend my time more agreeably in making visits. The long evenings and the want of lights were trying at first, but, with the reappearance of candles, card parties helped to pass the time pleasantly. Within a week after the *coup* at Brown's Ferry, not only were full rations restored, but sutlers' stores were available to supplement them with solid and liquid luxuries. Even fresh meat could occasionally be had. Fritz rejoiced in the enlarged opportunity for demonstrating his mastership in the culinary art. Instead of three or four, he had now many strings to his bow, and the sameness of fare with which General Willich and myself had had to content ourselves, was followed by a savory variety in our meals that would have done credit to a first-class restaurant.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Battle above the Clouds.—1863

THE preparations of the engineer-in-chief for the coming reckoning with Bragg were of two kinds. One was the completion of the defensive works at Chattanooga. Heavy details of men were made and the work pushed day and night, and, on the day fixed for the attack on the enemy, the fortifications were pronounced in a sufficiently advanced condition to defy any assault. The other was the collection of enough material for two bridges. One was to be thrown over the Tennessee, which was 1300 feet wide at the selected point, and another across the Chickamauga, at its mouth, of a width of 180 feet. The spare pontoons scattered between Chattanooga and Bridgeport were gathered together by strenuous efforts, and the two sawmills of the town put in operation to furnish the rest of the material wanted. It was decided, in order to screen the movement from the observation of the enemy, to haul the pontoons by land to a point opposite the mouth of the North Chickamauga, some six miles north of Chattanooga, and to float and load them there with the first landing force and row them to the landing-point. On November 20, the boats were in the river, provided with oars and crews. Then a formidable obstacle to the laying of the pontoon-bridges arose. The Tennessee in its actual swollen stage brought down great quantities of heavy drift-wood, which broke both the pontoon-bridges at Chattanooga and Brown's Ferry. This naturally gave rise to the fear that it would not be possible to throw the two bridges for Sherman, or to maintain them, if thrown, long enough for the passage of the troops.

General Sherman strove hard to have the whole of the Fifteenth Corps opposite the mouth of the Chickamauga in time to strike on November 20, but found it beyond his power. General Ewing's division was the first to cross at Bridgeport, but made the détour to Trenton. General John E. Smith's followed next and reached its destination by the above date. But Generals Morgan L. Smith's and Osterhaus's were then still struggling with the badly cut-up and encumbered road between Shellmound and Brown's Ferry. A serious oversight had been committed in allowing the heavy division trains to follow each division, instead of moving the infantry and artillery ahead of them all. General Grant was greatly surprised when he learned of the blunder, but generously assumed the responsibility for it, though Sherman deserved the direct blame. Rain, too, again set in and impeded the marching. General Sherman reached General Hooker's headquarters on the afternoon of the 20th, and there found General Grant's order to him to make the attack the next day; but he was unwillingly obliged to ask for a postponement, which was reluctantly granted. The second division (Gen. M. L. Smith's) succeeded in crossing at Brown's Ferry only on the 21st. Ewing's had marched down Lookout Valley from Trenton and was to cross next, but, owing to the repeated breaking of the bridge by the drift-wood, did not get over till the 23d. So much damage was caused to the bridge after this that it would apparently take several more days to get Osterhaus's division on the other side. Hence, General Sherman felt it his duty to offer to undertake the movement against Missionary Ridge with the three divisions already over, and to let the other operate under the orders of General Hooker, provided a substitute was placed at his disposal. General Grant sanctioned this proposition, and Osterhaus acted under Hooker during the whole of the subsequent operations. On the afternoon of the 23d, Sherman's troops, reinforced by Jefferson C. Davis's division, were concentrated behind the hills opposite the mouth of the

Chickamauga, ready for action. It should be mentioned here that the three divisions of the Fifteenth Corps were under the direct orders of Major-General Blair through the ensuing crisis. He had been appointed by General Sherman to this command on October 25, and had exercised it since, although Major-General Logan had been transferred by order of the President on October 28 from the command of the Seventeenth to that of the Fifteenth Corps. The reason was that General Blair intended to take his seat in Congress at the coming session, but continued at his post in order to allow General Logan to take a furlough.

How much Sherman took the delay to heart, and how clearly he appreciated the demands of the situation, is well shown by the following passages from a despatch of his to General Grant on November 23, from opposite the mouth of the Chickamauga: "I need not express how I felt, that my troops should cause delay. . . . As you ask for positive information, I answer: No cause on earth will induce me to ask for longer delay, and to-night at midnight we move. . . . Every military reason now sanctions a general attack. Longstreet is absent, and we expect no more reinforcements; therefore we should not delay another hour, and should put all our strength in the attack."

According to the plan of operation, all the available force of the Army of the Cumberland, with the exception of the number needed to man the fortifications on the right and centre, were to be concentrated in line on the left, so as to be within reach of connection with Sherman after he had crossed the river. One division should constitute a mobile reserve, ready to move to the support of any part of the line. In order to make up for the detachment of J. C. Davis's division, 7000 strong, placed under Sherman's orders, General Howard was ordered to report to Thomas, and marched on November 22, by the two pontoon-bridges at Brown's Ferry and Chattanooga, into the latter place, and took position behind the Army of the Cumberland. This move was made as ostentatiously as possible,

in order to lead Bragg to believe that Sherman's men were crossing at the town, and render him doubtful as to the real point of attack. This ruse proved effective. Our signal officers, who had by long observation managed to understand the rebel signals, read one from the station on the summit of Lookout Mountain to Bragg that a large force, apparently a whole corps, had passed over the bridge into the town. Hooker's command consisted, up to November 20, of the Eleventh Corps, Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, and the brigades of General Whitaker and Colonel Grose of the first division of the Fourth Corps, which had been sent to reinforce Hooker on his march to Lookout Valley and had been stationed at Shellmound and Whiteside. The two brigades had set out from Chattanooga under General Palmer, but were now commanded by Brigadier-General Charles Cruft.

The detachment of the Eleventh Corps chagrined and irritated Hooker greatly. As I heard at the time from general officers, he openly charged that it was a deliberate scheme to deprive him of all active share in the coming battle and to throw its management entirely into the hands of General Sherman. He asked leave of General Thomas to accompany the Eleventh Corps, on the ground that it was his duty to follow the part of his command going into battle, and received permission to do so. But, before following Howard, he received orders on November 23 to remain in the valley and to make a demonstration as early as possible the next morning against Lookout Mountain. His anger at this was appeased before the close of the same day by the assignment of Osterhaus's division to his command. The three divisions thus placed under his orders had never been united under one command before, and their officers and men were total strangers to each other. General Hooker himself knew only those of Geary's. His total force was a little under 10,000 effectives. To cover the advance of Hooker, the guns in the works on the Brown's Ferry bluffs and a battery of eight Parrott 20-

pounders established on Moccasin Point, directly opposite Lookout Point, were ready to open a sweeping cross-fire.

Let us now glance at the situation on the Confederate side. The removal of Lieutenant-Generals Polk and Hill and Major-General Hindman (the latter's restoration to command did not take place until after the culmination of events before Chattanooga) and the detachment of General Buckner led to so many changes in the commanders and so many reformations of commands as to constitute almost an entire reorganization of Bragg's army. There had been numerous changes among the brigadiers, and some consolidations of brigades and transfers of regiments from one to another. The cavalry corps under Major-General Joseph Wheeler, with the four divisions of Wharton, Martin, Armstrong, and Kelly, was mostly off on detached duty, and no part of it became engaged in the coming conflict. After Longstreet's departure with his two Virginia divisions, General Walker's division was attached to the corps of Lieutenant-General Hardee, who assumed command of the whole left, while that of the right was exercised by Major-General Breckinridge. The division of Stevenson was also withdrawn from the latter and transferred to the former. Up to our resumption of the offensive, the rebel lines included the crest of Lookout Mountain, and extended from its western slope around the northern to the eastern, and thence over the valley of Chattanooga Creek to and along Missionary Ridge, to within three-quarters of a mile of Tunnel Hill. The entire front was connected and protected along Missionary Ridge by rifle-pits and breastworks, with emplacements for batteries at suitable points, while on the plain of the Chattanooga Valley, towards Lookout Mountain, redoubts and redans formed part of the defensive works. Stevenson's division lay on the top along the crest of the mountain; next came, down its western slope, Walker's, Stewart's, Bushrod Johnson's, Cleburne's, Bate's; and last Anderson's at the extreme right. The strength of the three rebel infantry corps, in-

cluding artillery, was, on October 31, according to the official report of the number present in effectives: Longstreet's, 14,674; Cheatham's, 15,181; Breckinridge's, 16,309; Artillery Reserve, 332—making an aggregate of 46,496. Deducting the 16,000 Longstreet took away with him, the force in our front was reduced to 30,000 men.

Longstreet's expedition, however justifiable it seemed in its inception, proved a great mistake in the light of after events. It is almost beyond belief, but yet a fact, that a further blunder in the same direction was deliberately committed by Bragg on the very eve of our aggressive movements. On November 22, he issued orders to Major-General Cleburne to start at once with his own and Bushrod Johnson's divisions in the wake of Longstreet for East Tennessee. The order was promptly obeyed, and two of Johnson's three brigades embarked the same day by train for Loudon. General Cleburne was superintending the shipment of the other brigade of Johnson and of his own division, the next morning, at Chickamauga Station, some two miles west of Missionary Ridge, when he received another order from General Bragg, countermanding the previous one, and directing him to stop on the way such of the troops as had already left. He had succeeded in halting Johnson's two brigades at Charleston Station, when a third order reached him to return as quickly as possible and to march the other brigade and his division back to the front at once. As Johnson was preparing to turn back, he received direct instructions from the army headquarters to proceed, which he did, and joined Longstreet. This further diminished the enemy before us by between 2000 and 3000 men. Cleburne was made to camp on the night of the 23d on the eastern base of Missionary Ridge, as a reserve to the army. Cheatham and Walker were absent on leave, and their divisions were respectively commanded by Brigadier-Generals Jackson and Gist; but General Cheatham returned to duty at night on the 24th.

Even before the withdrawal of Longstreet, the Confed-

crate line was altogether too extended for the available force. Its length was fully six miles, and the difficulty of maintaining it was augmented by its windings and ups and downs on the left. Its further attenuation by the detachment of Cleburne's and Johnson's divisions had much increased its weakness. Cleburne's troops were eventually employed in protecting an extension of it to the north. Stewart and Bate were ordered to fill the gap caused by Cleburne's and Johnson's withdrawal, by extending their lines towards each other and drawing up their reserves. But this left them still weak.

The orders to the Army of the Cumberland to get ready for the offensive were already issued on November 18, but, owing to the detention of Sherman, it remained inactive till he was within striking distance. As its main object was to be to second his efforts against the rebel right, the first requirement was to insure communication with him after he had reached the left bank. To this end, Citico Creek, a deep, narrow stream following a crooked course from Missionary Ridge to its confluence with the Tennessee, about half a mile east of the town limits, was bridged during the night of the 22d. Until then the first and third divisions of Granger's Fourth Corps had formed the left, extending from the Tennessee River, within the lines of our advanced rifle-pits, to the Rossville road. The second and third divisions of the Fourteenth Corps adjoined them on the right, their line extending around the fortifications to Chattanooga Creek. The latter corps was now under Major-General John M. Palmer, who was promoted to that command when General Thomas vacated it, not for his military merit, but through the pulling of political strings, against the wish of General Grant and by the partiality of the President, who was an old political crony of the favored general. The two corps received orders at 11 A.M. the next day to move into position for the work expected of them. The infantry had been in good enough condition for weeks for another trial of strength

with their old adversaries, but the artillery could hardly have stirred had not teams for the guns been borrowed from Sherman and ferried over the river the day before—a telling exemplification of the effect of the siege on the Army of the Cumberland. The two corps advanced a short distance and then formed with the Fourth Corps in the front line, with Wood's division on the left, extending to near Citico Creek, and Sheridan's on the right. Baird's division of the Fourteenth, refused *en échelon*, supported Granger's right. Johnson's division was held in readiness under arms in the intrenchments as a mobile column to reinforce any weak point. The Eleventh Corps was massed behind Granger's centre. General Hooker stood still until the next day. Although the accession of Osterhaus to his command had been announced to him, it did not actually take place till then.

General Willich, my host, and I had been in constant expectation ever since the 18th of the order to break camp, and had become very weary of waiting, but this mood gave way to excited rejoicing when the command to move was at last received shortly after 11 A.M. on November 24. In less than half an hour the brigade was in motion. It now consisted of nine regiments; the Eighth Kansas, Sixty-eighth Indiana, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-fifth Illinois, and Fifteenth Wisconsin having been added to it only a short time before, to the General's great satisfaction. Yet the nine regiments numbered not much more than 2000 effectives. Understanding that the two corps would only make a demonstration that day, and that the serious work would not come off till the morrow, I concluded to accompany General Willich, and it so happened that the main task of the day fell to him.

The corps line was completed by half-past one. Wood's division extended without our rifle-pits through the open field in front of the casemated work named Fort Wood. On its right, Sheridan's was posted along a railroad track, with his right resting on another enclosed work. The

troops moved into position as deliberately and regularly as though they were forming for a parade. The day being bright, they were in full view of the enemy, whose pickets at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile could be seen to watch them leisurely, with hands in their pockets, apparently wholly unapprehensive of our hostile intent. They were soon undeceived. On our side, too, the grand spectacle was watched from the ramparts of our forts. On those of Fort Wood, Generals Grant, Thomas, Smith, Quartermaster-General Meigs, C. A. Dana, and scores of staff officers were eager observers. At twenty minutes to two, the order to advance was given by bugle signal. Our brigade on the left and Hazen's on the right formed the division front. Beatty's was in reserve in the rear of Willich. The front brigades were preceded by double lines of skirmishers, and advanced in two lines; the first deployed, the last in double column in the centre, closed *en masse*. The Eighth Kansas served as our skirmishers.

Shortly before the division started, I learned that something more than a demonstration would devolve upon it. Major-General Granger had been ordered to advance in force to Orchard Knob, a hill rising boldly about 100 feet above the plain northeast of the town and a little over a mile from it and a mile from Missionary Ridge. It had served as an outpost to the enemy since the beginning of the investment. The object was to discover whether the enemy was still in strength before us. On the 20th, General Grant had received a notification under flag of truce from General Bragg, as follows: "As there may still be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal." This was considered a mere piece of bluff, and no attention was paid to it. But, on the night of the 22d, a rebel private deserted to our lines and reported that Bragg was falling back. This led to the theory at the general headquarters that the quoted letter might be a ruse to mask his real intention of retreating. The attack upon Orchard

Knob was accordingly to test the presence or absence of the enemy.

First some open fields, swampy and difficult to cross in places, and next a wide stretch of heavy timber, intervened between our starting-point and the Knob. Timber covered the latter and a low rocky ridge separated from it by a hollow, and running for nearly a thousand yards to the southeast. Along the crest of this ridge the rebels had protected themselves with rifle-pits and breastworks of logs and stone. Rifle-pits extended also around the east and north base of the Knob, and from it for a mile to Citico Creek and beyond. These defences were concealed and protected by the timber. As we got into motion, our guns in Fort Wood and the next adjacent work, Fort Thomas, opened on the Knob, and their roar inspired us all the way. The rebels made no reply, as they had no artillery in that position. The first shots from small arms were heard within a few minutes. Our skirmishers had come upon the rebel pickets about half-way to the Knob. With their rapid advance, a rattling fire developed, growing noisier as we neared our objective-point; but the brigade line never fired a shot. We had orders to take the Knob proper; Hazen the pits and breastworks on the ridge. Within twenty minutes, we were at and over the pits at the base, and, in a minute more, our men swarmed up the hill and cleared it of the enemy. Our loss was only four killed and ten wounded. Hazen had much harder work. His men received a destructive fire from the sheltered enemy, but, without faltering or firing, rushed up to the breastworks, and, leaping over them, captured nearly all the defenders, consisting of nearly 150 officers and men of the Twenty-eighth Alabama, of Manigault's brigade, with the regimental flag. Our loss was severe—two officers killed and fourteen wounded, twenty-six men killed and 127 wounded—and fell almost entirely upon the Forty-first and Ninety-third Ohio as leading regiments. In the course of the afternoon, the rifle-pits to the left of the Knob were

cleared by two regiments of Beatty's brigade, with small loss. Simultaneously, the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps also advanced on Beatty's left, and their skirmishers became briskly engaged as they moved forward. The rebels were forced back beyond the Creek, and the new line designated was occupied and intrenched. Schurz and Steinwehr lost four killed and thirty-two wounded.

Thus, what was intended to be only a reconnoissance in force, had accomplished a decided success in giving us possession of a very important position. The division and corps commanders came up to it as soon as it was carried, and, on recognizing its importance, asked General Thomas for authority to hold it, which, being given, our men were at once set to work intrenching it. The enemy's batteries on Missionary Ridge opened a hot fire of shot and shell upon us and kept it up till nearly dark, but we suffered only one slight casualty. The two brigades labored all night, in relief parties, and by morning a line of rifle-pits and barricades was completed along the whole front of the division. Our brigade also constructed an *épaulement* on the top of the hill for a six-gun battery. As a rebel attack might be made at any moment, and as it was generally assumed that we would resume the offensive in the morning, I remained at the front for the night. I slept with Willich in a hut quickly made for us by Fritz and the orderlies, with a rubber blanket between me and the ground. Contrary to expectation, we remained quietly in our new position during the whole of the next day and night. A drizzling rain had set in during the night and made our bivouac rather uncomfortable.

General Sherman had kept his promise to begin the crossing of the river during the night of the 23d. General Smith's brigade of his second division marched up the bank under cover of the hills to where the one hundred and sixteen boats lay. They were filled with thirty men each, and at midnight the movement down the river began. On nearing the mouth of the Chickamauga, a small

force was landed first, to capture the rebel pickets, which was smartly done, an officer and twenty men being taken and only one escaping. The rest of the brigade was next put ashore above and below the mouth. Then the pontoons, a ferryboat, and another steamboat commenced the transfer of the troops from the opposite bank, and by daylight fully 8000 men and one battery had been brought over and were well intrenched. The work of laying the two pontoon-bridges over the Tennessee and Chickamauga was commenced, and pushed so energetically that both were completed within less than seven hours, notwithstanding the powerful current from the high stage of water. Long's brigade of cavalry, which was to make a dash on the enemy's communications, had passed over the bridge by three o'clock. It succeeded in reaching and burning Tyner's Station, on the Chattanooga and Cleveland railroad, destroying the track and capturing one hundred wagons and two hundred prisoners. Another noteworthy exploit was the seizure, immediately after effecting a landing, of a number of torpedo rafts in the Chickamauga, which the rebels were about to send down the Tennessee for the destruction of our bridges.

General Sherman and staff passed over the bridge directly after the last pontoon was put in, and were gratified to be met on the left bank by General Howard, who had come up along it unopposed, with Buschbeck's brigade of Steinwehr's division, in order to open communication between his corps (the extreme left of Thomas) and the Fifteenth Corps. General Howard rode back to his command, but, at the request of General Sherman, left the brigade with him, and it shared the experiences of the Fifteenth Corps.

By noon, Blair's three divisions, with all their artillery and everything else, were on the left bank, and Davis's division was waiting at the east end of the bridge to follow the cavalry. At one o'clock, the march from the river towards Missionary Ridge commenced *en échelon*, with M.

L. Smith's division in the lead on the left, J. E. Smith's as the centre, and Ewing's on the right, with the front of each preceded by swarms of skirmishers. The northern end of the Ridge extends from the railroad tunnel under it for about a mile to the Chickamauga nearly north and south, and forms with that stream and the Tennessee three sides of a square, as it were. The ground enclosed within them is mostly level and consisted at the time of a succession of cleared fields through which the troops made the intervening distance of one and a half miles without much difficulty, although a drizzling rain was coming down. No resistance was met, and, at half-past three, the heights were attained by our skirmishers and soon after occupied in force. Here the Commanding General found that he had been in error in assuming that Missionary Ridge was a continuous, unbroken range. He discovered that his troops had gained only a fore-ridge, so to speak, about a third of a mile to the northwest of and separated from the main ridge by a little valley, and we were still half a mile north of the "Tunnel Hill," our real aim.

Three brigades, one from each division, were pushed up the fore-ridge. Brigadier-General Lightburn, commanding the one to the left, perceiving that the main ridge had not been reached, of his own accord ordered one of his regiments to occupy the point on it directly in front of him, which it did successfully. Half an hour later, the enemy moved over the valley against our left flank. There was then sharp firing of small arms and artillery for a time, and General Lightburn's advanced troops had to be reinforced by three other regiments. Towards dark, the rebels withdrew, leaving us in our positions, which General Sherman then considered so important that he ordered them fortified during the night. Our casualties were small, but included Brigadier-General Giles A. Smith, a very efficient brigade commander, who received a severe wound. The corps bivouacked in several lines for the night. M. L. Smith's division formed the left; G. A. Smith's brigade

resting on the Chickamauga, and Lightburn's on the fore-hill. Next came Alexander's brigade of J. E. Smith's division and Cockerill's brigade of Ewing's division as the centre, and the other brigades of the latter's division and Buschbeck's and Steinwehr's on the right. The two other brigades of J. E. Smith's lay in reserve behind the centre. One of J. C. Davis's brigades was moved up to the reserve, another remained half-way between the front and the bridge, and a third at the latter. The enemy did not molest any part of Sherman's lines during the night. Luckily, it stopped raining and grew clear and bracing before morning. At midnight, orders arrived from General Grant to make an attack at "dawn of day," with notice that General Thomas would also take the offensive early in the day.

Bragg learned of our passage of the river during the morning, and directed Cleburne, then en route for East Tennessee, to send one of his brigades to protect the railroad bridge over the Chickamauga. When he was informed of our advance upon Missionary Ridge, he at once ordered Cleburne to occupy it, with his remaining three brigades, from Tunnel Hill to its northern extremity. It was in executing this movement that Cleburne's leading brigade of Texas regiments came in collision with Sherman's men. Had our crossing been delayed twenty-four hours, or had Cleburne been started a day earlier, Sherman would doubtless have rushed Tunnel Hill unopposed and Bragg found himself obliged to fight with 6000 less of his best troops. I have searched the Official Records in vain for Bragg's reasons for detaching a second column for East Tennessee, but have not been able to obtain any explanation of it. The movement is likely to remain one of the insoluble mysteries of the Civil War, none the less puzzling because, two days before he issued the marching orders to Cleburne, Bragg telegraphed to Jefferson Davis that Sherman had arrived, and on the strength of this asked for reinforcements. There is good evidence, however, that the rebel Commander-in-chief was under the delusion that a movement was con-

templated against his left until he was undeceived by Sherman's appearance on his right. Previous to extending it with Cleburne's command, he had already taken other measures to strengthen his threatened flank by transferring Walker's division (temporarily under General Gist), during the night of the 23d to the 24th, from its position in the Chattanooga Valley to the right, and by putting Lieutenant-General Hardee in command of all the forces on the right.

General Hooker's part in the programme of action for the 24th was to be by far the most dramatic and important. For the better comprehension of the unique performance of his force, which has found its place in history under the original but appropriate name of "Battle above the Clouds," a description of Lookout Mountain and of the rebel positions upon it is needful. The name "Lookout Mountain" applies not only to the huge headland rising abruptly between the mouths of Chattanooga and Lookout Creeks, but to the entire range running south and southwestwardly from it for a distance of nearly fifty miles, dividing the valleys of the streams mentioned, and affording communication between them through numerous depressions or gaps, by means of mere trails or roads. The mountain in its narrower sense presents three phases, to the north, west, and east. The northern and western are very abrupt and rocky, but furrowed; the eastern is less steep and broken. At the height of 1000 feet above its base, it becomes partially truncated, the recession of the upper portion forming a plateau of cleared and arable land. A mile southward, the "Palisades" tower straight up from 75 to 150 feet, a huge, cliff-like mass of rocks, above which rises the flat peak forming the highest point. There was then a farm on the plateau; the long frame house known from its owner as the White or Cravens house stood near where the western and eastern slopes meet in a sharp angle and form the abrupt northern edge of the mountain, making a conspicuous landmark. Roads came down the valley on

both sides of Lookout Creek and passed around the base of the mountain, but only paths led up to the plateau from the northwest; a zigzagging wagon road from Chattanooga Valley ran up the east side to the summit.

On the morning of the 24th, there were six brigades—Walthall's, Jackson's, and Moore's of Cheatham's division, and Pettus's, Brown's, and Cumming's of Stevenson's division—distributed over Lookout Mountain for its defence. Major-General Stevenson had assumed command of both divisions when Lieutenant-General Hardee was ordered to the right. Pettus's brigade was on the summit, Brown's guarded the passes from the top to Nickajack Pass ten miles off. Jackson's and Cumming's brigades were stationed along the eastern base. Walthall's and Moore's brigades lay on the western and northern slope, below the Cravens house, on the left and right respectively, and they provided the picket line about two miles long up the east bank of Lookout Creek, in front of Hooker's line.

Hooker's first instructions, "to demonstrate only against the mountain," were changed so as to require him to take the mountain if his demonstrations proved it practicable. He decided to deliver his main assault directly up the western slope against the rebel left. To climb not far from a thousand feet up the steep, broken, rocky mountainside against the well-sheltered enemy looked like a most formidable task of doubtful issue, but the plan to strike in one direction with all the available force brought success, owing to the scattering of the defenders over the summit and the three sides of the mountain at different heights, which made succor from any one of the rebel positions to any threatened point slow and difficult. On October 31, the present effective strength of Stevenson's division was 3102, and of Cheatham's 5467, or a total of 8569, while Hooker's infantry, after deducting train guards and other detachments, did not much exceed 7500. Hence, if it had been possible to concentrate the Confederates on the west side, the outcome would probably have been different. As it was, the

assailants had opposed to them only Walthall's and Moore's brigades of the last-named division—that is, about half their number; according to official returns, only 2694 effectives. General Stevenson having been assigned to higher command, they were led by Brigadier-General J. K. Jackson as division commander.

The line into which our troops moved for the operations of the day extended opposite the western slope behind the hills along the left bank of Lookout Creek. Geary's division was on the ground, but Osterhaus's division marched up from Brown's Ferry that very morning and reported for duty at 7:30 A.M. Whitaker's brigade of Cruft's division had marched on the day before twenty-one miles from Shellmound, and Grose's brigade thirteen miles from Whiteside over bad roads and in heavy rain. They reached the valley in a very fatigued condition, and bivouacked for the night near Hooker's headquarters. During the night, Cruft was ordered to send Whitaker's brigade to Geary, to whom it reported at 6 A.M. and remained under his orders all day. Geary was to work from the right, Cruft with Grose's brigade from the left, and Osterhaus from the centre. The rain ceased during the night, and, as it grew light, the summit of the mountain was found to be entirely concealed in drifting dark clouds, while heavy mists lay like thick veils over its sides. These conditions continued all day. They were a favor of nature, and of the greatest service to us, as they prevented the enemy from discovering any of our movements until we were nearly upon them.

Geary's command was marched up the valley to a point about two and a half miles from the mouth of Lookout Creek, where it was massed behind a mill soon after seven o'clock. The creek was found too deep to be forded. The pioneers were ordered to bridge it under cover of two companies. By a skilful manœuvre the rebel pickets on the other bank, with their reserve to the number of forty-two, including an officer, were surprised, and surrendered with-

out firing a shot. A small detachment was sent up a trail bearing to the southwest, in order to mislead the enemy as to the real direction of our attack. It soon skirmished with the enemy. The bridge was finished by half-past eight, and the four brigades crossed rapidly. They were formed in three lines, somewhat *en échelon*, with eight regiments in front, four regiments about 350 yards to the rear as the second line, and two regiments as the third at a further distance of about 100 yards. Whitaker's brigade formed and followed as the reserve. The distance to be traversed from the starting-point to the plateau on the mountain was not less than three miles. At nine o'clock, the whole line moved forward, preceded by a heavy chain of skirmishers. For a mile and a quarter, no enemy but the most serious difficulties of ground were encountered. The mountainside sloped at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and was deeply furrowed by a succession of ravines of almost perpendicular ascents and descents. The troops not only had to do hard climbing, but, time and again, were creeping on all fours. Before ten o'clock, the hostile pickets were encountered and driven back for a mile upon their supports and Walthall's brigade, which awaited our attack in a position on the plateau protected naturally by thickly scattered rocks, and artificially by abattis and breastworks of sand, stone, and logs. As our line neared the enemy, it received a heavy musketry fire, to which reply was made with a few volleys, followed, as the fog lifted, by a rush with defiant cheers over the obstructions right upon the rebels, most of whom, after a brief resistance, threw down their arms and surrendered. Many of their dead and wounded were lying about the ground. Four flags and considerable equipment were taken. Sending his prisoners—the bulk of Walthall's brigade—to the rear, Geary continued his toilsome advance over great obstacles along the plateau towards Cravens house and the Palisades. Near the house, part of his line was checked and thrown into some disorder, but the reserve under Whitaker, which,

owing to the course of its ascent, had brought up on the right flank of the front line next to the Palisades, gave support and the advance was soon resumed. The house was reached about noon and two pieces of artillery captured near it. Pushing on around the Palisades, our right, in approaching them, became exposed to the fire of rebel shooters and to hand-grenades thrown from the crest of the Palisades, but got up to their lower bench, when orders to stop and fortify the position gained were received from General Hooker.

At this time, Osterhaus's command also appeared, and relieved some of Geary's regiments at the front. Of the former, Colonel Williamson's brigade had a bridge over Lookout Creek ready by ten o'clock, and General Wood's brigade another half a mile further up the creek by eleven. But both brigades did not move, according to orders, until Geary's fire was heard at the last-named hour. Our artillery opened vigorously to cover their passage of the creek. The crossing and the movements beyond were made so rapidly that Williamson got undiscovered to the rear of the picket line and grand guard of Moore's rebel brigade, and captured the whole of them. Osterhaus accomplished the ascent without meeting resistance.

General Cruft, on arriving, with his one remaining brigade under Colonel Grose, at the bridge which he was to repair and cross, found it held by the enemy, and that it would take too much time to refit for the passage of troops. General Hooker also observed this, and ordered him to leave two regiments at the bridge and move on with the remaining four to the one where General Wood was preparing to cross. After getting over the stream, Grose's regiments worked up the mountain between Osterhaus's brigades and reached the plateau about the same time.

The rebel force beaten back by Geary was Walthall's brigade. About the time Whitaker and Osterhaus appeared on the front, an offensive attempt was made against them, but was easily repulsed. It came from Moore's brigade,

which lay on the right of Walthall's brigade before the action. When the firing commenced in front of the latter, General Jackson ordered Moore to move his command into the trenches next to Walthall's, but the latter was not found in position, as he had decided to accept fight in front of his trenches. Before Moore reached them, he discovered that Walthall had been driven away to the rear of them on the left, but he claims to have occupied and held his side of them, in spite of exposure to an enfilading fire and repeated attacks, till between three and four o'clock, when he fell back about a quarter of a mile. Here he found support in General Pettus's brigade of three Alabama regiments, numbering about 1000 men, of Stevenson's division, which had been sent down from the summit ridge in response to a call from General Jackson for assistance. Later, Walthall placed on the latter's left such remnants of his brigade as he had been able to gather together. Moore took position on the right of Pettus. The Confederates claimed to have held this line against repeated attempts from our side to drive them away. These alleged attacks were in reality nothing more than feelers from our front for the enemy, whose presence even at a distance of only 100 feet could not be detected on account of the fog. General Carlin's brigade of the Fourteenth Corps, which had been ordered to reinforce Hooker from Chattanooga, reached the mountain at five o'clock, and was ordered to relieve Geary and Whitaker near the White House. It underwent a most trying experience in scaling the mountain in the darkness. The day closed with irregular firing along our front, which also continued till long after midnight. Carlin's front was threatened twice by offensive demonstrations, which were easily warded off.

The main work of the day was naturally done by our infantry. But while neither cavalry nor artillery could accompany it in the ascent, the latter arm played a very useful part by maintaining from two full field batteries and a section of howitzers and another of Parrott twenty-

pounders an enfilading fire upon the lower parts of the mountain, which thoroughly demoralized the enemy occupying them. The Parrott in position at Moccasin Point on the farther bank of the Tennessee also joined in this roaring concert. Our missiles reached the rebel camps in Chattanooga Valley as well as the roads on the east side of the mountain. The artillery played most of the forenoon, but ceased firing after our troops were known to be on the plateau.

During the forenoon, there was a lifting and falling of mist and fog on the mountain, like the rise and drop of a stage curtain. There were spells when our climbing columns could be plainly seen, only to be suddenly and wholly shut from sight. The struggle culminated literally in a "battle above the clouds" at about two o'clock. Then the cloud cap of the summit spread and sank down its slopes into the valley, wrapping the entire mountain in a mantle of dense vapors. An eclipse-like darkness settled upon the scene. For a time only the sounds of musketry told of the progress of the strife. After a while, rifts in the cloud would bring ever and anon confirmation of growing success by passing views of our flags and men. During the intervals of obscurity, there was racking suspense among the anxious observers in the group of the Commanding General and his staff below, which at once yielded to intense joy as light was successively thrown upon the situation above. It was felt that while the atmospheric conditions had been an advantage in the ascent, they might be such to the enemy after they had come to close quarters. But the glorious achievement of the Union forces was fully accomplished without untoward incident from either the confinement of vision or the difficulty of maintaining order and regularity of movement over such encumbered, broken, and slanting ground. This heroic exploit cost us comparatively very small losses. They did not exceed 300 killed and wounded, and this mercy we owed to the fog.

General Hooker could well indulge in the pæan of his

congratulatory order of the following day, and say to his command that "the triumphs of yesterday . . . will be remembered as long as the giant peak of Lookout shall be their mute but eloquent monument." A contrary mood was naturally induced in the mind of the rebel Commander-in-chief by the events of the day. Although he knew from the firing that a struggle was going on for the control of Lookout Mountain, he learned of the reverse to his left only about 4 P.M., when he immediately started for General Stevenson's headquarters. Arriving there at sunset, he soon understood that the position on the mountain was lost, and determined to withdraw his troops across Chattanooga Creek to Missionary Ridge, and gave orders accordingly, which were carried out between midnight and daybreak, and so quietly as to be undiscovered. In his official report, Bragg tries to throw the blame for the disaster upon General Stevenson, and the reports of the three brigades engaged ascribe it to neglect of duty by the division-commander Jackson. But the truth probably is that the difficulty of communication and observation caused by the fog was chiefly responsible for the defeat.

The losses of the three rebel brigades reported in their official reports are utterly at variance with the statements of the Union generals. Walthall admits only 8 killed, 111 wounded, and 853 missing; Moore 9 killed, 39 wounded, and 206 missing; Pettus 9 killed, 38 wounded, and 9 missing; or a total of 26 killed, 188 wounded, and 1068 missing. Geary alone, on the other hand, claimed to have found 125 killed and 300 wounded rebels on the field and to have captured 1940 prisoners, to which latter several hundred taken by Osterhaus and Cruft must be added. The Records afford no means of explaining the discrepancies.

The object of our assault upon the Mountain was not only to complete the security of our lines of communication, but also to threaten the left flank and line of retreat of the enemy in support of the finishing blows to be struck by our left and centre on the morrow. If the Confederates suc-

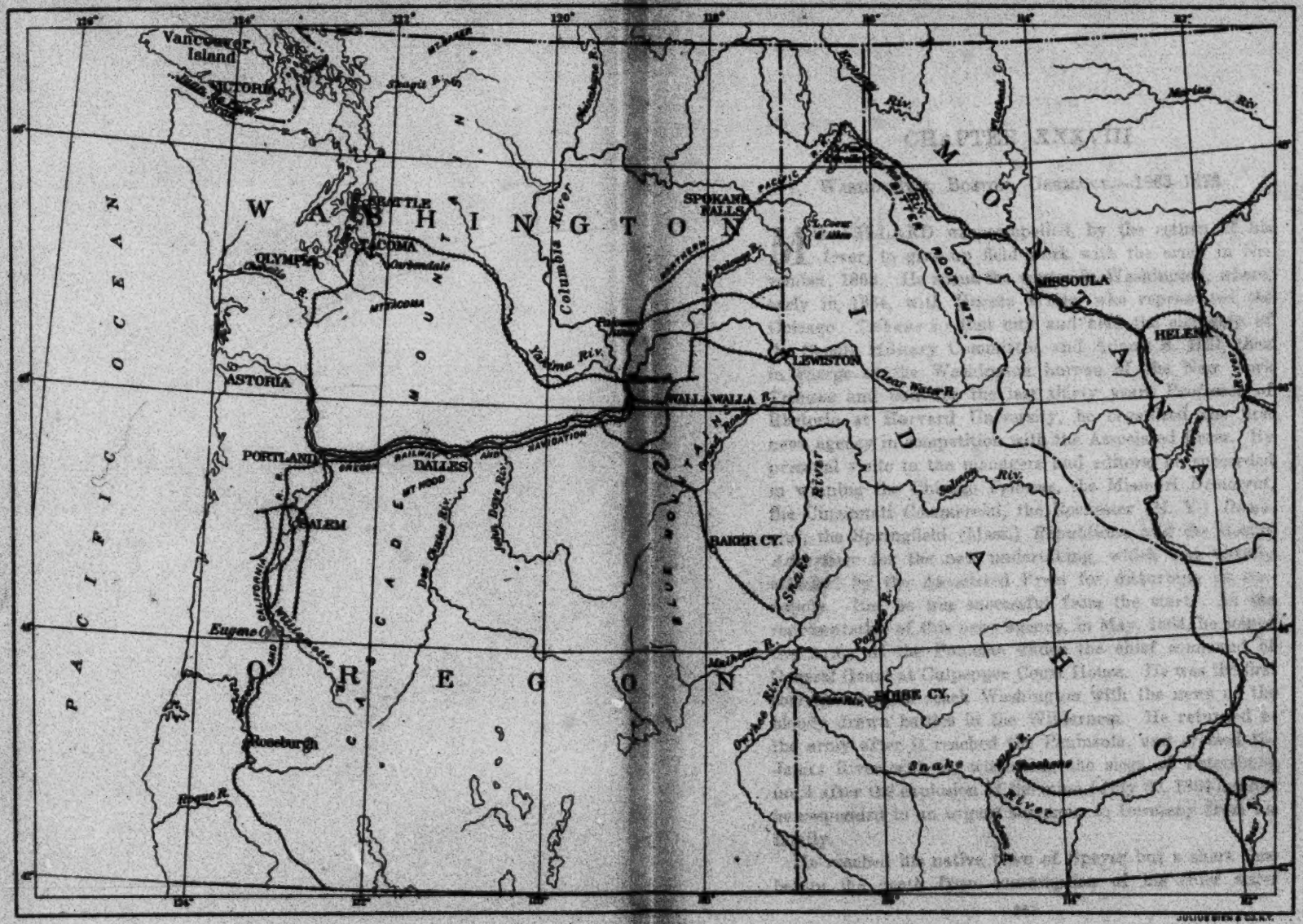
ceeded in holding Hooker at bay, he would be foiled in this aim on the one hand, but, on the other, the hostile line would remain weak by reason of its excessive length and less capable of resisting the proposed general attack. General Grant felt certain anyway that our partial success on the Mountain would keep Bragg from strengthening his right, against which, according to programme, our next attack was first to be delivered by Sherman; hence he ordered the latter to "attack at dawn," with simultaneous notice that Thomas would also strike from the centre early in the day.

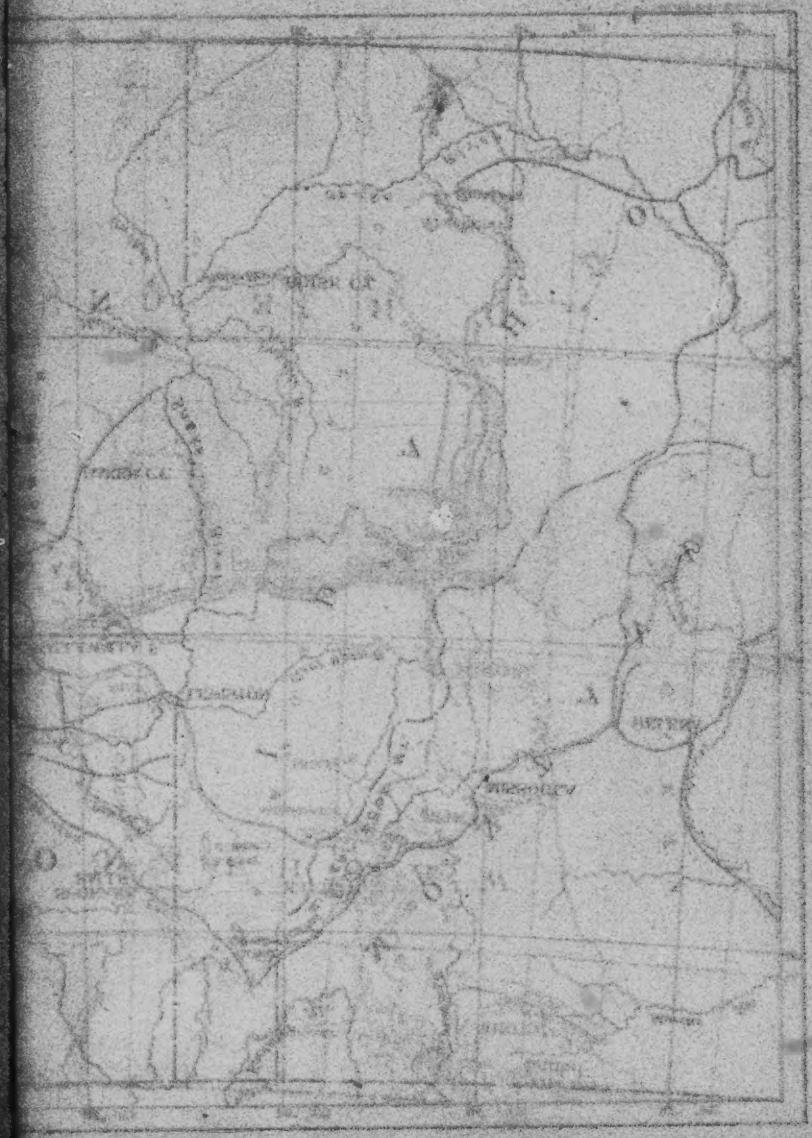
[Here the narrative of military operations ends abruptly. From this point the Autobiography is, as explained in the Preface, continued to the close in the third person.]

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VILLARD

BOOK EIGHT

FINANCIAL CAREER


Vancouver Island
VICTORIA
Strait of Juan de Fuca
Skagit R.
Columbia R.
Kootenai R.
Flathead L.
Flathead R.
Missoula R.
PACIFIC OCEAN
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE
SPOKANE FALLS
Coeur d'Alene L.
Northern Pacific R.R.
Palouse R.
Spokane R.
Pend Oreille R.
Pend Oreille L.
Clark's Fork R.
Cabinet Mts.
OLYMPIA
TACOMA
Chehalis R.
Carbondale
Cascade Mts.
Mt. Tacoma
Columbia River
Yakima Riv.
MISSOULA
Bitter Root Mts.
HELENA
ASTORIA
LEWISTON
Clear Water R.
WALLA WALLA R.
Blue Mts.
Grand Ronde R.
PORTLAND
Oregon Railway and Navigation
DALLES
Mt. Hood
John Days Riv.
Des Chutes Riv.
Salmon Riv.
Snake River
SALEM
BAKER CY.
Eugene City
California and Oregon R.R.
Willamette R.
Malheur R.
Powder R.
Owyhee Riv.
BOISE CY.
Roseburgh
Snake River
Rogue R.
Clearwater R.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

Washington, Boston, Germany.—1863–1873

MR. VILLARD was compelled, by the return of his fever, to give up field work with the army in November, 1863. He spent the winter in Washington, where, early in 1864, with Horace White, who represented the Chicago *Tribune* in that city and held the clerkship of the Senate Military Committee, and Adams S. Hill, then in charge of the Washington bureau of the New York *Tribune* and now for the last thirty years Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard University, he organised the first news agency in competition with the Associated Press. By personal visits to the managers and editors, he succeeded in winning the Chicago *Tribune*, the Missouri *Democrat*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat*, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, and the Boston *Advertiser* for the new undertaking, which was bitterly attacked by the Associated Press for disturbing its monopoly. But he was successful from the start. As the representative of this news agency, in May, 1864, he joined the Army of the Potomac under the chief command of General Grant at Culpepper Court House. He was the first correspondent to reach Washington with the news of the bloody drawn battles in the Wilderness. He returned to the army after it reached the Peninsula, and crossed the James River with it, witnessing the siege of Petersburg until after the explosion of the mine (July 30, 1864), when he responded to an urgent summons to Germany from his family.

He reached his native town of Speyer but a short time before the death from consumption of his elder sister

Anna, which was preceded only a few days by that of her infant child. Mr. Villard's mother had died five years before. Most of the winter was spent in Munich with his father and with his remaining sister, who was married to an army officer stationed at Nuremberg. On the last day of March, 1865, he sailed from Liverpool, expecting to arrive in time to witness the final struggle between Grant and Lee, and was overcome with surprise on hearing, after landing in Boston on April 15, simultaneously the astounding tidings of the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the assassination of President Lincoln.

Mr. Villard's friend, Horace White, having, in the meantime, assumed the chief editorship of the Chicago *Tribune*, offered Mr. Villard the position of regular Washington correspondent of the paper, which he accepted and filled for a year. Early in January, 1866, he married the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, and took his bride to Washington. In June, he received an invitation from the New York *Tribune* to go to Europe as one of two special correspondents, the other being George W. Smalley, to report the impending war between Prussia and Austria. He went gladly, and sailed for England with his wife early in July. There was no Atlantic cable at that time, and, according to the latest news received up to his departure, hostilities had not broken out. On landing in Southampton, he was amazed to learn that the battle of Sadowa had been fought, that the Prussians were advancing on Vienna, that peace negotiations were under way, and that, in short, the war was practically over. Nevertheless, he proceeded to Bohemia, and visited the several battlefields, followed in the wake of the Prussian armies through Bohemia and Moravia, and reached Nikolsburg, where the Prussian headquarters with King William, Crown Prince Frederick, and Bismarck were established after the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Villard subsequently spent some time at Vienna, where he was very kindly treated by the United States Minister, Mr. J. L. Motley.

The winter of 1866–7 Mr. Villard passed at Munich with his wife and her youngest brother. His sister had moved there in the meantime. In pursuance of his engagement with the Chicago *Tribune* as its special correspondent for the World's Exhibition of 1867, Mr. and Mrs. Villard went to Paris in March. They remained there until the following February, with the exception of a short visit to England, where they met Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, who was then being fêted in Great Britain. Mr. Villard also spent some weeks at the bedside of his father, who died in his presence early in September, 1867. In February, 1868, he and his wife set out from Paris for their first tour in Italy. On the way thither they paid a visit to John Stuart Mill at Avignon, of which Mr. Villard wrote an account for the Chicago *Tribune*. To the same paper he likewise contributed a description of a violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, for which the well-known Professor Palmieri allowed him the privileges of his observatory.

Mr. and Mrs. Villard returned to the United States in May, 1868, and lived at the Garrison home in Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, till the fall of 1870, during which time their only daughter and eldest son were born. Mr. Villard became a contributor of editorial and other matter to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and other newspapers, and also wrote an article on Bismarck for the *North American Review*. In the fall of 1868, he was elected Secretary of the American Social Science Association, with an office in Boston, which position he filled for two years. Through this connection he came in contact with leading men throughout the country, and was instrumental in promoting public interests in various ways. Among his labors, the most noteworthy was his pioneer work in civil-service reform, for he helped to organize the first societies for its furtherance in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The first public meetings in its behalf in the two former cities were arranged chiefly by him, in order to obtain a hearing

for the first Civil Service Reform Bill, which had been laid before Congress. It was personally elucidated by its author, Thomas A. Jenckes, a member of the House from Rhode Island.

Mr. Villard's Social Science secretaryship led him to enter upon the investigation and study of public and corporate financiering, including that of railroads and banks. The subject of railroad securities especially interested him, and the knowledge acquired in this respect prepared him in a measure for his later business career, though he did not then dream that he would soon enter into that field. His attention was also attracted to the so-called "mortgage banks," so common on the continent of Europe, but as yet unknown in the United States, and he prepared and published a paper advocating their adoption.

The climate of Boston did not agree with him, and he suffered so much from catarrh that, in the fall of 1870, he decided to seek medical advice in Germany. During his stay there, he submitted to the management of a large bank in Berlin a project for the establishment of mortgage-banks in the United States. It was favorably received, and the institution agreed to raise the necessary capital in the Continental way, provided a special charter could be obtained for it in one of the older States. On his return to Boston early in 1871, he interested parties there in the plan, and it was decided to apply to the Massachusetts Legislature for a charter. The application failed, and nothing ever came of the scheme, but the relations into which it had brought him with financial circles in Germany proved subsequently of great value to him.

Mr. Villard's health began to fail during 1871, and he decided in the fall to go to Germany with his family, in order to recuperate. While passing the following winter at Wiesbaden, he was called on by some acquaintances from Boston to assist in the negotiation of a large railroad loan at Frankfort-on-the-Main and Berlin, and this business still further extended his circle of acquaintance among German financiers. The family, augmented by the

birth of a second son, spent the summer of 1872 in Switzerland, and the winter of 1872–3 in Heidelberg, where he had a number of relatives. Soon after going there, he had an apoplectic stroke, which was so serious that his physicians opined he would never be able to undertake mental labor again without great risk. But they themselves did not live long enough to see their predictions falsified.

While recovering from his severe illness, he received one day in February, 1873, a call from a gentleman residing in the place, with whom he was acquainted. His visitor asked Mr. Villard's opinion regarding an unfortunate investment he had made in American railroad bonds, and said that he had bought a considerable amount of the seven per cent. bonds of the Oregon & California Railroad Company of Oregon, on the strength of the statements made by the banking-house which had offered them for public subscription. Knowing nothing about the railroad company and but little of Oregon, Mr. Villard could not give the desired advice. At his suggestion, the gentleman obtained from the Protective Committee for the bondholders at Frankfort such information as it had regarding the company and the road. The material was ample, and in the light of it Mr. Villard gave an unfavorable opinion, and this led the chairman and another member of the committee to visit him and consult with him about the matter and to a subsequent invitation to join that body, to which he agreed after some hesitation, on the assurance that little work would be required of him. Such was the beginning of his business career. As shown in the preceding record of his first twenty years in America, he had never had any training for finance; but the determination and energy developed in him by his experience as a pioneer in Colorado and as a war correspondent, his extensive observation of and practical judgment in regard to national affairs, his wide acquaintance in the United States, the part he took in the mortgage-bank project and the bond negotiations just mentioned, all helped to prepare him for the new occupation upon which he was now to enter.

CHAPTER XXXIX

The Oregon Railroads.—1873–1879

THE Frankfort Committee had sent a delegation to Oregon, during the summer of 1873, for a thorough investigation of the railroad and the prospects of the State, and it was only after it had returned and made a report, and default had actually taken place in the payment of interest, that the labors of the committee began in October. There had been nearly eleven millions of the Oregon & California bonds sold at a little over 70 per cent. in Germany and England, of which the former country had absorbed by far the greater portion. The report of the delegates showed that only half of the nominal amount of the bonds had been received by the company in money; that, instead of 375 miles from Portland to the California State boundary, only 200 miles had been completed and were in operation, and that, owing to the small population and limited development of western Oregon, the road was producing only about one-third of the interest charge and could not well be expected to yield more for some time to come.

The first question before the committee was whether it should exercise the rights of the bondholders under the mortgage and take possession of the road by foreclosure proceedings, or compromise with the company, which was controlled by Ben Holladay, well known to the past generation as the owner of overland stage lines to California and of steamship lines on the Pacific coast. The latter course was decided upon after long deliberation. This necessitated the preparation of an agreement with the company for funding the interest and other purposes. As none of the other members of the committee knew Eng-

lish well, Mr. Villard soon found that the principal part of the work devolved upon him. All through the winter of 1873, he had to spend much time in Frankfort, and the outcome of it was that he was commissioned to go to the United States as the representative of the committee, in order to have the agreement put in form by American counsel, and to attend in person to its proper execution in Oregon. He sailed for this purpose for New York with his family in April, 1874.

He there met Ben Holladay, with whom and his lawyer, S. L. M. Barlow, and United States Senator Mitchell of Oregon, Mr. Villard, with his counsel, Professor James B. Thayer of the Harvard Law School, had a protracted tussle over the details of the compromise. Holladay proved a genuine specimen of the successful Western pioneer of former days, illiterate, coarse, pretentious, boastful, false, and cunning. Mr. Villard soon discovered also that Holladay's reputed great wealth was fictitious, and that he was, on the contrary, in financial extremities. That a man of such character should have found it so easy to command millions of foreign capital was quite a puzzle and shock to him. The explanation of this, he afterwards discovered, lay in the bad faith which the business men on the Pacific coast had shown to the European bankers who placed the bonds.

Mr. Villard set out for Oregon in May, accompanied by Richard Koehler, a German railroad engineer, who had been appointed resident financial agent of the bondholders at Portland under the articles of agreement, and who has remained there ever since and is now (1900) the general manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company for its Oregon lines. Mr. Villard spent some weeks in California, investigating the physical and financial condition of the California Pacific lines built independently of the Central Pacific with the proceeds of securities also marketed in England and Germany. He discovered that one of these lines, against which $2,000,000 seven per cent. bonds had

been sold, had not been built at all, and that the same company's ten per cent. income bonds, which were held by bankers abroad as prime securities, were really worthless. The discovery of this fraud added much to his standing in financial circles in Europe.

Mr. Villard started with his companion from San Francisco about the middle of July for Oregon, via the overland route, which then involved several hundred miles of stage travel. He was met at Roseburg, the terminus of the Oregon & California, by Ben Holladay and staff. What he saw of the scenery of Oregon on the way to Portland in the California, Yoncalla, and Willamette valleys, filled him with great enthusiasm. He was much impressed also with the evidences of agricultural wealth along the route. The picturesque situation and surroundings of Portland were an agreeable surprise to him, as was the unusual number of large and solid business buildings and of handsome private residences, together with the commercial activity of the place. He remained only long enough for the completion of his business, and for some short excursions into the interior of western Oregon. He did not dream of what was in store for him, and thought he should never see the town again. Soon after his return to the Atlantic coast, he sailed for Germany, to report in person as to the success of his mission. His lengthy printed report to the committee contained favorable accounts of his impressions of western Oregon, and expressed his belief in the promising future of the country and consequently in the certain improvement in the prospects of the bondholders. The greatest assurance of this lay in increase of population, with reference to which he made a proposition to the committee for the establishment of a bureau in the Atlantic States for the promotion of immigration to Oregon. His plan was approved, and he was commissioned to carry it out.

There was another reason for Mr. Villard's return to America before the close of 1874. Early in the preceding

winter, he had joined, upon urgent invitation, another committee, formed for the protection of the bondholders of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, which had been obliged by the severe crisis of that year to ask for the funding of two years' interest on three classes of bonds, representing a total of $12,000,000, most of which were held in Germany. He was chosen the delegate of this committee to conclude the funding arrangement with the company in the United States. On reaching New York, he found a despatch from the financial agent, Koehler, at Portland, reporting that an open conflict had already broken out between him and Ben Holladay about the execution of the compromise contract. It turned out that the latter, both because of bad faith and because of inability from want of means to make certain cash payments for which he had personally obligated himself, had violated the contract in several respects, and, moreover, that he was unwilling and unable to carry it out at all. It was discouraging to Mr. Villard thus to have a whole year's hard work so quickly brought to naught, but he resolutely exerted himself to find a way out of the complicated situation that had been created. It being out of the question to conduct litigation for the enforcement of the bondholders' rights at a distance of 7000 miles from Germany, on account of the great inconvenience and expense and long delay, he devised another compromise plan, under which Holladay would, for a certain consideration involving but a small sacrifice on the part of Mr. Villard's employers, peacefully surrender the control not only of the Oregon & California Railroad, but of two other transportation companies. One of these was an unproductive railroad, the Oregon Central, running fifty miles southwesterly from Portland, and the other a line of steamers of the Oregon Steamship Company, running between Portland and San Francisco, which formed the only regular connection that Oregon had with the rest of the world. Holladay had obtained from the same syndicate of for-

eign bankers that took the Oregon & California bonds, an advance of a million dollars against Oregon Central bonds, with which money the unproductive mileage had been built, and also a large loan of $800,000 against the properties of the Steamship Company, not worth a quarter of the amount loaned. As in the Oregon & California case, Holladay accomplished all this through the dishonest collusion of the San Francisco agent of the German syndicate.

Holladay came East for the winter, as was his wont, and agreed to the proposition, holding out for a time for better terms than offered. As not only the consent of the Oregon & California, but of the two sets of creditors mentioned, was necessary for the new compromise, Mr. Villard went to Europe once more, in the spring of 1875, to procure it. He had to labor strenuously all summer and most of the fall, and journeyed repeatedly between Frankfort and London before the approval of all parties in interest could be secured. According to the agreement as finally formulated, Holladay was to retire entirely from the management of the three corporations, and surrender all his interest in their share capital to the bondholders and the two classes of creditors respectively. There was to be friendly coöperation in the management of the companies between the former and the latter. Though the Steamship Company showed fine earnings, its wooden vessels were old, small, slow, expensive to run, and fast wearing out, and it was evident that, in order to preserve its business, the line would have to be re-stocked with modern steamers. To this end, the plan provided that the bondholders should furnish the necessary new steamers, in consideration of which they were to become the owners of the entire steamship stock upon the extinction of the creditors' claim, out of the earnings with which a considerable part of the debt had already been paid off. The bondholders also obtained an option to acquire the creditors' claim against the Oregon Central for one-quarter of the amount of their loan.

The combination was based on the theory that the three transportation interests could, by working together, by increasing their earning capacity by new outlays of capital for improvements and extensions, and gradually coming under the single ownership of Mr. Villard's employers, be so developed as to make good the greater part of their losses. The ways which he proposed to follow in order to reach this result were to attract immigration to Oregon, to extend the Oregon & California to a connection with the Central Pacific system, to add to the mileage of the Oregon Central sufficiently to make it a paying investment, and to equip the steamer line with larger, faster, and more economical vessels.

His faith in the future of western Oregon was so great —greater, as it turned out, than its resources warranted— that he fully believed in the possibility of the satisfactory solution of the difficult problem he had set for himself. In pushing his scheme, he found a general disposition, both in England and in Germany, to condition its acceptance upon his consent to make himself responsible for its execution by assuming the management of the companies. There was no escape for him from this, and he expected to have to remove to Portland with his family and to reside there for a number of years; but it happened otherwise. He was back in New York by November, 1875, and immediately began to carry out the new programme. Having already opened an Eastern immigration bureau for the Oregon & California in the preceding spring, and from it carried on a vigorous agitation for immigration to Oregon by advertisements in the press and the wide circulation of pamphlets descriptive of the State, written by himself, he began to look about for the purchase of a new steamer, and, early in the spring, bought the *George W. Elder* from the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and started her for San Francisco. Holladay had come East again to close the deal with him, but various informalities caused delays, so that Mr. Villard could not leave for the Pacific coast

before the end of April, 1876. He arrived at Portland two weeks later, and was at once elected president of the Oregon & California and Oregon Steamship companies, and assumed charge of them and, indirectly, of the Oregon Central. He remained several months in Oregon, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the business of the companies, and gaining the confidence of the community at Portland and of the public of the State at large by a number of reforms in the management of the railroads, and especially by proclaiming his determination that they should no longer be used, as they had been under the Holladay régime, as instruments for political party purposes. He devoted all his spare time to seeing as much as possible both of the western and eastern parts of the State, and came away confirmed in his conviction of the great future of Oregon, and inspired by the fine opportunities his new position seemed to open to him.

Mr. Villard intended to settle in Portland with his family in the fall of the same year, but was detained at the East by unexpected complications in the affairs of the Kansas Pacific Company. Owing to the utter failure of the crops in Kansas for several successive years, there had been a further decline, instead of an improvement, in that railroad's earnings, so that the company was unable to comply with the terms of the funding agreement. With the consent of the Frankfort committee of bondholders, it was decided to place the property under a receivership. As the representative in America of the bondholders, Mr. Villard was proposed as one of the two receivers to be appointed. He was reluctant to accept in view of his newly assumed responsibilities in Oregon, but, as it was mainly through his influence that the temporary funding of interest had been conceded in Germany, he could not well decline, and, accordingly, his appointment as receiver was made by the United States District Court for eastern Kansas on November 3, 1876. One of his first duties was an inspection of the main line and branches in company with

the officers of the railroad, which took him to Denver, as the western terminus of the road, for the first time since he had left the place in 1859. It was a strange turn of fortune that he who, only seventeen years before, had started from a town of perhaps a hundred frame shanties and log-houses containing not over one thousand inhabitants, to cross the Plains in a very humble way with an ordinary team, should now return riding on a special train behind a steam locomotive to a fine city of between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. Another striking evidence of the wonderful change in that short span of time which he noticed on this trip was that, whereas in the summer of 1859 he had passed enormous herds of live buffaloes on his way to the Rocky Mountains, he now found that they were entirely extinct, and that their bones were being hauled eastward by the train-load for manufacturing purposes.

The proper care of the Oregon and Kansas Pacific interests kept him hard at work in the East during the following winter and the spring of 1877. In pursuance of his Oregon programme, he continued the propaganda for immigration, and kept pressing his European employers for capital for more new steamers and for extending the Oregon Central. But, notwithstanding all his arguments, based on the rapidly increasing ocean traffic and the growing unseaworthiness of the ships in service, he succeeded only in securing two additional steamers, one by purchase and another by construction—the latter only by contracting individually for it. He failed to obtain anything for railroad construction. As for Kansas Pacific matters, owing to the continued bad earnings, nothing could be done beyond organizing a strong American committee of bondholders to support him, and for coöperation with the German committee in formulating a plan of reorganization later on.

Early in the summer of 1877, he started with his family for a stay in Colorado, to be followed by one in Oregon. After passing some weeks in the former State, the party

continued on to San Francisco. On arriving there, Mr. Villard found a despatch from the War Department advising him that a regiment of infantry was being hurried overland by fast trains on account of the outbreak of the Modoc war, and that his Steamship Company was desired to hold a ship ready for the immediate shipment of the regiment to Portland on its arrival on the coast. Mr. Villard himself superintended the necessary preparations, and crossed the bay to Oakland to receive the regiment, in one of the cold fogs peculiar to the California coast in the summer. He had caught a severe cold while in Colorado, which the exposure at Oakland developed the same day into pneumonia. He was able to dine with his family in the evening, but was unconscious before midnight. (Shortly after, there were fearful nights, in which Kearney's "sand-lot" anarchists tried to fire the city.) The disease attacked both lungs, and in a week his life was despaired of, and his wife had finally to telegraph her relations that the physicians gave no hope and did not expect her husband to live an hour. Skilful treatment and his strong constitution saved him, but he was so reduced by the long illness that the contemplated sojourn in Oregon had to be given up, and the family returned to New York.

While he was struggling for life, an opposition steamer was put on the line to Portland, with the result that there was a great falling off in the earnings of the Steamship Company, which greatly discouraged his foreign supporters, and made his task of obtaining additional capital from them much more difficult. His principals at first approved of the vigorous policy he adopted in meeting the competition, but, after the struggle had lasted six months, they required him to make a compromise with the opposition, which went into force in the spring of 1878. This clouding of the prospects of the Steamship Company led to friction between the Oregon & California bondholders' committee and the foreign Steamship creditors over the payments for the new steamers, which culminated in the

termination of the union of interests under the second Holladay arrangement of 1876. A dissolution of the relations established at that date was effected by mutual consent, the Steamship creditors assuming exclusive control of the line. The bondholders, however, exercised their option for the Oregon Central and raised money for its extension for fifty miles. Mr. Villard remained president both of the Oregon & California and of the Steamship Company, but it was clear to him from the beginning that these new relations would not long be maintained.

Unexpected complications also arose from his connection with the Kansas Pacific. This company had been trying for years, ever since its junction with the Union Pacific by its branch line from Denver to Cheyenne, to get a share of the Utah, Nevada, and California business, to which it asserted a title under the Act of Congress subsidizing both roads; but the Union Pacific had steadily refused to pro-rate with it. The Kansas Pacific then sought relief both in Congress and in the courts, and made such a strong fight that the stockholding interests controlling the Union Pacific, of which Jay Gould held by far the largest part, adopted the plan which he had conceived of getting control of the rival company. Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon, the Union Pacific president, commenced negotiations to that end with the group of St. Louis men who owned a majority of the Kansas Pacific stock, and with Mr. Villard as representative of the bondholders, but proposed such a reduction of the principal and interest of the bonds that their offer was rejected by the committee. Gould vainly tried to win Mr. Villard over by the guarantee of a profitable participation in the syndicate to be formed for the reorganization of the Kansas Pacific. After a pause, Gould reopened negotiations, and, after many conferences, formally accepted the terms agreed on by Mr. Villard and the New York committee of bondholders. He even went so far as to form a reorganising pool for the securities of the company other than the first-

mortgage bonds, including most of the stock, and, as a pledge of good faith, made Mr. Villard custodian of the deposited values, worth, according to the market quotations, over ten millions of dollars. Notwithstanding this, Gould changed his mind, went back on the bargain, and tried to force the bondholders to submit to his former terms by opening an offensive campaign, in which the St. Louis directors, who had at first stood by the bondholders, now joined him.

In order to frighten the bondholders, he caused the construction of a new line from Cheyenne to Denver, by which he could compel the Kansas Pacific to share its mainstay, the Denver traffic, with the Union Pacific. He made the company apply for the removal of Mr. Villard as receiver, on the ground that he acted partially as the representative of the mortgage-bond interest, and he was successful in this move, as Mr. Villard could not and would not deny that he had favored the bondholders in every possible way, having been appointed their representative. Gould also got the portion of the press which he influenced to heap slander and abuse upon Mr. Villard and the New York committee. But they and the German committees stood firmly together and ordered foreclosure proceedings to be commenced. Gould's ulterior object was, as he had repeatedly avowed to Mr. Villard when he tried to win him over, the consolidation of the Kansas Pacific with the Union Pacific by exchanging stock for stock, and issuing consolidated Kansas Pacific mortgage bonds against the other securities in the pool. As he had bought many millions of Kansas Pacific stock from the St. Louis directors and in the market below 12½, and the Union Pacific stock then ranged in the market between 60 and 70, and as the issue of the new bonds would also yield him a large profit, he played really for a harvest of millions. Upon the setting in of the great boom in Wall Street in 1879 with the approaching resumption of specie payments, Gould saw the great opportunity it offered for floating new secu-

rities, and, loath to lose it, made up his mind to come to terms with the bondholders.

One day, early in 1879, he appeared in Mr. Villard's office and told him that he was tired of fighting, and that he was ready to accept the committee's conditions. This time he was true to his word, and the result was, as he had anticipated, an extraordinarily rapid rise in Kansas Pacific securities. Under the terms of the settlement, two of the three first-mortgages were recognized in full, and of the third only the interest was reduced from seven to six per cent. When the receivers were appointed, the bonds under the former were selling at 50, and those under the latter below 30. They bounded up in jumps to above par; the last-mentioned bonds, with nearly six years' unpaid back interest, rose even to 140. Gould having purposely let his intention to consolidate the Kansas Pacific with the Union Pacific be known, the stock of the former, which had sold as low as 3 less than four years before, was quickly quoted as high as the latter and followed it far above par. Gould, not long after the consolidation, sold all his stock. He was understood to have cleared more than ten millions of dollars by the operation, which was one of the principal episodes in that speculative time. The triumphant issue of Mr. Villard's contest with that most unscrupulous and most dreaded machinator, and his fidelity to his employers, raised him to a position of influence in American financial circles, while it added greatly to his reputation abroad.

CHAPTER XL

The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company
1879—80

THE peaceful relations thus established between Mr. Villard and the Union Pacific leaders bore important fruit in another direction. Ever since his first visit to Oregon, he had conferred from time to time with the parties controlling the Central Pacific, in both San Francisco and New York, regarding the possibility of a joint scheme for the connection of the Oregon roads with the Central Pacific system. The Central Pacific people were willing to build to Oregon, provided they could obtain a subsidy from the State, and had submitted a formal proposition to that effect in 1876. It had not met with a satisfactory response, and the plan was dropped. As it was a self-evident proposition that direct railroad communication between Oregon and the rest of the country would be of the greatest advantage to the local transportation lines, it occurred to Mr. Villard to make an effort to induce his new Union Pacific friends to build from Ogden to the Columbia River. The time was most propitious for new railroad enterprises, as the appetite of the public for new securities seemed insatiable. The Union Pacific had years before made a preliminary survey of a line from its western terminus to the Columbia under the direction of General Grenville M. Dodge. Mr. Villard studied the report of this expedition, and, with the material it contained and his own knowledge of the Upper Columbia country, prepared a formal project and submitted it to Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon. They were both favorably impressed with it, and, after several

meetings, it was agreed in writing to form a construction company for carrying it out, to the capital of which the Union Pacific people should contribute one half and Mr. Villard and his friends the other half. On Mr. Villard's recommendation, they authorized him, as the first step, to acquire a controlling interest in the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, a flourishing company with its seat at Portland, which had a monopoly of the traffic of the Upper and Lower Columbia and Snake River through its ownership of the portages by short railroads around the obstructions to navigation on the Columbia at the Cascades and the Dalles. With this special object, he left New York in April, 1879, on his usual spring visit to Oregon.

In the meantime, new trouble had sprung up for the Oregon Steamship Company. The pooling arrangement with the first opposition had been in force only about seven months when a new competitor appeared on the Portland-San Francisco line. Some California speculators had bought the *Great Republic*, a laid-up old side-wheeler of great carrying capacity, put her in repair and on the route, evidently for blackmailing purposes. The cutting of passenger and freight rates to losing figures soon followed. The European creditors, who for a long time had received nothing on account of the principal and interest of their original advance, owing to the payments for the new steamers and the losses from the first competition, now became hopeless, and early in the year 1879 Mr. Villard was advised that they were willing to sell out at a large sacrifice. He urged them not to do so, but, as they persisted, he made his first effort to form a syndicate in New York to buy them out. He easily accomplished his object, and the transaction was closed before he went West. It ended his dependence on the creditors, much to his relief, as the duty of satisfying a group of disappointed foreign bankers had gradually become very irksome. The success of the new venture of himself and his friends depended upon the cessation of the opposition. He was surprised on his way

overland by the news that the *Great Republic* had run ashore at the mouth of the Columbia and was completely wrecked, but fortunately without loss of life. These tidings led him to consider the practicability of forming, under the auspices of the new Construction Company, an ocean and river navigation company out of the Oregon Steamship and the Oregon Steam Navigation Companies, and he made up his mind, before he reached Portland, to try to accomplish this object. This was the germ of his remarkable creation, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company.

The Oregon Steam Navigation Company was formed in 1862 with a capital of $2,000,000 by a combination of individual owners of steamboats running on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. Subsequently the stock capital was increased to $5,000,000 after considerable additions to the properties of the company, paid for out of earnings. It was a close corporation, a large majority of the stock being held by five leading men of Portland, who formed the Board of Directors and exercised actual management. In 1871 these met the party, representing the Northern Pacific Railroad, which had come to the Pacific coast to locate the western terminus of the line and to arrange for the commencement of construction in Washington or Oregon. The directors of the Navigation Company, being alarmed by the prospect of railroad competition with their boats on the Columbia, tried to induce the Northern Pacific delegation to buy them out, and the latter took a proposition with them to the East for the sale of the whole of the Navigation stock for $2,000,000 or forty per cent. of the nominal value of $5,000,000. A deal was consummated in Philadelphia some months later with the purchase by Jay Cooke & Co., for account of the Northern Pacific, of three quarters of the $5,000,000 at forty per cent., half cash and half in Northern Pacific bonds at 90. The Portland directors retained the other quarter of the stock and continued in the management.

Jay Cooke & Co. held the three-quarters of the Naviga-

tion stock as collateral for their advances to the Northern Pacific when they failed in 1873, and the stock became part of their bankrupt estate and was distributed by the trustees managing it, mostly in small lots among the numerous creditors of the firm in part settlement of their claims. The recipients knew nothing about the Navigation Company, and the stock came into the market at very low figures. The Portland directors were not slow in improving this opportunity to buy back the control of the company, and they and their friends held again, in the spring of 1879, over four-fifths of the stock.

On his arrival in Portland late in April, Mr. Villard immediately asked J. C. Ainsworth, the president of the Navigation Company, whether he and his associates were willing to sell their holdings. After some deliberation, they informed him that they were disposed to sell, but they wanted a high price, and suggested that, before beginning formal negotiations, he should inspect all their properties, and to that end visit the Upper Columbia and Walla Walla country once more. Accompanied by one of their number, he spent ten days in doing this. His previous highly favorable impressions of the Upper Columbia country and of the present and future business of the Navigation Company were fully confirmed. On his return to Portland, an inventory of the company's properties was produced, aggregating $3,320,000, including a fleet of side- and stern-wheel steamers and the twenty-one miles of portage railroads. A statement of earnings for several years was submitted, with an offer to sell 40,320 shares at par. The directors thought that it was too big a deal for Mr. Villard, but, as the earnings showed twelve per cent. on $5,000,000 for the past year, with a certain large increase for the current year, he considered it a fine bargain and one well worth securing. They readily entered into a plan he had matured on the Upper Columbia, after seeing the difficulties of handling the large and fast-growing grain traffic owing to the natural obstructions to navigation, which involved breaking

bulk three times and the use of three sets of boats. It was to form a new company, which should absorb both the Oregon Steamship Company and the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and which should be provided with capital enough to build a narrow-gauge railroad from the Lower Cascades up the left bank to a connection near the mouth of the Snake River with the existing narrow-gauge road to the town of Walla Walla. This railroad would secure, in his judgment, by the safe occupancy of the Columbia Valley, the only outlet of eastern Oregon and Washington to the Pacific, against both river and railroad competition —a far more important matter than the economical transportation of wheat.

After days of negotiation, it was agreed that the new company should be organized under the name of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, with a capital of $6,000,000 stock, and issue $6,000,000 six per cent. bonds. Mr. Villard secured for $100,000 cash an option till October 1, to call for 40,320 Navigation shares at par, paying for them fifty per cent. in cash, twenty per cent. in the bonds, and thirty per cent. in the stock of the new company. He was allowed $1,000,000 stock and $1,200,000 in bonds for the acquisition of all the Oregon steamship properties and for a fourth large new steamer; $2,000,000 stock and $2,500,000 bonds to raise the cash required for Ainsworth and friends, leaving $1,800,000 stock and $1,500,000 bonds for the purchase of the thirty-five miles of the Walla Walla railroad and the construction of the new railroad along the Columbia. For $10,000 he obtained an option, also till October 1, to buy the Walla Walla line at a satisfactory price.

The Navigation people did not think it possible for Mr. Villard to raise so much cash, and considered him a reckless fool to put up the stake of $100,000, which they felt certain of pocketing. He left Portland at the end of May in a high state of elation at what he had achieved, and reached New York on June 8. The scheme he brought with him differed from that agreed on with the Union Pacific people;

but as it contained so much of immediate promise, he was confident that they would gladly accept it. He submitted it at once to Jay Gould, but the latter received it coolly, and within a few days sent a note to Mr. Villard saying that he and his associates preferred not to participate. Nothing daunted, but rather glad at this parting of their ways, Mr. Villard invited his financial friends to join in exchanging the new Oregon Steamship for Oregon Railway & Navigation securities, and to subscribe for the required cash payments for bonds at 90 with a bonus of seventy per cent. in stock. He met with such prompt response that within ten days he was able to telegraph to the Portland parties to send on their Navigation stock for delivery on July 1, when all the cash, bonds, and stock due on it would be ready to be paid and delivered to them. This was actually done, and in addition the balance due to the foreign creditors for the Steamship Company was remitted and enough cash left in the treasury of the new company for the fourth new steamship and for beginning construction on the Columbia River railroad line, which was being surveyed as rapidly as possible. This quick work caused astonishment in American as well as in European financial circles, and the achiever of it received far more public notice than he ever expected or cared to have. It would seem a trifling operation in these later years, in which scores of millions have often been raised by syndicates for the reorganization of railroads and the formation of industrial combinations, but in those early days it was an unexampled performance.

The reception of the securities of the new company by the public also made an extraordinary "record," best shown by the following incident. Mr. Villard was overworked, and, after setting up the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, embarked for Europe with his family, early in July, for a rest of some months. The shares were listed at the New York Stock Exchange during the summer. He did not return until late in November, and, on

reaching the dock, he noticed one of his counsel in the crowd waiting, waving a piece of paper at him. It turned out to be a broker's report of a sale at 95 of the stock that had been given five months before as a bonus. This rapid rise was due to the fact that the net earnings of the two constituent river and navigation companies were sufficiently large to warrant the payment of bond interest and eight per cent. dividends on the stock, payment at which rate had already been commenced. This astonishing increase naturally raised Mr. Villard to a still more commanding position in Wall Street. Yet it was but the beginning of a series of like successes.

The vast region drained by the Columbia and its tributaries formed a very empire in its extent. Its material development was entirely dependent upon the present and future transportation facilities within its limits. Mr. Villard's rule over these and, through them, over the whole future of that promising part of the country was rendered all but absolute by his personal success. He was fully conscious of the duties his great task imposed upon him to the new corporation and to the people of Oregon and Washington. He devoted himself to their fulfilment with all the energy at his command. Before going to Europe, he had closed a contract for the construction of the fourth steamer, named the *Columbia*, which was the finest in every respect that had left the yards of John Roach, the well-known shipbuilder. Having become interested in the incandescent electric lighting as perfected by Edison, he insisted upon having the *Columbia* provided with it. Roach was strongly opposed at first to the innovation, but yielded, and the first electric plant ever placed on a sea-going vessel went into the new boat and gave perfect satisfaction. The novel illumination was also at first objected to, strange as it may now seem, by the marine underwriters.

The shipment of railroad material for the Columbia line also occupied his attention. It having been decided to formally consolidate the two constituent companies with

the controlling one, the acquisition of the outstanding minority of the Oregon Steam Navigation stock devolved upon Mr. Villard, and proved a troublesome undertaking. Last, but not least, a contingency arose in the resumption of construction activity by the Northern Pacific in Washington Territory, which threatened the monopoly of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company on the Upper Columbia. The former company had succeeded in raising enough capital to build that part of the main line from Lake Pend d'Oreille to the confluence of the Columbia and Snake rivers, known for a time as the Pend d'Oreille Branch. The continuance of this line down the right bank of the Columbia, parallel to the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's line on the opposite bank, was a menace to the latter, whose location really constituted an indisputable encroachment, moreover, on the right of the Northern Pacific to build on either bank. Mr. Villard entered into negotiations with the Northern Pacific early in 1880 to obtain, in consideration of a liberal traffic contract, a concession of the right of way on the left bank to his company, and an agreement on their part not to build on the other bank. It was then merely agreed, however, that he should meet the late Joseph D. Potts, of Philadelphia, one of the directors, on the Pacific coast, and with him go over the ground and find a basis for a mutually satisfactory arrangement. They met, travelled together, and joined in recommendations to their respective corporations, and early in the fall the preparation of a contract embodying the above suggestions was begun in New York. Mr. Villard spent the greater part of the summer on the coast, and expedited the construction work on the different lines as much as possible. In view of the negotiations with the Northern Pacific for using his company's Columbia River line, and of the surprising increase of the river traffic, it was decided to abandon the narrow for the standard gauge. An exploration trip which Mr. Villard made with Messrs. George M. Pullman and William Endicott, Jr., of Boston,

through eastern Oregon and southeastern Washington led to the determination to commence at once the construction of a number of branch lines as feeders to the river line. During this tour he met and addressed gatherings of settlers at different points, explaining his purpose to give them railroad communication, and urging them to increase their wheat planting. He made it a point to ask his hearers what rate on wheat to tide-water would be satisfactory, and was able to promise them lower rates than they asked. He defined his policy as that of a beneficent monopoly, and his executive action bore him out, for, upon the completion of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's railroad system, the cost of transporting grain to the sea was at once reduced forty per cent. and more.

To provide the additional capital required by the change of gauge and for the construction of feeders, the capital stock of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company was increased by $6,000,000, which was offered to the stockholders at par, who took it readily, as the market price of the shares had risen to above 180 before the new issue. In his first annual report as president, published in the summer of 1880, Mr. Villard announced that 115 miles of the river line were about being completed, and that the grading on the branch lines in southeastern Washington was done.

During his sojourn on the Pacific coast in 1880, a project for another company matured in his mind, the object of which should be the development of the natural resources, mineral, agricultural, and otherwise, of Oregon and Washington, and the North Pacific coast generally, in coöperation with the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. The name of Oregon Improvement Company was adopted for it, and it was authorized to issue five millions of stock and five millions of bonds. The latter were offered at par with the full amount of stock as a bonus, and were eagerly subscribed for by Mr. Villard's followers. His success was even more immediate than with the Oregon Railway &

Navigation Company, as the subscriptions sold at a premium of from forty to fifty per cent. before the lists were closed, and the shares reached 91½ at the New York Stock Exchange within a few months. The new company bought and worked a coal railroad and mine in western Washington, and purchased a large body of select agricultural lands from the Northern Pacific in the so-called Palouse country in eastern Washington; brought out three large new coal steamers from the Atlantic coast; erected a great coal dock at San Francisco, and eventually acquired the capital stock of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which had pooled its earnings with the Railway & Navigation Company for the San Francisco-Portland line. As the last-named company had a good many dealings with the Improvement Company, Mr. Villard decided not to assume the presidency or be a director of the latter, but he directed all the investments of its capital elsewhere referred to.

Early in the summer of 1880, a change occurred in his relations to the Oregon & California. During his visit to Germany in 1879, he had informally agreed with the Frankfort committee of bondholders to bring a proposition before the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company to buy all the interest of the bondholders in the two Oregon railroads for a guarantee of principal and six per cent. interest on half their nominal holdings of Oregon & California bonds. A committee of Navigation directors, consisting of Messrs. Pullman and Endicott, was charged to examine the roads and report upon the proposition. But Mr. Villard himself withdrew it when a Scotch company commenced the construction of a competitive narrow-gauge system in the Willamette Valley. As the Navigation Company operated boats on the Willamette which affected the traffic of the railroads, he deemed it his duty to resign as president of the Oregon & California and as a member of the committee, which he did at the time stated. But the severance of his relations with that company did not con-

tinue long. During 1879 and 1880, the control of the majority of the Oregon & California bonds had gradually passed from German to English holders, who started a movement in London for the reorganization of the roads. A plan was perfected, and, with Mr. Villard's knowledge and sanction, was unanimously approved at a special bondholders' meeting.

In order to provide capital for the completion of the Oregon & California to the California boundary, where its junction with the Central Pacific was expected, the issue of new six per cent. bonds, at the rate of $20,000 a mile and $12,000,000 preferred and $7,000,000 common stock to be given in exchange for the old seven per cent. bonds, was authorized. Under the direction of the Improvement Company, with Mr. Villard's assistance, an underwriting syndicate for $6,000,000 of the new bonds was successfully formed, after which he was reëlected president of the Oregon & California Company, which had absorbed the Oregon Central. The work of continuing the main line southward from Roseburg was at once started and pushed energetically.

CHAPTER XLI

Completion of the Northern Pacific Railway 1880–3

THE negotiations with the Northern Pacific were resumed in September, 1880, by Mr. Villard, assisted by Thomas F. Oakes, whom he had induced to resign as general superintendent of the Kansas Pacific and assume the functions of vice-president and general manager of the Railway & Navigation Company. The Northern Pacific parties were lukewarm and hard to satisfy, but a contract was signed on October 20. Mr. Villard's side secured in it all the essential points it had been striving for except a covenant by the other party not to build down the north bank of the Columbia, which it could, however, hardly make without risking a forfeiture of a large portion of its land grant in Oregon and Washington. The Northern Pacific recognized the other company's right of way on the southern bank and its title to the station grounds, and waived all claims for damages, and, most important of all, agreed to a division of territory, with the Snake and Columbia as the dividing line, except that it consented to the construction of a line into the Palouse country by the Railway & Navigation Company. In consideration of all these concessions, the latter agreed to complete a standard-gauge road within three years from the western end of the Pend d'Oreille division at the mouth of the Snake River to Portland, and to grant the Northern Pacific the right, without the obligation, to run its own trains over it at a fixed charge per train mile. It also agreed to carry Northern Pacific construction material at reasonable and fixed rates, and to effect the sale at $2.50 an acre of three hundred thousand

acres of Northern Pacific land along the Palouse line to the Oregon Improvement Company.

Mr. Villard and his friends were exultant, and the Navigation stock rose considerably on the announcement of the signing of the contract, to which the Northern Pacific would not have assented if the negotiations had been protracted a little longer. Its management had not found it easy to raise money for the resumption of construction east and west, and would not have been able to command the means to build along the Columbia. Moreover, it had shrunk from a contest with a young and vigorous concern like the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, with apparently unlimited financial resources, under a bold and aggressive leadership. Its defensive position was entirely changed within a month of the execution of the contract by the sale of $40,000,000 of its first-mortgage bonds to a powerful syndicate headed by Drexel, Morgan & Co., Winslow, Lanier & Co., and A. Belmont & Co. The transaction, then unparalleled in its magnitude, assured to the company $36,000,000 of money, which was then generally assumed to be sufficient for the completion and equipment of the entire main line.

Mr. Villard heard of this portentous operation only a few days before its consummation. He now understood why his own offer during the negotiations with President Billings to raise $10,000,000 for the Northern Pacific against its mortgage bonds was at first warmly received but afterwards declined. He perceived at once distinctly what damaging consequences the great financial strength thus secured to the other company might have for the interests represented by him. The fear, indeed, was justified that his company would be struck in its vital part by the continuance of the Northern Pacific main line down the Columbia. He knew that the mere threat of this would greatly affect the market value of his company's securities, and much impede the raising of additional capital for it. In a short time he decided upon the adoption of a radical remedy for

these threatening consequences. He formed the boldest resolution of his whole business career. It was nothing less than the acquisition of a sufficient amount of Northern Pacific shares to influence the direction of Northern Pacific affairs, to which stock interest should be permanently joined the large majority of Oregon Railway & Navigation stock held by himself and his followers, so as to insure lasting harmony between the two corporations.

In pursuance of this object, he conceived the plan of forming a new company which should purchase and hold a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific as well as in the Oregon Railway & Navigation. Foreseeing that a regular supply of capital would be needed for years for the development, by branch lines and otherwise, of the enormous stretches of wild country tributary to the two companies, he enlarged the scheme so as to make the new corporation also a financiering company for the two others. He had gained enough experience in Wall Street by this time to know that, if his intention to form such a company for such a purpose became public, he would never be able to secure his main object—the purchase at reasonable figures in the open market of the large amount of the two stocks he needed. He therefore determined to begin by buying as secretly as possible all that his private means and credit permitted. Only a few of his most intimate friends were aware of his operations. Having gone as far as he could on his own account, he decided, in February, 1881, to call on his supporters generally for further funds in such a manner as not to disclose the object he sought to accomplish. With his absolute faith in the soundness of his project, he felt justified in taking large responsibilities, and did not hesitate to make the boldest possible appeal to personal confidence by asking his followers to intrust their money to him without being told what use he intended to make of it. Accordingly, he issued a confidential circular to about fifty persons, informing them that they were desired to subscribe towards a fund of $8,000,000, to

which he himself would contribute a large part, in order to enable him to lay the foundation of a certain enterprise the exact nature of which he would disclose on or before May 15, 1881. Payments were to be made in three instalments.

The effect of the circular was astonishing. The very novelty and mystery of the proposition proved to be an irresistible attraction. One-third of the persons and firms appealed to signed the full amount asked for before the subscription-paper could reach the other two-thirds. Then a regular rush for the privilege of subscribing ensued, and, within twenty-four hours of the issue of the circular, more than twice the amount offered was applied for. The allotments were made as fairly as possible, but hardly one of the subscribers was satisfied with the amount allowed him. All wanted more, and Mr. Villard's offices were crowded with persons pleading for larger participations, including some of the first bankers of New York, of whom several protested angrily when refused. The subscriptions commanded twenty-five per cent. premium at once, which rose to forty and fifty per cent.; in other words, people were willing to pay fifteen hundred dollars for every thousand they were permitted to contribute. The eight million dollars was promptly paid, notwithstanding the great stringency of the money market at the time.

The subscribers received a personal receipt from Mr. Villard, reading as follows:

Received this day from . . . . . the sum of . . . . . dollars, as his contribution to, and which entitles the holder hereof to a proportionate interest in, the transactions of a Purchasing Syndicate to be formed with a capital of $8,000,000, by agreement in writing of the parties in like interest, for the acquisition of properties, real, personal and mixed, for the purpose of the sale thereof to and the consolidation with the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company or the Oregon Improvement Company or both, or to serve as the basis for the formation of a new Company. It is understood and agreed that the undersigned shall account to the

holder hereof for the use of the moneys for which this and like receipts are given on or before May 15, 1882, but not sooner, and that the holder hereof shall participate equally in all the profits and benefits of every description with all other persons in like interest in proportion to said contribution. This receipt is not transferable except with the written consent of the undersigned.

The promised accounting was postponed until June 24, when the subscribers met by invitation of Mr. Villard in his offices, and received for the first time full explanations of his plan to form a new company for the double object already explained. The project was so well received that his simultaneous invitation to subscribe $12,000,000 more was generally responded to. The new company was organized immediately in Oregon, under the name of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, with an authorized capital stock of $50,000,000, of which $30,000,000 was issued and distributed among the subscribers for the $20,000,000 cash paid in.

This unique financial feat, without precedent or parallel, gained for Mr. Villard much of the kind of reputation which he least coveted. Wall Street dubbed it the "blind pool," and the newspaper exaggerations and fictions indulged in throughout the country regarding it gave him a most distasteful notoriety. The new corporation was the first of the companies, now called "proprietary," which have since become numerous. Its conception was considered by eminent bankers as a stroke of genius, and the belief in its practicability by men of the highest standing was evidenced by the composition of the company's board of directors and the list of stockholders. Yet the company was destined to prove a grievous disappointment and the greatest possible trial to its originator. Even before the purchasing syndicate was wound up, unexpected troubles were born with the new company. In forming it, the founder had no intention of ousting the existing management of the Northern Pacific, but only to bring about a

close alliance between it and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. But President Billings rejected his advances, and would not even listen to his request for a small representation in the Northern Pacific board. Thereupon he offered to purchase the stock holdings of Mr. Billings and his fellow-directors, but this offer was also declined. The Northern Pacific directors, knowing that this would result in their displacement at the next annual election, then tried to fortify themselves by the sudden distribution of the $18,000,000 of common stock still in the treasury. Mr. Villard got wind of this and sued out an injunction against the issue. After some litigation, a compromise was effected. A new board of directors was agreed upon, with a majority of representatives of the Oregon & Transcontinental, and elected at the annual meeting in September, with Henry Villard as president, T. F. Oakes as first vice-president, and Anthony J. Thomas, an officer of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, as second vice-president. Thus, in a little over two years from the birth of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, Mr. Villard had assumed the burden of forging a new rail chain across the continent, twenty-seven hundred miles long, by connecting the existing links.

The new management considered its most important duty the pushing of the construction of the main line of the Northern Pacific with the utmost energy. It found a balance of no less than $34,000,000 from the sale of the $40,000,000 first-mortgage bonds available for this purpose. Yet, in spite of this seeming abundance, serious financial embarrassments arose during the first year of the new administration from two sources. In the first place, large expenditures were incurred for grading, bridging, and tunnelling at points in Montana, a long distance from the two ends of the track; but no money could be drawn from the building fund for outlays not resulting in finished road. Under the terms of the mortgage, the proceeds of the bonds became available only upon the completion and acceptance by the United States Government

of the main line in 25-mile sections of road. In the second place, there was serious trouble owing to the lingering illness of President Garfield and the refusal of his successor, President Arthur, to appoint commissioners to inspect completed sections because bills forfeiting the company's land grant were pending in Congress. Although Mr. Villard induced one Republican leader after another to appeal to the Executive on behalf of the company for the appointment of commissioners, President Arthur remained immovable until September, when he yielded to the arguments of Roscoe Conkling. For more than a year, the company had been obliged to meet requirements for construction and equipment at the average rate of over $2,000,000 a month without reimbursement from the proceeds of the bonds. It was a period of most harassing anxiety for Mr. Villard. More than once the situation seemed desperate, and he prevented a breakdown only by the unhesitating use of his personal credit and by assistance from the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, the availability of which fully demonstrated the practical value of its creation. Notwithstanding these financial hindrances, the progress of construction was not delayed an hour.

During the whole of 1882, and up to midsummer of 1883, Mr. Villard devoted himself unceasingly to the double duty of meeting the money requirements for construction and equipment and of accelerating the grading, bridging, tunnelling, and track-laying by the several companies under his presidency. He sought to inspire the engineers in charge and the contractors with determination to do their utmost to complete the main line of the Northern Pacific and the river road of the Oregon Railway & Navigation by the end of the summer of 1883. Construction was also proceeding on the Oregon & California. Moreover, Mr. Villard, through the Oregon & Transcontinental, in accordance with its programme, had taken in hand in 1883 the building of nearly five hundred miles of Northern Pacific branches in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, and west-

ern Washington, including the important Yellowstone Park branch. The forces employed by the several companies formed a total of over twenty-five thousand railroad men, mechanics, and laborers, including fifteen thousand Chinamen, and the total disbursements on all accounts reached fully four millions of dollars a month. He aimed at an achievement the like of which had never before been attempted in the civilized world—nothing less than the completion of not far from two thousand miles of new road in two years, or nearly three miles a day, including scores of miles of tunnels, bridges, and trestles. No man in this country, indeed, had ever before at one time had supreme charge of such gigantic operations, extending from the Upper Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and from Puget Sound to the northern boundaries of California.

After protracted negotiations with the Union Pacific officials in the early part of 1883, Mr. Villard finally induced them to agree definitely to construct their Oregon Short Line to the Snake River as fast as possible, in consideration of which he undertook to continue the Baker City branch of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company to a junction with their extension. The enlargement of the construction programme of the latter company had called for another issue of $6,000,000 stock in 1882, and the agreement with the Union Pacific now led to a third issue of the same amount, so that the total outstanding stock capital was $24,000,000. As the net earnings of the company had risen in the first three years of its existence from less than a million to nearly three millions, the successive issues of stock were readily absorbed. The company was then the only one in the United States that met all its pecuniary requirements without putting out a single additional bond after the first issue, of which fact its president was justly proud.

Mr. Villard spent many months, both in 1882 and in 1883, on the road in personal visits to the principal construction columns. In April, 1883, occasion arose for him

to be in Portland by a certain date, which he could only do by making an accelerated trip across the continent. Owing to the courtesy of the lines between Chicago and San Francisco, he was able to arrange for a special train running through without stopping anywhere except for a change of locomotives about every two hundred miles. The run was watched by the whole Western public, and the newspapers reported regularly the progress of his train. Everywhere along the route, people turned out to see it fly past and cheer its occupants. It went through in less than half the time of the regular passenger trains, being the fastest trip hitherto made.

Mr. Villard's sojourns in Portland had always been times of hard work, but the one following the flying journey overland was an extraordinarily busy one. He worked out the details of a lease of the Oregon & California lines by the Oregon & Transcontinental Company on what seemed advantageous terms to the latter; the lease was subsequently submitted to and approved by the stockholders of the two companies. The construction of the extension from Roseburg had far exceeded the estimates, and the proceeds of the new bonds were exhausted before the very costly lower end, crossing the Siskiyou Mountains, was reached. The lease therefore provided for the completion of the line by the lessee for the remainder of the authorized Oregon & California first-mortgage and all of the second-mortgage bonds. Mr. Villard also closed a lease of the narrow-gauge system built with Scotch capital in the Willamette Valley. Next, he perfected the organization of a separate Terminal Company, which was to create the terminal facilities, including a large passenger station, a bridge over the Willamette, machine-shops, freight-houses, round-houses, docks, etc., required for the three railroad systems, the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, Oregon Railway & Navigation, and Northern Pacific, which would terminate at Portland. The estimated outlay of the Terminal Company was nearly $3,000,000, which was pro-

vided for by the issue of bonds to be guaranteed by the three railroad companies. As Portland did not have a single decent hotel at the time, Mr. Villard also purchased a suitable site for a large modern one, and gave a leading firm of New York architects charge of its erection. Its completion was delayed for some years, but "The Portland" stands to-day, as planned by him, the finest establishment of the kind on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco.

Oregon had an institution which went by the name of University, of which it represented, however, but a very small beginning. It had received little support either from the State or from the public, and was so embarrassed by indebtedness that it would probably have been obliged to close its doors, had not Mr. Villard come to its relief by paying its floating debt in response to an appeal from the Board of Regents. He also presented it with the nucleus of a library. In May, 1883, he offered to donate fifty thousand dollars to it on condition that the State would levy a tax sufficient for its maintenance on a moderate scale. This being done, he paid over the promised sum, in recognition of which gift a hall was named after him. About the same time, he intervened to save the Territorial University of Washington from suspension by the failure of the Territorial Legislature to make an appropriation for it.[1] He also helped various local charities on the North Pacific coast.

Before leaving for an overland trip to St. Paul along the finished and unfinished parts of the Northern Pacific main line, he delivered a speech to a large audience at Portland. Referring to the fact that construction on the Oregon Railway & Navigation lines had progressed more rapidly than had been expected, as shown by the completion of the Columbia River line the previous November, three months ahead of time, and in view also of the advanced state of the work on the Northern Pacific, he said he hoped the

[1] This "intervention" meant the support of the institution for two years. Mr. Villard was never reimbursed for this outlay by the Legislature.

announcement he was about to make without hesitation would find credence—that he would come to Portland again early in the fall, and be the first passenger to alight from the first through-train from St. Paul to that city. He further announced the terms of the understanding he had reached with the Union Pacific regarding the coming junction of the Baker City branch of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company with the Oregon Short Line. Thus he could promise them not only one but two railroad connections with the East within a short time. In response to this, the enthusiastic audience gave him a great ovation. He was able fully to redeem his promise regarding the time and manner of his next arrival in Portland.

Accompanied by a party of railroad officials, he set out for the eastward land journey. At that time there was still a gap of four hundred miles between the eastern track end on the Upper Missouri near Gallatin and the western on Clark's Fork of the Columbia, which he traversed by vehicle and on horseback. At one time he drove in a buggy over a grass-covered height, rising in less than half a mile about three hundred feet, which divides the source of the Columbia from that of the Missouri. His observations impressed him greatly with the agricultural richness of the company's lands in eastern Washington and the timber value of those in Idaho and Montana. The immense unexplored region he traversed gave rise in his mind to a desire to start a thorough scientific exploration of the entire unknown portion of the Northern Pacific land grant; this was subsequently carried out by the organization of a transcontinental survey under Professor Raphael Pumpelly. The hearty welcome which Mr. Villard received in all the towns and settlements cheered him, but cause for depression also arose on this journey. His conferences with the superintendents of construction and contractors, and what he himself saw of the local difficulties that had already arisen and that had still to be grappled with, led for the first time to apprehension on his part that there would be a large

excess of actual outlay over the estimates of the chief engineer. On arriving at St. Paul, after having spent nearly three weeks on the way, having also inspected the work on the new branch lines in Dakota and Minnesota, he immediately ordered the chief engineer to make a special report to him as to the money requirements for the completion of the main line that summer, of the possibility of which his tour had satisfied him.

In St. Paul he was occupied chiefly with the formation of a terminal company in the interest of the Northern Pacific. The company had insufficient grounds in St. Paul, and as good as none in the sister city of Minneapolis, yet there was urgent need of ample facilities in both places in view of the approaching change of the Northern Pacific from a local into a transcontinental line. The reason was that its line connecting the main line at Brainerd with the Twin Cities was only partially owned by the Northern Pacific. He conceived and carried out the project of acquiring the connecting line entirely, through a reorganization of it under the name of St. Paul & Northern Pacific Company; a new bond issue providing for the necessary acquisition of real estate and other improvements. He concealed his plan until the large grounds needed had been quietly bought up by third parties for his private account without attracting attention, as publicity would at once have resulted in such a rise in prices that the purchase at reasonable figures would have been impossible. When he had secured all that was needed, he turned the whole over to the St. Paul & Northern Pacific Company at cost and interest. The properties acquired cost about $300,000, but became worth several millions, and without them the Northern Pacific would have been simply strangled in the two cities. This disinterested action was especially recognized and commended by resolution of the Northern Pacific board. The St. Paul & Northern Pacific Company was very successfully financiered by the same syndicate that had taken the Northern Pacific first-mortgage bonds.

Mr. Villard also received at St. Paul a deputation of officials of the Canadian province of Manitoba, with whose Government he had been in communication for some time regarding the breaking up of the Canadian Pacific's statutory monopoly of the through east-and-west business from the province. As, under Dominion law, in order to prevent American lines from being extended into the province, no railroad competing with the Canadian Pacific could be built within fifteen miles of the international boundary, a plan was adopted to build a Northern Pacific branch from the main line to the boundary and another from Winnipeg, the capital of the province, down to the forbidden belt, and to carry passengers and goods across the interval by ordinary vehicles. It proved an impracticable scheme, and had to be abandoned after the construction of the line to the boundary from the south had been commenced, and Mr. Villard regretted the mistake he had made in entering into it. The enterprise was sold to the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company, which was allied to the Canadian Pacific at that time.

The report of the chief engineer on the cost of the new part of the main line reached Mr. Villard soon after his return to New York late in June. It contained the startling admission that the actual requirements for the completion of the main line would exceed the estimates by more than fourteen millions of dollars. This revelation was a doubly staggering blow to him, because it discredited all his confident statements to his associates and followers based on the original estimates and confirmed time and again to him as true by the engineering department, that the cash resources in hand were ample for all wants, and because it imposed new financiering burdens on him. It was certain, too, to affect unfavorably the securities of his several companies. At this time, there became perceptible, indeed, the first signs of a reaction from the great rise in prices which had continued almost uninterruptedly, especially in railroad shares, since the resump-

tion of specie payments. The shares of his companies had followed the general upward tendency and more than led the market. The Northern Pacific preferred stock rose above par and the shares of the Oregon & Transcontinental almost to par in September, 1882, with enormous transactions in both, aggregating some days seventy thousand shares for the one and thirty thousand for the other.[1] Both stocks were believed, even by cautious bankers, to hold out promise of much greater appreciation. They assumed that the gigantic land grant would yield a great deal more in money than the principal of the first-mortgage bonds, that upon the completion of the line the preferred stock would receive a full eight per cent. dividend, and therefore rise far above par and be quickly retired out of the lands especially pledged for its redemption. Assertions that this assured extinction of the prior securities made the common shares more certain of a greater rise than any others on the list, were frequently heard, and the most sanguine prophesied that it would double and triple their nominal value.

While made anxious by the construction deficit and the premonitions of the approach of a period of decline, Mr. Villard kept up his courage, and tried to infuse it into the minds of the doubters beginning to appear among his followers. He strengthened himself and others with the seemingly indisputable proposition that the Northern Pacific could certainly be expected to earn much more as a through transcontinental line than as one operated in disconnected sections, and he looked forward to the completion of the main line as the end of all his present troubles and the dawn of halcyon days. Buoyed up also by the renewed affirmation in the report of the chief engineer that the two ends of the track would be united before the end of September, he overcame the remaining difficulties with his usual resoluteness and fertility of resource.

[1] On December 17, 1883, the day of Mr. Villard's resignation from the O. T. presidency, there were sold 113,300 shares of O. T. stock.

With a view to attracting European attention to his enterprises, he thought it well to make the opening of the Northern Pacific as a new transcontinental route the occasion for an international celebration. At his instance, the company extended invitations to the members of the United States Government and the governments of the seven States traversed by the road, to leading members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, to over a hundred representative men from all parts of the country, and to the leading newspapers, to be present at the driving of the last spike. The whole diplomatic corps was also invited, as well as several score of prominent Englishmen and Germans. As nearly all those invited accepted, it was necessary to arrange for four special trains from the East and one from the Pacific coast. For the benefit of the Company's guests, he had had printed a history of the Northern Pacific Company, forming a large volume,[1] together with a guide-book descriptive of the cities, towns, and the country along the line, as well as a small pamphlet with special instructions for the trip. The preparations for the excursion across the continent added much to his labors, but they were all completed, so that it got under way from the East on August 28.

Mr. Villard led it himself, accompanied by his whole family, including his baby boy, Henry Hilgard, who was only three months old. Two special trains started from the Atlantic; one was added at Chicago, and another at the Twin Cities. The Ministers of Great Britain, Germany, and Austria were of the party. From England, Lord Justice Bowen, Charles Russell (the late Lord Chief-Justice), James Bryce, Judge (afterwards Lord) Hannen, Horace (now Lord) Davey, Lord (now Earl) Carrington, Albert H. G. Grey (now Earl Grey), Earl and Countess of

[1] 'History of the Northern Pacific Railroad. By Eugene V. Smalley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.' The chapter relating to Mr. Villard's presidency was dictated by him to the compiler. It has been partly drawn upon in the foregoing narrative.

Onslow, Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, Hon. St. John Brodrick, and a dozen others had come over to join the party. The German guests were Professor Dr. Gneist, Professor Dr. A. W. Hofmann, the great chemist, Professor Zittel, the famous geologist, Georg von Bunsen, Dr. Paul Lindau, the novelist, official representatives of the cities of Hamburg, Bremen, Berlin, Stettin, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, General Robert von Xylander, his wife (only surviving sister of Mr. Villard), Colonel (now Lieutenant-General) Emil von Xylander, several well-known financiers, including Dr. Georg Siemens of the Deutsche Bank and Otto Braunfels of the Jacob S. H. Stern firm of Frankfort-on-the-Main, several correspondents of leading newspapers, and some old personal friends of the host. Among the Americans were General U. S. Grant, several members of President Arthur's Cabinet, several ex-secretaries, seven governors, distinguished judges, United States Senators and Representatives, mayors of Western cities, and over a score of journalists.

The movement of the special trains over the continent formed a leading daily topic in the American and foreign press. The first formal reception given to Mr. Villard and his guests took place at Chicago, and was arranged by the municipal authorities and the Board of Trade. From there on they had a triumphal procession, the people all along the route turning out in vast numbers to give them an enthusiastic welcome. These popular tributes far exceeded Mr. Villard's expectations, and often embarrassed and burdened him as the central figure in the demonstrations. With their traditional rivalry, St. Paul and Minneapolis had striven to outdo each other with decorations, triumphal arches, salutes, parades, and entertainments. Military and civic associations more than twenty thousand strong passed in review before Mr. Villard and his guests in the morning in St. Paul, and over thirty thousand in the afternoon in Minneapolis. President Arthur, who was travelling in the West, and General Grant were also present.

There were other noteworthy incidents on the journey to

the coast. One was the laying of the cornerstone of the State Capitol of Dakota at Bismarck by Mr. Villard in the presence of a great multitude. His address was followed by remarks made by the famous Indian chief, Sitting Bull, who had been brought there for the occasion from his place of captivity. Another was the gathering, by permission of the Secretary of the Interior, in eastern Montana, right on the line of the railroad, of a tribe of Crow Indians numbering two thousand warriors, squaws, and pappooses, with wigwams and fifteen hundred ponies. The men appeared in full war array, and performed war dances for the benefit of the excursionists. So weird a spectacle, the like of which will never be seen again in the United States, naturally appealed very strongly to all the European guests. The act of driving the last spike (not a golden one, as the press had it, but the very first one driven in 1872 on the Minnesota Division) was performed in the waning light of September 3 in western Montana, at the point where the train with guests from the Pacific coast was met. It was preceded by addresses by Mr. Villard and Mr. Frederick Billings, his predecessor as president, an oration by William M. Evarts, and short speeches by the seven governors and United States Senator Nesmith of Oregon. A thousand feet of track had been left unfinished in order to give the guests a demonstration of the rapidity with which the rails were put down. This having been done, amidst the roar of artillery, the strains of military music, and wild cheering Mr. Villard hammered down the "last spike." He had his family next to him, as also the head chief of the Crows, who formally ceded their hunting-grounds to the railroad after the baby Hilgard had touched the spike with his little hands. Mr. Villard's emotions at that moment may be imagined. Speedy relief from the load of anxiety which the gigantic task had imposed upon him seemed to be promised. What wonder that he felt indescribably elated at this consummation of his peaceful conquest of the West!

During the passage of the trains over the new track in

Montana, Idaho, and Washington, Mr. Villard realized to the full the serious responsibilities he had assumed in providing for the comfort and safety of his guests. There were as yet no stations on hundreds of miles of the line, which rendered the direction of the movement of the trains most difficult. This devolved upon him. There were no supplies to be had for half the distance, and the different trains had to be stocked daily from a special provision-train. Mr. Villard was in constant trepidation, too, lest accidents should upset the schedule of the trains. Several minor ones did occur, indeed, east of the Rocky Mountains, but they caused no injury to persons, and but little delay. In descending the western slope, after passing over the switchback road above the Mullen tunnel, not then completed, he was much alarmed by the breaking into two parts of his own train, owing to a defective coupling. A collision ensued, the end of the car occupied by the British Minister and six other prominent guests being smashed, without, however, doing injury to any of the inmates.

The closing receptions at Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle were not surpassed by those at the eastern end of the Northern Pacific in lavishness of hospitality and in enthusiastic popular participation. In Tacoma, Mr. Villard put himself at the head of his guests, and, preceded by a military band, marched them from the station to Commencement Bay, where they first saw the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and where they embarked for Seattle. The magnificent giant of the Cascades, Mount Tacoma, rose right before them, covered with an alpine glow wonderful to behold, for the sun was setting just as they reached the shore. Seattle was reached with an escort of more than a score of steam vessels. The last scene of the transcontinental celebration was fittingly enacted in the grounds of the University of Washington, which Mr. Villard had relieved from distress. An address to him, the most eloquent and most moving of all, was delivered by the daughter of the president.

CHAPTER XLII

The Wheel of Fortune.—1883–1890

MR. VILLARD returned to New York, where his presence was urgently needed, after an absence of only six weeks. The decline in his stocks had continued, and worried him so much while away that he could only at times forget, during the festivities of the opening of the road, the dangers that threatened him. The Northern Pacific construction deficit had assumed still larger proportions. The Oregon & Transcontinental Company was carrying a very heavy debt, incurred partly by the assistance given the Northern Pacific and by further purchases in the preceding summer of the stocks of the companies he controlled, for which it expected to pay by means of another issue of its own stock. This had been rendered impracticable by its decline in the market. Some relief was obtained by the creation of a second mortgage on the Northern Pacific and the issue of twenty millions of bonds under it. The wisdom of inviting the foreign guests to the opening of the road was now demonstrated, the German bankers being so much impressed with the vast regions tributary to the road that they promptly undertook to market the greater part of the new bonds in Germany. The financial connection of the Deutsche Bank with the company, which was of such great help to it in after years, dated from that negotiation. The sale of the second-mortgage bonds relieved both the Northern Pacific from the embarrassment of the construction deficit, and the Oregon & Transcontinental to some extent through the repayment of its advances. But the placing of another mortgage ahead of the stock inevitably depressed the Northern Pacific shares, and

with their fall those of the proprietary company went still lower. Mr. Villard hoped for a counteracting effect from the expected large increase of earnings from through-business. But though he eagerly watched from day to day and week to week for better figures, the receipts showed, after a short spurt, not only no gain, but an actual loss, from the stoppage of the transportation of construction material.

With these unfavorable developments, the burden of carrying the great floating debt of the Oregon & Transcontinental grew heavier and more fraught with danger of a collapse during the latter part of the autumn. Mr. Villard learned then the lesson taught him so often in Wall Street, that the throng of people which follows with alacrity the man who leads them to profits, will desert him just as quickly when he ceases to be a money-maker for them. He soon found that many of his most trusted friends, who formerly visited his offices regularly, had sold out their holdings and stayed away. He even discovered downright treachery among his confidential advisers, two of the Oregon & Transcontinental directors using their private knowledge of the condition of the company for enormous "short" sales of its shares. The press, too, that had sung Mr. Villard's praises hitherto, contained criticism of his companies, became more and more hostile, and gradually even vented bitter attacks upon his management and his personal character. His unshaken faith in his enterprises and his naturally sanguine disposition led him to make the double mistake, in the first place, of assuring anxious stockholders that the downward movement in his securities was the result of bear operations, and that an upward reaction was bound to set in directly, and advising them to increase their holdings at the lower prices; and, secondly, of trying to sustain his shares by large purchases for his own account. He utterly failed to perceive that, besides the specific reasons for the fall of his stocks, the financial markets generally were already showing the first symptoms of that sweeping and wide-spread crisis which had been brought on

by overspeculation during the preceding years, beginning in the fall of 1883 and extending all over the civilized world for many years. His personal embarrassment was much increased by the collapse of the West Shore (New York) Railroad enterprise, in which, to oblige friends, he had taken a large interest, the greater portion of which was lost.

Mr. Villard struggled on, using all his mental and pecuniary resources; but, in the latter part of November, he lost courage and became conscious that neither he himself nor the Oregon & Transcontinental could be saved. His physical powers of endurance were fast being exhausted, and sleeplessness threatened him with nervous prostration. The desertion of friends became more and more frequent, the abuse of the press more and more violent, and the pressure of his own and the Oregon & Transcontinental creditors harder to meet. He was finally in such desperate straits that he called a council of his most faithful and influential friends and disclosed to them his condition, with an appeal for advice and help, pledging himself in advance to accept any decision they might reach as to himself, no matter what consequences it might have for him personally.

These friends, Messrs. Fabbri, Endicott, and Rolston, at once began their investigation, and worked day and night in examining his books and accounts, as well as those of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company. On December 16–17, Mr. Villard was aroused by one of the number after midnight at his hotel, and then informed of their findings and conclusions. He was told that he was practically insolvent, and that the Oregon & Transcontinental Company was on the verge of bankruptcy. A syndicate had been formed ready to advance to him, on pledge of all his real and personal property, a sufficient amount to meet all his individual liabilities, and to take care of the indebtedness of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, provided he resigned the presidency of it and of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. Although he had often thought of

his possible retirement from the management of his companies, this sudden declaration was, nevertheless, a terrible shock to him, for he saw at once that his deposal as president of the former company meant also his loss of the Northern Pacific presidency. Knowing his own helplessness, remembering his pledge, and deeming no personal sacrifice too great for the salvation of his companies, Mr. Villard immediately accepted the terms proposed to him. The next day (December 17) the afternoon papers announced his resignation from the two companies founded by him; and the news of his downfall, like that of his triumph, went everywhere.

His fate was certainly tragic. Within a few years, he had risen from entire obscurity to the enviable position of one of the leaders of the material progress of our age. But a few months before, he had reached the pinnacle of contemporaneous fame, and received on his transcontinental journey such homage as few men have ever received in this country. But his fall from might to helplessness, from wealth to poverty, from public admiration to wide condemnation, was far more rapid than his rise, and his brief career was everywhere used to point a moral. At first, journalistic vituperation of him continued more vehemently than before. Hostility towards him was fanned by the untoward circumstance that, shortly after his resignation, he had moved with his family into his large private residence behind the cathedral on Madison Avenue, which he had begun to build a year before, when his fortune warranted its erection. He was loath now to occupy it, but he did so for reasons of economy, as the house was furnished and the family had no other city home. The house formed part of an imposing block, the whole of which he had built, and which presented the appearance of a palace, though it really consisted of six residences. Mr. Villard was attacked by a portion of the press for occupying a princely edifice in defiance of public sentiment and in mockery of the many who had suffered losses in his stocks,

and was charged with having saved his own fortune while sacrificing that of his followers. When, however, the committee of investigation announced that he had turned over all he possessed for the benefit of his creditors, and that nothing had been found to throw a doubt on his honesty of purpose in the management of the companies, a reaction quickly set in. Defence of him appeared in the press under the signatures of leading men, many expressions of sympathy and praise from public bodies in the West and from prominent individuals all over the country reached him, and many persons of high standing called to express their admiration of his conduct. Some offers of financial aid were also made to him, but were not accepted.

The fearful strain to which he had been subjected for months ended in nervous prostration. His physical condition would not have permitted him to discharge his executive duties any longer. For months he had had but little sleep, and was in such a state of exhaustion that he could not perform any mental work. His retirement from the presidency of the Northern Pacific followed by the end of the year. He continued to hold that of the Oregon & California, however, in accordance with the wishes of his London friends, but he was not expected to do any work in connection with it until he had recovered his health. What he needed, and secured, was relief from all responsibilities and complete rest. As freedom from disturbance could not be had in the city, the family removed to their country home on the Hudson early in the spring of 1884. They bade farewell to their grand city abode without regret, and they never returned to it.

After Mr. Villard had recovered sufficient strength, he considered it due to himself, to his family and friends, in view of the wide misrepresentation to which he had been subjected, to prepare an authentic record of his administration of the Northern Pacific. To this he devoted himself in the country, and his statement was published in pamphlet form in English and in German.

It was apparent that Mr. Villard's complete restoration to health could not be brought about as long as he remained near the scene of his rise and fall. The sense of the falseness of friends and the outrageous vilification he had undergone remained in his mind, and the family concluded that he could recuperate better in different surroundings. Accordingly, he sailed for Europe on June 4, 1884, accompanied by one of his brothers-in-law, in order to select a temporary place of residence for the family in Germany. On his way there, he was presented in London by his English guests with a rich testimonial of their appreciation of the good care he had taken of them on the overland excursion, in the shape of a gold loving-cup.

In response to pressing invitations, he also visited his native province. It was the first time he had been there since his public benefactions to it. These embraced foundations for the support of the libraries and poor students of the two Latin schools (gymnasia) at Zweibrücken and Speyer, followed by two other gifts, one for scholarships to promising graduates from these two institutions to provide for their university education, and another for the support, at the Academy of Fine Arts in Munich, of young men of pronounced artistic talents from his native province. He had presented Zweibrücken with a fund for small loans to deserving mechanics, and built an American workingman's home there to serve as a model for others, which it has done; had helped the Provincial Industrial School and Museum at Kaiserslautern out of pecuniary difficulties; and had given freely to the Improvement and Historical Societies of Rhenish Bavaria for their respective purposes. When the Eastern Palatinate was devastated by a flood of the Rhine, he collected in this country by his personal efforts a large sum for the relief of the sufferers. At the instance of a schoolmate, Pastor Scherer, he gave the money for the erection of a hospital and training-school for nurses (deaconesses) in his native town, which has since grown into one of the largest institutions of the kind in Germany,

with over two hundred nurses, who nurse the sick all over Rhenish Bavaria. He had responded further to a great many minor appeals for charitable and other purposes. Escorted by the Governor and a reception committee, on a special train, Mr. Villard was honored like a king in the three principal towns of the Palatinate. The streets were decorated, the authorities received him formally, and banquets, serenades, and torchlight processions awaited him. Speyer and Zweibrücken each presented him with the freedom of the city. These ovations were entirely unexpected by him, and formed a most soothing and flattering compensation for the bitter trials he had passed through.

Having decided to make his new home in Berlin, he returned to America in August, embarking again with his family two weeks later. By October, they were fully installed in commodious apartments. He had purposely selected lodgings near the home of his old friend Friedrich Kapp (who played a prominent part in the United States between 1850 and 1870), in order to enjoy his company as much as possible. To his great disappointment and sorrow, Mr. Kapp died suddenly after Mr. Villard had seen him only once. With this exception, the two years in Berlin proved to be most gratifying to the family in every respect. Mr. Villard's sister and brother-in-law had lived there for years, and they, together with other relatives and his German guests of 1883, made him acquainted with official society and with the leaders in science, art, literature, and finance, and their families. It seemed as if his misfortunes excited real sympathy, and that people were glad to have an opportunity to manifest it.

The family spent the winters in Berlin and the summers in southern Germany and Switzerland. Mr. Villard's presidency of the Oregon & California Railroad made frequent journeys to London necessary during the year 1885, and the consequent long separations from his family led him to resign the position at the end of that year. In the winter of 1885–6, two singular propositions to resume

railroad work were made to him. One was contained in a letter from Oscar Straus, then United States Minister to Turkey under President Cleveland, conveying an invitation from the Sultan to go to Constantinople and take charge of the proposed construction of a system of railroads through Anatolia in Asia Minor. To one who had thrown open a vast wild region in the New World to civilization, there was something tempting in the opportunity to instil new life into the ancient regions of Asia Minor. However, the thought of settling with his family for years in the Orient was utterly repulsive to him, and he declined the proposal. He called the attention of the Deutsche Bank to the scheme, and found that the institution was already working for a concession to build roads in Anatolia, which it eventually obtained and under which a main line and branches, representing a large aggregate mileage, have since been constructed. The other offer was of an even stranger kind, it being nothing less than a proposition to take in hand the financiering and building of a long narrow-gauge line from the coast of German East Africa to the interior. He felt, of course, even less inclination to enter upon that venture than upon the other.

His stay in Berlin really led, however, to his return to business life, not in foreign parts, but in his former American field. He was frequently consulted by the managers of the Deutsche Bank regarding American affairs generally and their own transactions with their correspondents in New York. The close relations thereby established gave rise to the consideration of the advantages of a regular representation of the Bank in New York City, for the purpose of enlarging its American business. After due consideration of the matter, it was agreed that he should undertake that duty for the Deutsche Bank and another powerful banking-firm at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Not being a trained banker, Mr. Villard was not to do general business for them, but to confine himself to transactions in good public and corporate securities—chiefly, indeed, to Ameri-

can railroad securities. As his reappearance in the financial sphere of New York under such auspices would be tantamount to his complete rehabilitation, he hailed such a prospect with profound satisfaction.

The family started for England at the end of September, 1886, on their way to America. While in London, Mr. Villard received, a few days before sailing from Liverpool, a cable offer from Whitelaw Reid for his residence on Madison Avenue, which had been vainly offered for sale during the intervening years. After the exchange of some despatches, a sale was effected. This was a great relief to the owner, as the price received discharged his last obligations resulting from the breakdown of 1883, and left him with sufficient capital for a new start in business. On his arrival in New York during the following month, he at once opened offices at his old place in the Mills Building. With the letters from his new constituents accrediting him as their representative, he was sure of the respectful reception he afterwards met from the leading houses in Wall Street, and he found them very glad to do business with him. The press, as a rule, announced his return to financial activity in a kindly tone. The welcome which the family received in private circles, too, left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Villard resolved not to engage at once in active work, but to content himself for some time with a careful observation of the general investment field, and a thorough study of the railroad and other enterprises with which it might be desirable to do business. He was inactive for so long a time that his German friends began to show signs of disappointment. The first opportunity that commended itself to Mr. Villard's judgment came only in the following spring of 1887, when he bought the entire issue of several millions of prime mortgage bonds of a Western road, and resold them within a few days at a handsome profit. In the course of the summer, a marvellous turn of affairs, almost stranger than fiction, occurred, which, with all but

magic suddenness, raised him once more to his former position before the public. The Oregon & Transcontinental Company had remained inactive, though holding its own, after the crisis of 1883; but its management, although it represented so large an interest in Northern Pacific shares, had not been able to come to a satisfactory settlement of its former financial relations with the Northern Pacific. The board of directors of the railroad company also refused to recognize its legitimate demand for a representation in that body. The parties in control of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company thereupon formed a combination to change the directory of the Northern Pacific at the next annual election in the fall. For this purpose, they largely increased the company's holdings of Northern Pacific shares and thereby its floating liabilities. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, in which the Oregon & Transcontinental Company still held a controlling amount of stock, had created after 1883 $5,000,000 seven per cent. debentures, due April 1, 1887. To provide for their payment, the company issued $5,000,000 five per cent. consolidated mortgage bonds. The firm of Chase & Higginson, of New York, had purchased in November, 1886, on time, $4,000,000 of them at 102 plus accrued interest, which Mr. Villard had vainly tried to secure for his German supporters. The firm named made a public issue, but failed to dispose of more than $700,000. Chase & Higginson not calling for more bonds before the maturity of the debentures, the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company borrowed $3,300,000 on the remainder of the bonds from the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, which in turn negotiated loans on them. The tight-money spell which set in in the latter part of August made it impossible for the latter company to renew its loans then maturing. Its failure was imminent, and would have involved that of Chase & Higginson, as they were liable for the remainder of the purchase price of the bonds, and would have embarrassed the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company as a

borrower from the Oregon & Transcontinental Company. Mr. Villard was called on for help on August 27, 1887, by Elijah Smith, president of the Oregon & Transcontinental and of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Companies, and a representative of the imperilled firm. After explaining the threatening situation, they asked him for immediate assistance to the extent of not less than $5,000,000, for which they offered the Oregon Railway & Navigation bonds not taken by Chase & Higginson at 94, and twenty thousand shares of Oregon Railway & Navigation stock at 85 less 4¼ commission. They appealed strongly to his loyalty to save the two companies created by himself, and coupled with their terms an offer not only to turn over to him the management of both the Oregon & Transcontinental and Oregon Railway & Navigation Companies, but to place in his hands, unconditionally, sufficient proxies for the next Northern Pacific election of directors to put it in his power to elect to the board of that company any one he liked.

What a revolution of the wheel of fortune! But his first duty was to his foreign clients, and, after obtaining the best possible conditions, he cabled them the details of the proposed transaction,[1] laying particular stress on the necessity of an immediate decision which meant nothing less than the cable transfer of the full amount of $5,000,000. He did not himself believe that this sudden large call would be responded to, but, to his great surprise, his friends accepted, and the entire sum was at his disposal in New York within thirty-six hours. So sudden a transaction had never before taken place in the financial dealings between Europe and the United States. Its direct effect in Wall Street was to completely upset the exchange market. The press proclaimed the event with sensational comments,

[1] In order to put an end once for all to the squabbles between the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific, threatening so much harm to each, he tried to bring about, in connection with the transaction described the election of boards for the two Pacific Companies, in each of which both companies should be represented; but this could not be attained.

and with positive inference that it meant nothing less than Mr. Villard's immediate resumption of the control of the three companies. He was hailed as the railroad king restored to his reign. Congratulations by telegraph and mail at once poured in upon him.

Seductive and overpowering as this sudden reëlevation was, it left him sober and with a clear perception of what the acceptance of his old position would signify to himself. He had received too severe a lesson as to the fleeting character of quickly-acquired wealth and the fickleness of public favor to be very eager to expose himself again to a like fate. After several days' reflection, he concluded not to accept any of the positions offered to him, but to remain entirely independent, and not even to allow himself to be reëlected a director in any of the three companies, but to continue to act simply as a financier. But when he made his decision known, a great pressure was brought to bear on him from all sides to induce him to change it. His nearest friends argued with him that it was his duty to himself and to the corporations not to shrink from resuming his post, and that it would be to his lasting discredit if he failed to do so. Some of the Northern Pacific directors, who had before not been friendly to Mr. Villard, sought him and urged him to at least allow himself to be reëlected a director, so that the company, which was in a bad way financially, could get the benefit of his advice and help. He finally yielded so far as to agree to reënter the Northern Pacific board, but only after he had submitted the case to his German friends and received their consent. He had the satisfaction of voting at the annual meeting of the company nearly one-half of the share capital (365,799 out of 754,193), although he did not himself own a single share of it. Mr. Villard's own judgment never approved the step, and he always looked upon it as the greatest mistake he ever made to burden himself again with corporate responsibilities. Subsequent events showed that he was right, and made him rue it bitterly.

He found the Northern Pacific in serious financial embarrassment, mainly owing to the excess, over estimates, of the cost of building the extension of the main line over the Cascade range to Puget Sound, as well as to the approaching maturity of the preferred-stock dividend scrip issued in 1882, and to the adoption of a badly conceived plan for the construction of a number of branch lines to mining camps in Montana. From these causes a large floating debt had accrued, measures for the funding of which were urgent. Against his advice, the board voted to issue, for this purpose and the current requirements, twelve millions of bonds under a third general mortgage. He considered this issue altogether too small, and advocated the creation of a large consolidated mortgage for present and future wants, but was outvoted. He took, however, most of the new bonds for his German friends, who placed them in their home market. Next, he thought out a scheme for the formation of a new company that would absorb all the Montana branches and issue uniform bonds at a fixed rate against them all. It was approved by the board and carried out in the following summer. Mr. Villard took all the branch bonds that could be issued for Germany, but resold them at a large advance in this country.

Mr. Villard took a strong interest in electric lighting from its earliest stages. He was one of the first stockholders and a director of the original Edison Light Company, which had acquired the patents for the incandescent lamp. His faith in the incalculable value of the invention was, like that of most of his fellow-stockholders, so great that he did not dispose of his holdings even when the shares, on the par value of one hundred dollars of which only thirty per cent. had been paid in, rose to four thousand. In Berlin he had become acquainted with Werner Siemens, the eminent German discoverer and inventor in the electrical field, and head of the great firm of Siemens & Halske, and also with the parties managing and controlling the General Electricity Company of Berlin, which has since

grown into the principal electrical manufacturing and contracting company in Germany. He proposed to them and to his syndicate, before his return to New York, that they should join with him and enter the electrical business in the United States by an alliance with existing American interests. In conjunction with leading New York firms, and helped by the invaluable counsel of the late C. H. Coster, he matured a scheme for the absorption of all the Edison Light and Manufacturing Companies into a new corporation, with sufficient fresh capital for manufacturing electrical apparatus on a large scale. Out of this grew the Edison General Electric Company, organized in April, 1889, with a capital of $12,000,000, of which he and the German parties named held over one half. He became president of it, and remained such until the summer of 1892. In that time, the capital of the company was increased to $15,000,000. The German friends made a handsome profit by the sale of their holdings before his retirement from the presidency owing to the consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company with the Thomson-Houston Electric Company as the General Electric Company, of which he disapproved. His judgment against uniting with the Thomson-Houston Electric Company was fully borne out by the collapse of the General Electric Company within a year and a half.

It is in place to mention here that Mr. Villard was a firm believer from the outset in the availability of electricity as a motive power for transportation. Just as he was the first to introduce an electric light plant on an ocean steamer, it was under his presidency that electric street and other railroads obtained considerable development. He was also convinced that the certain progress in the art of using the electric current for power and traction purposes would, sooner or later, lead to its substitution for steam even in factories and on standard railroads, and, as early as January, 1892, he convened a conference of electrical and railroad experts in New York to consider the prob-

lem of operating the Northern Pacific terminal lines in Chicago, as well as some of the branches of the main line, by electricity. The practicability of this at that time was negatived, but the growth of electric traction in the meantime has certainly rather confirmed than gainsaid his theory of the ulterior prevalence of current over steam. One of his transactions was the acquisition of all the street railway lines in Milwaukee, their change from animal to electric power, and their consolidation with the local electric lighting interests into one corporation, resulting, for the first time in the United States, in the distribution of electrical energy for light, power, and traction purposes from one central station. This combination has since grown into one of the largest and most successful light, traction, and power companies in this country.

Some very serious and complicated questions pending before the Northern Pacific board at the time of his reëlection were its traffic relations with the Union Pacific, and the competition arising from the extension of the Montana Central system, now known as the Great Northern, into Montana. By means of the Utah & Northern line, the Union Pacific had enjoyed a monopoly of the Montana business until the completion of the Northern Pacific main line, and naturally opposed any encroachment upon its territory. The building of a Northern Pacific branch to Butte, where the bulk of the Utah & Northern's traffic originated, led to hostilities between the two roads in that quarter. Another bone of contention between them was the eastern Oregon and eastern Washington business. The managers of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company who succeeded Mr. Villard had abandoned his purpose of making the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company the outlet to the Pacific Ocean of the two transcontinental lines, and leased its system to one of them, the Union Pacific. This produced great friction; and actual hostilities, such as the building of new branch lines into each other's territory north and south of the Snake River, resulted. As to the

Montana Central, Mr. Villard looked upon it as a grave danger, especially in view of the openly announced intention of James J. Hill to build on to Spokane Falls and Puget Sound. But the executive officers not only made light of the effect of the completion of the Montana Central to Helena, but even contended that the loss from it would be made up by its furtherance of the growth of northern Montana. Their contention was borne out by the earnings at the time, but Mr. Villard, upon a close investigation of the case, became convinced that it was most important to prevent the completion of the rival line to the Pacific coast, or, if this could not be done, to forestall possible harm to the Northern Pacific in some other decisive way. It will appear hereafter what he did in this direction.

At his instance, in pursuance of his purpose to utilize the transaction with Chase & Higginson to bring about permanent peace between the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific, committees were appointed by the two boards to find a basis for a settlement of all the differences, but the negotiations were conducted mainly by Charles Francis Adams, then president of the Union Pacific, and by Mr. Villard. They extended from the fall of 1887 to the following spring, during which time many personal conferences were held and a voluminous correspondence was conducted by the chief negotiators. After considering a number of propositions from both sides, a formal agreement was finally reached which was to be submitted to the boards for ratification.

Mr. Villard went to Germany for the double purpose of trying the cure at Karlsbad for his gout, and of having personal consultations with his financial backers. The principal subject discussed with the latter was his relation to the Oregon & Transcontinental Company. While he had declined a reëlection to the presidency or even to the board, he was being steadily urged to reconsider his declination and to again take charge of the company. He deemed it incumbent upon him to submit the question to

his principals, as there were indications that the advantages of the combination suggested by himself for the joint control of the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific for their common good had so impressed the managers of the Union Pacific that they themselves contemplated acquiring control of the Northern Pacific through the Oregon & Transcontinental. As the Deutsche Bank had already made itself morally responsible for the introduction of nearly thirty millions of Northern Pacific and Oregon Railway & Navigation bonds into the German market, this prospect was a serious matter, since the Union Pacific would surely manage the other companies mainly for its own benefit. It would also mean the loss to the Bank of the current business of the two companies, and of the steadying financial influence over them which the German bankers wished to and were entitled to exercise. The conclusion was reached that Mr. Villard should resume the Oregon & Transcontinental presidency, and that, in order to give him a proper backing, a syndicate should be formed to buy and hold 75,000 shares of the company's stock. Accordingly, he was chosen president on June 28, 1888, some weeks before his return from Germany.

From Berlin, Mr. Villard went to Karlsbad for treatment. While walking there on the principal promenade one day, he was surprised to meet Mr. Gardiner M. Lane, assistant to President Adams, who said to him: "I came here by special order of President Adams to deliver an important message to you by word of mouth." Mr. Villard suspected at once that he had changed his mind regarding the settlement between the two companies, and so it turned out. The message was, in substance, that the contract could not be ratified by the Union Pacific unless certain modifications of it were conceded. As these seemed to him unimportant, he cabled at once to the Northern Pacific, recommending the concession. The reply came that it had already been made, but that the Union Pacific had backed out of the agreement altogether.

On resuming the reins in New York, Mr. Villard found himself reluctantly obliged to resort at once to offensive measures when he ascertained that there was no hope left of coming to a peaceful understanding with the Union Pacific, and that the latter had already resorted to open hostilities by inducing the management of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company to begin the construction of new lines into Northern Pacific territory. To stop this, legal proceedings were instituted to restrain the president and board of directors of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company from the "misuse of the funds of the company in wasteful construction." But this injunction suit did not bring the building of the roads to a halt. The Northern Pacific retaliated by encouraging the duplication of the Oregon Railway & Navigation branch lines in southeastern Washington, and starting the construction of a line in Montana to break up the other company's monopoly of the Butte and Anaconda mining traffic. This state of things led to a determination on the part of Mr. Villard and his party to keep control of the Oregon & Transcontinental at the annual stockholders' meeting in June, 1889, and through it of the Northern Pacific, and to oust the hostile management of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, which defiantly refused to surrender, although the other side represented the majority of the stock. The Union Pacific party, on the other hand, resolved also to secure possession of the Oregon & Transcontinental at any cost for the better protection of its lease of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, and to put a permanent end to all harm from the Northern Pacific by making themselves masters of it. Mr. Villard received early warning that a most formidable combination was forming against him, consisting not only of the Union Pacific people, but of James J. Hill and his followers and some of the largest financial corporations and leading brokers' firms. Mr. Villard too was openly supported by strong institutions and firms, and both parties published calls for proxies, that

of the opposition being signed by Sidney Dillon, Elijah Smith, John H. Hall, and Samuel Thomas.

Wall Street was divided into two camps, and the contest between them absorbed its attention for the time. Both sides strengthened themselves by purchases of Oregon & Transcontinental stock in the open market. As is usually the case, the crowd of speculators also became eager buyers, and the result of the scramble was the rise of the shares, with enormous transactions, from below 30 to 64, and a regular "corner," which came very near producing a crisis. The excitement grew from day to day with the approach of the closing of the books. It was the bitterest fight Mr. Villard ever had to engage in, and he had not only constantly to watch the market, but to conduct a protracted controversy in the press. A great deal of slander and vituperation was aimed at him, and he had also to meet injunction proceedings begun by the other side. It was the severest strain ever put upon him. He was victorious, and elected his ticket by an absolute majority of the stock; but the triumphant outcome was no compensation to him for the unenviable notoriety which the battle had once more given him. It was but proof to him how well founded his fears had been of the disagreeable consequences to himself personally of his return to power, and he could not help upbraiding himself, even after the struggle was over, for not having followed his own better judgment and remained a private business man.

Mr. Villard proceeded to Portland, accompanied by counsel, in order to be personally present at the annual stockholders' meetings of the Oregon & Transcontinental and Oregon Railway & Navigation Companies; travelling over the Canadian Pacific. On reaching Seattle, than which no community on the Pacific Northwest was more friendly to him, he found that the whole business part of the city had been reduced to ashes the day before. The great conflagration had destroyed all supplies of food, so that the whole population had to be fed from public tables for sev-

eral days—a very sad sight. On reaching Portland, he learned that an injunction would be applied for to prevent the holding of the Oregon Railway & Navigation election. This led to negotiations which culminated shortly in the sale of all the holdings of Oregon Railway & Navigation stock of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company to the Union Pacific, at a satisfactory price. Mr. Villard came to the conclusion that this solution was the best one for his side, as he was advised by counsel that the lease of the Oregon Railway & Navigation system could not be broken, and as he knew, further, that the hostile branch lines north of the Snake River were completed and would have to be recognized as existing factors. In other words, the Oregon Railway & Navigation stock no longer embodied the power to protect the Northern Pacific, and, therefore, its principal value to the Oregon & Transcontinental Company was lost. From that time on, Mr. Villard never had anything to do with the management of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, whose creator he had been.

After the annual Northern Pacific election in September, 1889, Mr. Villard held for a month the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and then, yielding once more to the importunities of his friends, consented to take the chairmanship of the board, a new office especially created in order to facilitate the more efficient supervision of the general affairs of the company other than the actual operation of the system, of which the president and the heads of departments had charge. The growth of the earning power of the road had been very satisfactory during the three years from 1886 to 1889, the earnings rising from $12,789,448.10 to $19,707,467.95 gross, and from $5,884,831.30 to $7,843,926.48 net, while the mileage had increased only from 2876 to 3419. With this favorable showing and the restoration of the company's credit by the financial relief Mr. Villard had obtained for it, the new chairman looked upon his task of providing for coming needs as a not very difficult one. According to the reports of the president

to the board, a steady yearly gain in gross and net of from fifteen to twenty per cent. could be surely relied on, and this prediction was made good during the next few years. Encouraged by this prosperity, the executive department came before the board with one recommendation after another for the improvement of the track, the replacement of wooden by metal bridges, additional motive power and rolling-stock, the enlargement of terminal facilities, and the purchase and construction of new branch lines. It was but a repetition of the general experience of all Western roads developed under like conditions. A progressive spirit animated the board, and they yielded, no doubt too readily, to the arguments of the operating and engineering officers. But it was evident that a new departure in the financial policy of the company would have to be taken in order to supply the means for the proposed large new expenditures. The financiering of it had been only a desultory one, so to speak, since the creation of the first mortgage, which was expected to meet present wants but which had no reference to the future. Three separate general mortgages had already been made on the main line, and there existed three other mortgages on parts of it, besides nearly a dozen special ones on branch lines. Mr. Villard devoted himself to the problem of devising a financial scheme comprehensive enough to provide not only for the current requirements, but also for the gradual absorption of all the securities issued under existing liens into one form of indebtedness. A general mortgage large enough for both purposes seemed to him to offer the only practicable solution, and was finally decided upon. The details were worked out by himself together with the finance and executive committees, and the project was then placed in the hands of the several counsel of the company. Several of the legal questions involved were very intricate, and the lawyers spent many months in solving them. The plan was considered at several meetings of the board and definitively approved on August 21, 1889. It authorized the

issue of no less than a total of $160,000,000 of consolidated five per cent. bonds, of which $75,000,000 were to be reserved to refund first-, second-, and third-mortgage bonds; $26,000,000 were to be issued against existing branch lines; $20,000,000 were to be reserved for additional roads and extensions; $20,000,000 were to be reserved for terminals, etc.; $10,000,000 were to be reserved for premiums on bonds exchanged or refunded; $9,000,000 were to be issued for general purposes of the company.

It was by far the largest mortgage ever created up to that time on any American railroad, and its size excited much wonderment and varied comment, but its reception upon the whole was rather favorable. Its author became the subject of a good deal of banter in the press and in social circles. At a reception given to the late James G. Blaine, with whom Mr. Villard had been well acquainted for nearly thirty years, Mr. Blaine inquired after his health, and, on being told that he suffered a good deal from rheumatism, replied that it was not to be wondered at that a man who could float a $160,000,000 mortgage was afflicted with rheumatic pains.

His German friends had approved of the consolidated mortgage, and once more showed their faith in him and the Northern Pacific by purchasing immediately $6,000,000 of the new bonds and acquiring thereafter $4,500,000, all of which were introduced in the German market. His and their confidence was fully borne out by the gratifying growth in the earnings of the road from the figures of 1888–1889 to $25,151,544.09 gross and $10,211,141.91 net. This great gain was the more hopeful as it was earned notwithstanding the fact that the mining branches in Montana had begun to show a loss of traffic, owing to the decline in the market value of silver bullion. It even justified, in the judgment of the board, the distribution of a dividend at the rate of six per cent. on the preferred stock. Altogether, up to the spring of 1890, Mr. Villard was carried upward again by the high tide of success, and the prospects before him seemed never more serene and promising.

Notwithstanding the apparent clearness of the horizon, Mr. Villard judged that the gravest danger the Northern Pacific had encountered up to that time was the extension of the Great Northern transcontinental line to Spokane Falls and Puget Sound, for which, it was announced early in the winter of 1889–90, the necessary capital had been secured. In spite of all the reassuring arguments of the operating officers of the company, Mr. Villard was persuaded that the Northern Pacific would be put at a great disadvantage by a competing through-line which, owing to the decline in the cost of labor, material, and equipment, could be built for about half the cost of the Northern Pacific. The danger was all the greater because, since the rupture with the Union Pacific, President Charles Francis Adams had formed an alliance with James J. Hill, under which trackage rights over the Union Pacific line from Spokane to Portland were granted to the Great Northern. This alliance shut the door even to a compromise traffic arrangement. One way, however, for the prevention of serious consequences to the Northern Pacific remained open, and that was to acquire a majority interest in the stock of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, which controlled all its western extensions. After ascertaining, through intimate friends of James J. Hill, that he was disposed to sell his own holdings with those of his group of friends at a reasonable figure, Mr. Villard matured a plan for raising the necessary funds, estimated at $20,000,000, by the creation of collateral trust bonds guaranteed by the Northern Pacific and secured by the stock to be purchased. Good dividends had been earned on the latter, exceeding the proposed rate of interest on the collateral trust bonds. The plan was approved by his German friends, who were willing to market the bonds in Europe. Formal negotiations for the purchase were then opened. Several sets of James J. Hill's friends failed to come to conclusions with him. Finally, Calvin S. Brice, General Samuel Thomas, and Frederick P. Olcott undertook the task. The last two appeared late one evening at Mr. Villard's residence in the

Tiffany House, New York, to announce that they had dined with James J. Hill and that he had positively agreed to sell a majority of shares at 120, and that they were all to meet at Mr. Villard's office the next morning to sign the papers. Mr. Villard told his visitors that he was very glad to hear the news, but he still doubted, in view of past vacillations of Mr. Hill, whether the bargain would go through. The callers protested against this, and insisted that Mr. Hill could not back out of his promise, and that he had positively agreed to sell. An appointment was made for ten o'clock the next morning, but Mr. Villard was the only one who kept it. After waiting an hour in vain, he called up Mr. Olcott by telephone and learned that Mr. Hill had slipped away again. In the light of the collapse of the Northern Pacific on the one hand and the great success of the Great Northern on the other, it is certainly not too much to say that, if this scheme had been carried out, it would have constituted the most important achievement in Mr. Villard's whole career, and the Northern Pacific would have had a record of unbroken and growing prosperity instead of passing a second time through insolvency.

Besides the consolidated mortgage, another very important proposition came before the Northern Pacific board at its meetings in the years 1889 and 1890. The parties who had been elected directors with Mr. Villard in 1887, in recognition of the claims of the Oregon & Transcontinental for representation, controlled the Wisconsin Central Railroad Company and the ownership of the terminal company that had been formed in order to secure an inlet into Chicago for that railroad. The terminal company had acquired a large body of real estate for right of way and for a passenger and freight station near the business centre of Chicago, for which the necessary buildings were near completion. The directors in question brought the subject of a lease of the Wisconsin Central and the terminal by the Northern Pacific before the board, which referred it to the chairman, the executive committee, and the

executive officers, for investigation and report. This brought up the general question whether it would be wise, with regard to other roads, for the Northern Pacific to establish its principal eastern terminus at Chicago instead of St. Paul. There were strong reasons for and against the change. In the board, too, opposition was shown at first, but, after the operating and legal advisers of the board had, upon long consideration of the subject in all its bearings, recommended the lease of the Wisconsin Central and the terminals, it was authorized by resolution of the board on April 1, 1890, and executed. The terminals were organized and leased as a separate company under the name of Chicago & Northern Pacific. In its organization, the chairman followed the same plan that had proved so successful in the case of the St. Paul & Northern Pacific Company, so that the Northern Pacific received one-half of the stock as part of the consideration of the lease. It was expected that this stock would, as in the other case, become valuable assets. These consequential steps, which were believed to be a great advantage to both lessor and lessee, turned out to have been grave mistakes, and were corrected in the reorganization of the Northern Pacific.

CHAPTER XLIII

The Guest of Bismarck.—1890

MR. VILLARD'S financial successes with the Kansas Pacific and the Oregon Railway & Navigation had made him in a few years a rich man, although his accumulations were by no means so great as they were reputed to be. As soon as he had an abundance, he bethought himself of ways of benefiting others. What he then did for the Fatherland has already been related. He was equally desirous to use his means for the benefit of his adopted country. Having been a journalist, he knew well the power of the press for good or evil, and that led him to the idealistic conception that he could render no better public service than by founding, or getting control of, a newspaper of absolute independence and outspokenness on public matters, one devoted to the discovery and advocacy of truth, regardless of party and of all other considerations, and with such recognized ability in editorial management as would secure for it not only a local but a national influence. The idea ripened into a fixed purpose when the cooperation of his friend Horace White was assured by the latter's removal to New York, and when Mr. Villard ascertained from Carl Schurz that he would be glad to be one of the editors, upon the expiration of his term of office as Secretary of the Interior, and that Edwin L. Godkin was willing to enlarge his sphere of journalistic activity as editor of the *Nation* by joining the two other eminent men.

Having accidentally learned in 1881 that the *Commercial Advertiser* was for sale in New York, he authorized Horace White to enter into negotiations for its purchase;

but, while these were progressing, he was informed that the half-interest of Parke Godwin in the New York *Evening Post* could be bought. This proved to be true, and a purchase was soon effected for his account by Mr. White, who took part of the stock. Not long afterwards, the interest of Isaac Henderson was also acquired by Mr. Villard, and the stock of the *Nation* exchanged for *Evening Post* stock. A new business management was installed, and Messrs. Godkin, Schurz, and White took charge of the editorial department. Mr. Villard was prouder of this combination of journalistic ability than of any of his business triumphs. He was confident that, under such auspices, the *Evening Post* would prove not only equal to the mission he desired it to fulfil, but also a good investment. Convinced, however, that his purchase of the controlling interest in the paper would become known, and that, owing to his prominence in Wall Street, the paper would surely be accused of being his personal organ and of being used for the promotion of his financial interests, and thus find it difficult to establish a character for entire independence, he determined upon an unusual step. He decided to take away from himself all power over the paper as a stockholder, by creating a trust with his entire holding for the benefit of his family, with full authority to the three trustees to protect the editorial department from all interference. This abdication of the right of ownership and practical self-effacement has continued to this day, and not a line of the editorial writing has ever been dictated by Mr. Villard. Every reader of the *Evening Post*, the whole American press, and in fact the American people generally, know that the paper has ever been true to those high aims for which he was ready to make many sacrifices when he purchased its control.

Once more, in 1890, Mr. Villard was the possessor of wealth. The joint operations with his German clients in railroad and electrical securities and other fortunate investments had enabled him to recover in a few years what

he had lost in 1883. As soon as he was able to do so, he resumed his practice of using his spare means for the benefit of others, and made good the promise of a donation to the Law School of Harvard University, which his misfortunes had prevented him from completing. He contributed largely to the building fund of the Red Cross Hospital and Nurses' Training School at Munich, Bavaria. He also added to his previous gifts to the hospital at Speyer and to the Industrial Museum of his native province, and made a large subscription towards the Protestant Memorial Church at Speyer in honor of the famous Protest of 1529 at the sitting of the Imperial Diet in that city. Mr. Villard had a documentary history of Speyer compiled and printed at his own expense, and paid for the publication of an historical work on the Palatinate by the historian Professor Friedrich Menzel, of Bonn, a native of the province. At the request of the historian Von Sybel, he paid the salaries of two of his assistants pursuing special studies in Germany and Italy. On this side of the water, he provided the means for three years for an archæological exploration of the antiquities of Peru by A. F. Bandelier, and presented the collections resulting from it to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. He furthermore again became a regular contributor to numerous public charities and other enterprises for the public good.

While his business interests were thriving, Mr. Villard did not overlook the danger which menaced the whole country from the introduction into Congress of the Sherman silver-purchasing act. He saw at once that, if it became a law, the substitution of the silver for the gold standard would be but a question of time, and that very short. Hence, he tried to arouse the most influential bankers to realize the threatening prospect, and to urge them to an active agitation against it in the press and at Washington, but with only limited success. He found hardly any one willing to go with him to the capital to work against the passage of the measure. Indeed, Mr. Villard had, years

before, formed the opinion that there was a great lack of foresight and too much of a happy-go-lucky disposition among most Wall Street men, and this impression was now fully confirmed. His predictions that a general crash was bound to come in the wake of that law were simply sneered at. The head of one of the greatest houses even expressed the opinion that a little more currency would do no harm, but would on the contrary help the bankers to relieve themselves of the stocks and bonds they had been obliged to carry for want of a good market.

The detachment of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company from the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, and the financial independence secured to the Northern Pacific by the creation of the consolidated mortgage, had rendered unnecessary the pursuit of one of the two principal purposes for which the Oregon & Transcontinental Company was organized, viz., to extend financial aid to the companies controlled by it. It was therefore decided, on Mr. Villard's recommendation, to absorb it by making a new company, after paying off the outstanding Oregon & Transcontinental bonds issued against Northern Pacific branches. The absorption was effected in a remarkably quick time by the exchange of share for share of Oregon & Transcontinental stock for North American Company stock in the early summer of 1890.

In the spring of 1890, a great domestic grief came upon Mr. Villard's family. The youngest son, a handsome, gifted lad of seven, passed through a long illness, and, after apparent convalescence, had a relapse and died. The whole family felt the affliction deeply. His friends urged Mr. Villard to seek diversion by a long stay abroad, and he decided to sail for Europe with his family early in July. After travelling some weeks in Ireland, England, and France, they went to St. Blasien in the Black Forest, and subsequently to Freiburg in southern Baden.

Suddenly, cable news of a most alarming character from America plunged Mr. Villard into the gravest anxiety. He

had taken the greatest pains to arrange his own private affairs as well as those of the Northern Pacific, North American, and Edison General Electric Companies so that he should not be disturbed by business cares while abroad, and he felt the more assured of unbroken peace of mind as he knew that the absorption of the Oregon & Transcontinental by the North American by the exchange of shares had succeeded with unparalleled rapidity. The cable informed him that, owing to the passage of the Sherman Act, a very severe stringency had set in in the money market, in consequence of which the North American Company found it impossible to renew loans maturing to the extent of $2,000,000, so that forced sales of securities at heavy loss were inevitable unless he could raise that amount at once in Germany on the assets of the company. The message burst upon him like a thunder-clap from a clear sky, but he promptly started for Frankfort and Berlin to appeal to his supporters for the money. He was successful, and made telegraphic transfer of the amount within forty-eight hours of the receipt of the cablegram. This was his sorry first act as president of the North American Company, to which place he had been elected after his departure. He heard at Berlin the first mutterings of the severe financial volcano that later affected the whole civilized world through the suspension of the great house of Baring Brothers. Being assured by cable that the remittance would make everything snug and safe, he went back to Freiburg, but his hope of unbroken quiet proved an illusion. No sooner was Barings' failure announced, a few weeks later, than there was flashed to him across the Atlantic another even more peremptory call for several more millions, as the only means of preventing the bankruptcy of the North American Company. Coupled with it was a most pressing summons to return to New York at once. This second danger was even more of a staggering surprise than the first, but there was no escape from immediate action. Mr. Villard summoned his German friends to a conference at Frank-

fort, where they promptly met him. As he expected, it was for him a most trying and embarrassing meeting, owing to the positive assurances he had given on the strength of his own advices that the loan already made would relieve the North American Company of all difficulties, and he at first found very unwilling listeners to his proposition for a further and larger advance. But, after two days of hard pleading, the desired help was granted once more. He was conscious, nevertheless, that the trust of his financial friends in him was shaken and that nothing more could be expected from them.

He declined, however, to follow the summons to New York, and offered his resignation as president of the North American Company, when the message was repeated every few days. He refused to go solely on account of his daughter's health. In other respects it would have been a boon to him to start for the other side, thereby ending the harassing condition of mind he endured day and night, as he had not a single person to advise with at Freiburg, and as the reports regarding the conditions in Wall Street grew more and more ominous from day to day. An all but crushing blow fell upon him finally when the news came of the failure of Decker, Howell & Co., who had been for years his principal brokers, for twelve millions of dollars, on November 11, 1890. Press despatches of the same date announced that it was generally expected that his own bankruptcy would follow that of the firm. There was not the remotest danger of this, as he was a large creditor of theirs, and not a debtor; but he knew that the collapse of the house imperilled the North American Company, for which it had carried loans of millions. This culmination of troubles really left him no choice but to cross the Atlantic. This he did after another visit to Berlin, during which an unusual incident worth recording occurred.

Mr. Villard received a call at his hotel from the aide-de camp of the Imperial Chancellor, General Count Caprivi. The aide stated that the Chancellor, although he had never

met him, knew that he was an authority on all American matters, and hence was desirous of conferring with him on an important subject affecting Germany and the United States. Mr. Villard at once offered to pay his respects to the Chancellor, and met him by appointment, the evening of the same day, at his official residence. He found Count Caprivi a truly imposing personality in every way, of commanding physical presence, most polished manners, and a ready conversationalist. He impressed one at once as every inch a gentleman, with a superior mind, of strict integrity, natural frankness, and quick and correct judgment, all of which qualities he really possessed. The Chancellor told Mr. Villard that he wished to consult him confidentially regarding a serious problem that had come before him within a few days. The passage of an extreme protection measure by the American Congress (the first McKinley tariff) had moved one of the Continental Powers to suggest to the others that the time for a retaliatory policy against the United States had come, and to propose a conference for the consideration of joint offensive measures. He wished to know Mr. Villard's opinion as to the course Germany ought to pursue regarding the matter. His own judgment was against the proposed action.

Mr. Villard replied that he thought the Chancellor's conclusion the correct one. As for himself, he was a radical free-trader, and therefore his judgment might be biassed, but he was confident that the very extreme to which the new tariff bill had gone, and the suspicious circumstances under which it was passed, would immediately produce a reaction in the United States. He believed, too, that this reaction would find expression in the election of a new Congress in the following month. He could but urge the Chancellor to await the result of that election, which would no doubt of itself put a stop to the suggested demonstration of the Powers. Mr. Villard offered to cable to good judges of the political situation as to the outcome of the election and advise him of their answer. The Count ac-

cepted the offer, and another interview took place the next day, at which Mr. Villard produced the answers to his telegraphic inquiries confirming his views. The Chancellor then told him that he would remain passive and thanked him warmly for his courtesy. As Mr. Villard was still on the Continent at the time of the election, he telegraphed its result to the Chancellor, who was then on a visit to the King of Italy at Monza, and who, in acknowledgment of his despatch, said that he had proved to be a true prophet.

Mr. Villard had not made the personal acquaintance of Caprivi's predecessor, Prince Bismarck, during his two years' residence at Berlin in 1884–6. Although as willing as any German to render grateful homage to him as the creator of national unity, and to recognize the power of his giant mind, he still held to the unfavorable opinion of Bismarck's personal character, and his political methods before the Franco-German war, to which he had given expression in an article in the *North American Review* in 1869, then under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton. His prejudices against the Chancellor had been strengthened, too, by the latter's return in 1879 to a reactionary policy in the internal affairs of Germany, and especially by his openly proclaimed purpose of abandoning the revenue tariff for a protective one.

Early in the summer of 1890, a few months after the acceptance of Bismarck's resignation, while discussing that great event one day with the late Ludwig Bamberger, the well-known liberal leader in the Reichstag and the principal advocate of the gold standard in Germany, Mr. Villard mentioned incidentally that he had never met the Prince. "What," exclaimed Bamberger, "how has that happened?" On being told that it was from want not of opportunity but of inclination, Bamberger rejoined that he had made a great mistake in avoiding an introduction, and went on to say: "You know, I fully share your views of Bismarck's character and as to the vacillations of his policy, which I am opposing strongly in the Reichstag.

Moreover, I have not only public but private reasons for finding fault with him, because he has treated me badly, although I have never shrunk from any sacrifice of time and labor when he called upon me for service in the interest of the public. You may not be aware that I went to Versailles at his summons, and remained there a long time as one of his advisers in the peace negotiations with the Thiers Provisional Government. Nevertheless, although he is both selfish and unprincipled, he is at the same time, in my deliberate judgment, the greatest man of our age, and one of the most interesting. Why, I believe that as a conversationalist he is unequalled, and to listen to him for an hour would alone be worth a voyage from America. Be sure not to leave Europe again without having made his acquaintance. That is my urgent advice." Mr. Villard decided to follow it. It so happened that the very next day he was introduced by General von Xylander, his brother-in-law, who was also in Berlin, to Professor Schweninger, the Prince's medical adviser, who, after numerous medical authorities had failed, had successfully treated him for rheumatism and neuralgia by simply opposing and conquering the patient's will-power and making him restrain his inordinate appetite for food and drink. It occurred to Mr. Villard to ask the professor what the chances were of being received at Friedrichsruhe. "Why," he answered, "the Prince will bid you welcome at once. He knows all about you, and likes nothing better than to meet men who have accomplished something in the world. Just ask leave by letter to pay your respects to him and you will get a prompt reply. I expect to be with him myself in a few days, and I hope you will come while I am there." Mr. Villard wrote to the Prince on the same day, and, receiving a cordial invitation to come at any time that suited him and spend a few days with him, set out within forty-eight hours.

Professor Schweninger and a servant in livery received him at the station, which was only a few hundred yards from the mansion. The latter proved to be a very plain

building, being really but an enlarged country inn, and neither the exterior nor the interior revealed the splendor which the fame and wealth of the owner led one, not unnaturally, to expect. The guest was shown into a commodious chamber on the second floor, and was just making his ablutions when he heard heavy steps approaching his door, and immediately there appeared in it the erect form of the Prince, dressed in black, with a slouch hat of the same color, —the same costume in which Lenbach painted his best portrait of him—with a heavy stick in his right hand, and followed by two large Danish dogs. The Prince welcomed Mr. Villard heartily, and, when the latter apologized for being in his shirt sleeves and for not offering his wet hands, the Prince said: "Just go on with your toilet. I will sit down and we can talk while you wash and dress." One of the dogs, encouraged, no doubt, by his master's friendly words, now approached Mr. Villard, standing up before him and putting his paws on his shoulders and trying to lick his face. "There is another hearty greeting for you," the Prince remarked, calling the animal off. "I am really glad you came," he said, "first, because you are a German who has gained a high position in a foreign country, a sort of success which I have always especially admired, because I know how difficult it is to achieve; and, secondly, because I like company, and you are the only visitor I have had in a week except Schweninger." On Mr. Villard's expressing astonishment at this, he said: "Yes, it is just as I state it. The fact is that I am under a regular boycott. Ever since I lost my position, everybody is afraid to have anything to do with me from fear of displeasing the young chap who discharged me. Why, formerly my trouble was to keep people away from here. Everybody wanted to come, especially the officials who needed my good will. Now, none of the latter dare come lest their names should appear in the newspapers as my visitors and be seen by the new man on the throne. I know that men travel by here every day who, a few months ago, would have no more dared to pass this

place without paying their respects than they would have ventured to pass me on the street in Berlin without saluting me. But I ought not to have expected anything else, for hounds follow those who feed them." This outburst was a clear indication of what was uppermost in the Prince's mind, and prepared his hearer for what was to follow on the same line during his stay.

Mr. Villard's toilet being finished, the Prince and the dogs led the way to the rear of the mansion, where the two took seats on a sort of veranda. Professor Schweninger joined them, followed by Bismarck's private secretary, the Princess, her married daughter, Countess Rantzau, and the latter's children. The Prince, noticing the gouty formations on his visitor's hands, said: "I see you are suffering from gout. How long have you had it?" When told for nearly twenty years, he pointed to the Professor: "That is the man to help you. But for him I should have been obliged to retire from office long ago. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had done so. All the medical professors had practised their arts upon me without doing me any good. He alone gave me relief and made life tolerable for me. You had better try him, although he is a great tyrant and exacts strict obedience. I found it hard to change my habits of life, but he made me do it. I now eat and drink only what he sees fit to allow me. See how gentle he looks. But I tell you he can be as rough [*grob*] as any old Bavarian [*Altbaier*], of which stock he comes."

The Prince then began to question his guest regarding himself, about his early life in Germany, how long he had been in the United States, and about the course of his career there. He wanted to know how many miles of railroad he had built, in what time it had been done, how many steamships had been under his control, how many men he had employed, being very much surprised that fifteen thousand Chinamen had been among them, and saying: "Why, you had a whole army corps under your command!" He asked how much capital Mr. Villard had been obliged to

raise and how it was raised, and about the relative value of white and Chinese labor. He inquired whether he had named Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, after him, to which his guest had to reply that the place had been founded and baptized before he had anything to do with the Northern Pacific. Bismarck remembered that he had received thence telegraphic greetings from the German participants in the Northern Pacific opening excursion, and asked whether it had a future. In reply, Mr. Villard had to confess that it was not then very prosperous, and he explained that all the capitals of the several American States were as a rule of slow growth. This the Prince could not understand in the light of the contrary European experience. He remarked that what his guest had accomplished in a foreign country he never could have done in the Fatherland, owing to tradition and to the clinging to accustomed ways so characteristic of old countries. Did he not encounter a great deal of prejudice among native Americans against him as a foreigner in the pursuit of his undertakings? To this Mr. Villard replied that, on the contrary, he had found his chief financial backing and his main support among them, and that there was no people on earth among whom enterprise and energy prevailed to a greater extent, or that more readily appreciated those who possessed such qualities. To this the Prince said that he was well aware that the Americans were the most progressive people in the world, for which he admired them, but it was new to him that they were so free from national jealousies in appreciating merit.

An early dinner ended this first talk. The Prince sat at one end of the table, the Princess at the other. On his right sat Mr. Villard, on his left Professor Schweninger. The secretary and the Rantzau family formed the rest of the party. Behind the host at a distance of about six feet lay the two dogs next to each other, watching the proceedings eagerly, but not stirring until towards the end of the repast, when, upon a sign from their master, they approached

and sat on their haunches on each side of him. Then from time to time the Prince threw morsels into their open jaws. The table talk was of an ordinary kind, but one amusing incident is worth remembering. The Prince had one glassful of light Rhine wine, and then called for another. Schweninger at once interposed, saying: "Your Highness, you have had your allowance for one meal, and you can't have any more." The Prince looked at Mr. Villard quizzically, and remarked, "Now, you see how I am treated. I have to submit, but at times when the censor is not here I jump the traces. He does n't know, but I will tell him now [and he chuckled heartily] that I celebrated my last birthday by enjoying several bottles of wine and several glasses of beer." "Yes, you did," retorted the doctor, "and when I came here a few days afterwards, you growled dreadfully over fresh neuralgic pains."

After dinner, the Prince excused himself for his afternoon nap, after inviting Mr. Villard to go with him on his usual four o'clock drive. Punctually at that hour, the two set out for a tour of the "Sachsenwald," or Saxon Forest, as the extensive woods adjoining the mansion grounds are called. They consist largely of grand old oak-trees free from all undergrowth, under the canopy of which the carriage passed, now following roads, now regardless of them.

After describing his estate, the Prince began speaking English—"so that that fellow," pointing to the coachman, "may not understand us," and surprised his companion by his fluency, his command of idiomatic expressions, and his very slight accent. He began with these words: "Since I have been kicked out of office," which so astonished his hearer that he begged pardon for interrupting him and said: "Prince, that is an Americanism; where did you pick it up?" He answered that he did not remember where, but the expression fitted his case exactly, for the manner of his dismissal was but the equivalent of an application of the toe of a boot. He then proceeded to tell the story of his forced resignation. Such a rapid flow of keen wit, of cut-

ting sarcasm and bitter denunciation as followed for half an hour Mr. Villard never heard before and never again. It was a strange mixture of eloquence and loquaciousness. Bismarck's voice seemed not as deep and strong as his stature led one to expect, but it had a pleasant sound. A most intense sense of the wrong and ingratitude he claimed to have suffered made itself manifest. As an example of his unjust treatment, he recounted what he had done to unify the nation and to aggrandize the Hohenzollern dynasty. There was not only an unhesitating assertion of his own deserts as the founder of the German Empire, but an almost sneering and even contemptuous depreciation of other performers in the historic drama of his time, including even the old Emperor William, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and the Empresses Augusta and Frederick. His language became a perfect diatribe when he referred to the present Emperor and some of his ministers, whom he held responsible for his removal. His expressions regarding them were not only amazing but embarrassing to his hearer, who had close social relations with the ministerial objects of his scorn. To quote but one phrase: "Some of those rogues I picked out of the very gutter." Fortunately, he did not stop for any word of assent, but went right on until his pent-up wrath was expended. As he remarked, when it was all spent: "It was quite a relief to me to have this opportunity to speak without restraint to a gentleman who I am sure will honor my confidence." Even were it not for this restriction, some of the sayings the visitor heard and noted down at the time were so extraordinary that, if they were repeated, their reality would probably be doubted, and certainly the lese-majesty they involved would render it unsafe for one who repeated them to venture again on German soil.

The Prince's countenance during the excited delivery of his philippic was a study. The working of every vein and muscle of the face showed his intense feelings. The play of his great eyebrows was also very remarkable. Most impres-

sive of all were the spirit and light shining from his wonderful eyes. No one ever felt the presence of the Chancellor without a deep sense of the mind-power reflected from those large grey-blue orbs. Their flashing brilliancy and the piercing penetration of the glances shot from them were never to be forgotten. They seemed incapable of expressing affection, and their steel-like hardness only inspired awe for the towering intellect, the irresistible will, the defiant courage, the fiery energy of their owner. To watch the lightning changes of expression mirrored in them, reflecting the strong emotions evoked by humbled pride, wounded ambition, and thwarted selfishness, and above all by the loss of his absolute sway, was, indeed, an enviable privilege.

The Prince himself turned to other subjects when the "fumes of ire" had passed from him during the rest of the two hours' drive. He dwelt upon the marvellous rapidity of the material growth of the United States, and mentioned that he had felt a desire for a long time to see it with his own eyes. Before his retirement it was, of course, out of the question, but now he seriously thought of accepting the invitation of the Hamburg Line and crossing the Atlantic on the steamer named after him. He would have to overcome, however, the strong opposition of the Princess and of Dr. Schweninger to the voyage. When Mr. Villard assured him that his visit would be hailed with general enthusiasm by Americans as well as Germans, he said: "This is just the reason of the opposition of my wife and doctor to it, and I own that I myself dread the pressure and fatigue of public attention, and should much prefer to travel in strict privacy." He asked his companion whether he believed that the Union could be permanently held together notwithstanding its vast territorial extent, the rapid swelling of the population to enormous proportions, the free admission of large masses of foreigners, and the diversity of climate and local interests. He looked upon the many millions of negroes, whose number was fast increasing, and the prevalence of strong racial prejudices against them, as a grave

and permanent danger. He was answered that no man could foretell the fate of the American Republic in the course of the coming generations or centuries; but so far it must be admitted that the experiment of building up a federation of commonwealths under absolutely democratic institutions had been, upon the whole, a great success in both a political and a material respect. The problem of government was no doubt growing more and more complicated and difficult, both in the Union and in the several States, and might get beyond solution when the population should number hundreds of millions. There were even then symptoms of decadence, not material but moral; but the world had witnessed several serious popular aberrations which were followed by a return, sooner or later, to correct ways. Certainly, much could be expected of a people that successfully cut the cancer of slavery out of its body politic, at the cost of a million lives and of thousands of millions of dollars.

The Prince agreed to this and said that, for America, the existing democratic form of government was just as natural as a monarchy for Germany, and, indeed, the only feasible one. "I should be a devoted Republican, too, if I lived in America," he remarked. Mr. Villard ventured the inquiry whether Bismarck was satisfied with the workings of universal suffrage, the immediate adoption of which, upon the formation of the German Empire as the political basis of national life, was thought one of the boldest strokes, if not the very boldest, in his career. The Prince answered: "It cannot be said that the results of universal suffrage have been altogether satisfactory, but I always looked upon it as a just concomitant of, and compensation for, the general liability of our people to military service. Moreover, its adoption was indispensable as a sort of cement in the construction of the edifice of the Empire, as well as a means of overcoming the traditional centrifugal tendencies of some of our smaller potentates and tribes." The worst outgrowth of general suffrage he considered the So-

cial Democrats, and he expressed the conviction that the State would some time be compelled to extirpate this evil by force.

It was very pleasant for Mr. Villard to have the Chancellor bring up the subject of their mutual friend, Carl Schurz. The Prince said that not only his great public career in America, but the personal attractions he discovered in him at their several meetings, excited his admiration. It was a great pity that such a man served a foreign and not his own country. Just that type of man was needed in Germany to supplant the *Geheimrat* (privy councillor) species which had given him so much trouble. Bismarck said that he could not understand, and it was not easy to explain to him, why such men as Schurz were not kept in public life. He pronounced it a great shortcoming in the American polity that the eligibility of Senators and Representatives was conditioned on their residence in the States and districts they represented. This inevitably tended to develop champions of local instead of national interests, while the privilege the English and German voters enjoyed of electing any of their countrymen otherwise qualified, regardless of residence, insured the election of the élite of the nation to the parliamentary ranks.

At the end of the drive, the Prince retired to his working-room with his secretary to attend to his correspondence until supper-time. After the evening meal, the whole family gathered around him in the spacious sitting-room. He seated himself in a large easy-chair, and was handed one of the old-fashioned long German pipes. It was lighted for him with a paper taper, and from it he sent forth clouds of tobacco-smoke with evident great enjoyment. He sat like a patriarch, listening to the telegraphic news of the morning and evening papers, which was read to him, and he accompanied and followed the reading with free comments on current events. Their frankness, clearness, and pointedness afforded another rich treat to Mr. Villard. The Chancellor's remarks led to no discussion, as he did not

invite it, and everybody was content to listen to him. Something that was read led him to make interesting reference to the relations of Germany to Russia, to the pains he had always taken to keep on the best possible terms with the latter power, as of the most vital importance to his own country, and the fears he entertained that a change for the worse in this direction would come about under the new régime at Berlin. Schweninger broke up the evening's entertainment all too early by announcing to the Prince that his time for retiring had come. The doctor accompanied him to his bedroom to give him some treatment. He was the first one, too, to see him on waking. In fact, there never was a more faithful, self-sacrificing medical attendant than Schweninger. He did not reside at Friedrichsruhe, but had his office at Berlin. Owing to his success with the Prince, he had obtained a very large practice, extending all over Europe. Among his patients were some crowned heads, including the Sultan, a number of princes, and members of the highest aristocracy of birth and finance, so that he passed two-thirds of his time on railroad trains; but, no matter where he was, he never failed to look personally after the Chancellor at least once a month, and to pass from two to three days with him. While at Berlin, he was constantly at his beck and call, and often visited him once a week. Moreover, he would never accept any compensation for his services, but the Prince, who improved every opportunity to praise his fidelity and acknowledge his indebtedness to him, rewarded him in other ways by securing him a professorship at the Berlin University, together with titles and decorations.

Having suffered from neuralgic pains during the night, the Prince was ordered to stay in bed during the forenoon of the next day, but he worked with his secretary. About noon he appeared on the veranda, seemingly as well as the day before and as ready for conversation. Mr. Villard's second day was a repetition of the first; that is, lunch was followed by another drive, and dinner by another even-

ing in the sitting-room. On the drive as well as at home, the Prince's conversation was again pregnant with substance, and original and fascinating in form. He also favored his guest with reminiscences of the Prussian-Austrian and Franco-German wars, and dwelt upon his memorable long sojourn at Versailles during the latter war, his peace negotiations with Thiers and Jules Favre, and the pains that accompanied the birth of the German Empire; on the profound humiliation of the French by the proclamation made in the grand palace of Louis XIV.—which was his (Bismarck's) conception. All this he narrated in his inimitable way. But, as the same incidents have been published in his own memoirs, they need not be repeated. Bismarck's experience, however, with the adjacent city of Hamburg, "his biggest and best neighbor," he called it, he related with great gusto, and it may well be told. When he proposed to bring Hamburg within the custom-lines of the German Empire, he became the worst-hated man in that city, for the people thought that if it lost its prestige as a free port it would be ruined. But the status of a free port with a custom zone within its limits not only did not diminish its prosperity, but multiplied it. Then the supposed oppressor became the recognized and worshipped benefactor of the old Hanseatic commonwealth.

Mr. Villard took his leave of the Prince on the second evening, as he was to start for home in the morning before the Prince would be up. He assured his host of his lasting gratitude for the generous hospitality received, and was told in return that he would be welcome again at any time. He left Bismarck with the fixed impression that the Prince never would or could forget or forgive those who caused his compulsory abdication from power, that he felt nothing less than implacable hatred towards them, that any apparent reconciliation on the Prince's part to the new régime that might follow would be only a stage-show and not a reality, and that his thirst for revenge would not be quenched as long as he lived.

CHAPTER XLIV

Last Years.—1890–1900

MR. VILLARD arrived in New York early in December, 1890. The North American Company had practically become insolvent by the suspension of Decker, Howell & Co., but actual bankruptcy had been avoided by the action of its principal creditors, who formed a committee which secured speedy repayment of the loans by a sale of the company's assets in the open market. He found the indebtedness of the company reduced to two millions, but it had been stripped, by the forced sales, of the great bulk of its assets at a heavy loss, and was prostrate and reduced to inactivity for years to come. There was really nothing for him to do but to try and keep alive what little there was left of the concern. He was not surprised to find that the collapse of the North American had affected his prestige hardly less than the crisis of 1883. His absence in Europe left him free from all responsibility for the new catastrophe, but he suffered just as much abuse as though he had been directly instrumental in bringing on the disaster, instead of having strained every nerve to save the company. This second breakdown utterly disheartened him, and he made up his mind then to resign all his corporate positions and absolutely retire from all business pursuits just as soon as possible. He was confirmed in this resolve by his conviction that the operation of the Sherman law would before long plunge the whole country into general disaster, and he determined to protect not only himself but also his German friends from the coming calamity. He addressed to them a letter in January, 1891, stating fully the reasons for his fears of the early advent

of the silver standard, advising and urging them to abstain from all long engagements, and to keep their investments in the United States in as liquid a form as possible. He gave them formal notice at the same time that, holding his opinion of a rapid approach to the silver standard, he could no longer take any responsibility for the investment of German capital in this country, and hence should consider their business relations as terminated. The letter was looked upon at the time as exaggerated, but after the crisis of 1893 had set in he was often complimented on having written it.

The Northern Pacific had securely passed through the months of stress before his return, but, as its position would be rendered much safer by turning its short loans into long loans, Mr. Villard set about accomplishing this, and succeeded in forming an international syndicate for that purpose. By the end of February, all he could do for the several corporations having been consummated, he rejoined his family at Cannes late in March, remaining in Europe until midsummer, and was not further disturbed by untoward developments, nor did any such take place after his return. On the contrary, the Northern Pacific continued to show increasing strength right along. Its gross and net earnings for the year 1890–91 were respectively $25,151,544.09 and $10,211,141.91, being the best showing since the completion of the main line, and more than double the gross, and nearly double the net, of the year 1884–85. On the 27th and 28th of April, Mr. Villard and his family, with the exception of his younger son, were in Zweibrücken, to lay the corner-stone of an orphan asylum that was to be Mr. Villard's memorial to his lost boy.

In the fall of 1891, accompanied by his wife, he made what he meant and what proved to be his last official tour of inspection of the main line and principal branches of the Northern Pacific. He was everywhere very well received, and invited to address public bodies at different points on

the business situation of the country, much as in former years. In his speeches, as well as in published interviews, he did not hesitate to warn his audiences, in the strongest language, of the evil fruits the Sherman law was certain to bear. He told them that the blackest clouds were gathering fast, and would burst before long and sweep like a devastating tornado over the whole land, and exhorted them to put their houses in order, and especially to keep out of debt and new ventures, and prepare for the worst. From St. Paul to Tacoma and Portland, he got nothing for his pains except newspaper ridicule of him as a croaker and pessimist, and not a little abuse in the centres of silver sentiment. But he had the doubtful satisfaction, after the catastrophe of 1893, of being told by a number of his hearers that his predictions had proved but too true, and that they paid dearly for not having followed his advice. Scores of his acquaintances, among them the wealthiest men in St. Paul and Minneapolis and in the Pacific coast cities, were actually impoverished.

The journey depressed him not only because of the popular silver hallucination, but also because of his observation of ominous factors in the Northern Pacific situation. First and most threatening of all was the loss of business by the competition of the Great Northern line to Spokane. There was also the paralyzing effect of the great fires at Spokane and Seattle. The decline of silver production in Montana and the Cœur d'Alène regions in consequence of the steady depreciation of that metal in the market also portended more and more loss of traffic. But the most alarming impression of all made upon him was the revelation of the weight of the load that had been put upon the company by the purchase and construction of the longer branch lines in Montana and Washington, which he then discovered for the first time. There was the Missoula Branch to the Cœur d'Alène mines; the Cœur d'Alène Railway & Navigation, a mixed system of steamboats and rail lines; the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern; and the roads built into western-

most Washington, representing a total investment in cash and bonds of not far from $30,000,000, which together hardly earned operating expenses. The acquisition and building of these disappointing lines had in a few years absorbed the large amount of consolidated bonds set aside for construction purposes, which had been assumed to be sufficient for all needs in that direction for a long time. Under these circumstances, Mr. Villard came back to New York with increased apprehension as to the future of the Northern Pacific.

In his mind, there was but one way of saving the country and the road from a ruinous catastrophe, viz., by the earliest possible repeal of the Sherman Act, and the election of a President in 1892 who could be relied upon to exert executive influence for the repeal of the Act as well as for the establishment of the gold standard. All through the winter of 1891 and 1892, he devoted most of his time and his best energy to the pursuit of those two aims. He made several stays in Washington, and by incessant efforts with the leaders of both parties helped to bring about the introduction, reference, and report to the House of a repeal bill which failed to pass by only a few votes, owing to the jealousy entertained by certain Western Republican members towards Speaker Reed, who favored the measure. Mr. Villard had obtained promises from nearly two dozen New York political leaders, lawyers, and financiers to respond at any time to a summons from him to Washington to bring their personal influence to bear upon members in favor of the repeal. Of all these prominent men only one—Mr. William Brookfield—kept his word and appeared; so little even then did the élite of the professional and business community recognize the perils of the situation.

Although Mr. Villard had always taken an active interest in civil-service and tariff reform—for he had belonged to the Manchester School ever since he had read Adam Smith, Bastiat, and John Stuart Mill—he had never had anything to do with active party politics. His resolution to do

all in his power for the election of a sound-money and tariff-reform candidate now drew him against his wish into the political whirlpool. The force of circumstances turned him, indeed, for a time, into a hard-working politician. Benjamin Harrison having signed both the first McKinley tariff bill and the Sherman bill (the price paid by the protectionists for the former's passage through the Senate), his candidacy for reëlection called for the most earnest opposition. The whole Republican party was so impregnated with protectionism and silverism that there was not the remotest hope for salvation from that quarter. Only a Democrat, entirely sound on what seemed to Mr. Villard to be the two main issues, could meet the emergency. The record of Grover Cleveland pointed to him as the only available Democrat. There was, however, great opposition to him among the professional politicians of his own party, and most of them looked upon United States Senator D. B. Hill (who early in 1892 was receiving ovations in the South) as the rising star. It seemed, indeed, hopeless to renominate Mr. Cleveland, but Mr. Villard decided to try it. He first sounded Mr. Cleveland, and found him very reluctant to become a candidate, and obtained his consent to allow the use of his name only after several interviews. His next step was to win over the leading Democratic Congressmen to his plan. He went to Washington, and induced Speaker Carlisle to invite them to meet him at his house, and twenty-eight responded. Mr. Villard explained to them at length, and as forcibly as he could, the reasons for his conviction that the needs of the times called for the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, and that he was the only Democrat who could be elected. Mr. Carlisle and William L. Wilson followed, expressing their full agreement with his views, while others expressed the belief that it was impossible to secure Cleveland's nomination, as Senator Hill was all but certain of being presented as the candidate of the Democracy of his own State to the nominating convention. Mr. Villard then announced that he

and the other Independents and Democrats who were opposed to the machine controlling the Democratic organization of New York, would bring Mr. Cleveland forward at the national convention in spite of Hill's candidacy, and were confident of his nomination. Most of those present received this confident assertion with smiles, but it was made good to the letter.

Mr. Villard gave up most of his time during the Presidential canvass to campaign work at the National Democratic headquarters in New York, in conjunction with Don M. Dickinson, William C. Whitney, Josiah Quincy, and others. He raised money for the executive committee, and organized and conducted a German-American Cleveland Union with ramifications throughout the States. A few days after the election, he gave a large dinner-party to the President-elect and leading Independents and Democrats from all parts of the country. In his opening speech, he complimented Mr. Cleveland on his great triumph, and expressed his firm faith that the new Administration would meet the highest expectations of its supporters. He added that Mr. Cleveland was vouchsafed the finest opportunity since Washington and Lincoln of bestowing great benefits upon the Republic by insisting upon currency and tariff reform, which he would surely do much to further. Mr. Cleveland replied in what was generally said to be the most feeling utterance that he had ever made, and which moved the gathering deeply. The other speeches were also pitched in a very high key. The occasion attracted general attention, and the press immediately teemed with stories that Mr. Villard was to be a member of the new Cabinet, and otherwise play an important part under the new régime. The truth was that he had taken occasion to notify Mr. Cleveland immediately after his election that all he asked was leave to discuss pending public issues freely with him, which was readily granted and exercised up to the inauguration. The President-elect consulted him regarding Cabinet and high diplomatic ap-

pointments, but he confined himself to urging Mr. Cleveland persistently, all through the winter, to call an extra session of Congress immediately after March 4, for the repeal of the Sherman law, and to make his intention to do so known without delay. For he perceived clearly the portentous signs of a financial hurricane, and felt sure that if it came without an effort on the part of the new administration to prevent it through Congressional action, Mr. Cleveland would be held responsible for it, and its ravages would make the success of his administration impossible. He told Mr. Cleveland many times that, if he rode into power on the eve of a panic, nothing could save him from failure.

His efforts to persuade the President to call an extra session were faithfully seconded by other close friends, and by none more so than by Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan. One morning in February, the latter came into his office with a beaming countenance, waving a piece of paper and exclaiming: "We are all right now." He had spent the night with Mr. Cleveland at Lakewood, and, after hours of argument, got him finally to agree to the extra session. The paper contained the announcement in Mr. Cleveland's own handwriting that the President-elect had decided to call an extra session directly after his inauguration, for the repeal of the silver-purchasing act, and that members of Congress might take notice that appointments for office would not be considered by the Executive until they had done their duty and abolished the obnoxious law. The announcement was to be made in the afternoon papers. Mr. Villard was overjoyed, and at once telephoned the glad news to a number of friends. In less than an hour, he was obliged to recall it in consequence of the reappearance of Mr. Dickinson with the disappointing message from Mr. Cleveland that he had changed his mind and would do nothing before the 4th of March. Some other friends, who were opposed to an extra session, had talked him out of his purpose in the meantime.

When it seemed impossible in January, 1893, to overcome Mr. Cleveland's reluctance to summon an extra session, Mr. Villard and Don M. Dickinson got the President's consent, indicated by letters from him to leading Democratic members, to try to secure the repeal of the Sherman Act by the expiring Congress. They labored hard to this end for some weeks in Washington, and got the Democratic side ready for action, but the attempt failed on account of the unwillingness of certain influential Republicans to smooth the way for the incoming administration. Mr. Villard spent the last afternoon with the President-elect before his departure for Washington, and made a last plea for an extra session. But hours of talk only resulted in an invitation to come to Washington to repeat his arguments to the new Cabinet, and a promise that, if it voted in favor of an extra session, one should be summoned at once. He did as desired, witnessed the inauguration, and met all the Cabinet members except Mr. Olney in a parlor at the Arlington House. He presented his case as strongly as he could, but in the discussion that ensued after he had made his argument, it became evident that only the Secretary of Agriculture was unconditionally for the gold standard, and that the rest either were bimetallists or did not understand the subject sufficiently to express an opinion. So, the next morning, he told Mr. Cleveland he was satisfied that the Cabinet would vote against an extra session, and therefore he considered his mission ended and should go home. Once more, he had the sorry satisfaction of seeing all he had feared and prophesied as to the impending panic and its effect upon the fate of Mr. Cleveland's administration come to pass.

The campaign work in 1892 and Mr. Villard's labors for the gold standard withdrew him so much from his corporate duties that he felt their burden but lightly. This led him to postpone his intended retirement from his executive positions; but early in 1893 he announced his settled purpose to resign them. The last thing he did as chairman

of the Northern Pacific was to devise a collateral trust mortgage for funding the floating debt, of which he himself held a large part. His formal resignation was accepted by the Northern Pacific board only at its meeting on June 21, 1893, to take effect on July 19, when, as on his first retirement, his services to the company were acknowledged by the passage of a gratifying series of resolutions. His resignation from the North American board was accepted only in June, 1893.

He was fully conscious that, in obtaining this release from official cares, he did not free himself from the heavy burden of anxiety with which the growing certainty of a catastrophe to the Northern Pacific oppressed him. The accelerated decline in the earnings, the increasing paralysis of silver-mining, and the fast-spreading stagnation of general business, convinced him that the breakdown of the company would come inevitably with the general crisis which he expected would befall the country in 1893. It was perfectly clear to him, too, that the collapse of that company would again mean for himself discredit, calumny, and abuse. It seemed a hard fate indeed that he should have to pass twice through the same ordeal and receive such severe punishment for once more loyally uniting his personal fortunes with the same ill-starred company. Considering default unavoidable, he advised making it as early as April, but the officers still believed in the possibility of early recuperation and managed to pay the April coupon.

Early in 1893, a new temporary occupation fell to his lot which proved far more arduous, while it lasted, than he had anticipated when he accepted it. On his motion, the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York appointed a committee, of which he was chosen chairman, to make suitable provision for the proper entertainment in New York of the foreigners who had been invited by the United States Government as guests of the nation in connection with the Columbian World's Fair. They included the Princess Eulalia, as the representative of the Queen of

Spain, and the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus, and family, and the officers of foreign squadrons that participated in the great international review in New York harbor. On entering upon his duties, he discovered that, although Congress at its first session had extended formal invitations in the name of the nation, which had been accepted, no appropriations for the expense of entertaining the guests had been made. As the Democrats were to assume power both in the Government and in Congress in March, the appropriation committees, controlled by Republicans, apparently out of sheer partisan spite were doing nothing to enable the new administration to redeem the pledge of hospitality made by its predecessor. Mr. Villard called the attention of Mr. Cleveland to the awkward predicament in which his Government would be placed by being left without money to take care of the guests of the nation. At Mr. Cleveland's request, he went to Washington with letters from the latter to prevent such a disgrace. He begged Secretary of State Foster to remind the appropriation committee of the urgency of the matter, which Mr. Foster did; and also exerted himself personally with the committee. But the shortness of time, and political prejudice, prevented any action, and Congress actually adjourned without having voted a dollar, so that the new administration had only the contingent fund of the State Department, really intended for other objects, to draw from for the purpose. Mr. Villard bethought himself of two ways of avoiding an international scandal, viz., the raising of a considerable fund by private subscriptions, and the financial help of the City of New York. The former he successfully undertook himself, and the latter was obtained to the extent of $100,000, with the help of some Democratic friends who engineered the necessary special act through the State Legislature in the nick of time. Thus the expense of the great street parade, the banquet at the Waldorf, the ball at the Madison Square Garden, and the other entertainments was provided for. As is

usually the case on such occasions, the chief burden of responsibility fell upon the chairman, and he literally had to labor day and night for weeks to prevent the failure of the programme which he had proposed. One thing he was taught very thoroughly by this experience, viz., that Americans, however hospitably inclined they may be, do not care to bother with foreigners who do not speak their own language.

Mr. Villard went to Chicago to see the World's Fair. He was filled with the greatest admiration for this marvellous achievement of American genius, which had never been equalled before and, in his opinion, never would be thereafter. For weeks he spent every day and many evenings in the Exposition grounds, without being satiated by their great attractions; but his stay was terminated by an urgent summons to New York, in the middle of June, from the Northern Pacific's president, to which he responded at once. As he anticipated, the occasion was the question of the payment of the July coupon. The panic had in the meantime broken out in full force in Wall Street and throughout the country. There was a very tight money market, and extraordinary commissions—at rates often exceeding one hundred per cent.—were charged for loans. Mr. Villard argued against the payment, which could be made only by borrowing a large part of the required amount at a heavy extra cost, as only a short makeshift, but he was not heeded, and the payment of the coupon began with little over one half of the $1,500,000 needed in hand. As was to be foreseen, default was postponed for only a few weeks, and, by mid-August, receivers were appointed for the whole system.

The Deutsche Bank, which had placed in Germany the bulk of the junior bonds most to be affected by the suspension of interest payments, was morally bound to do its utmost for the protection of the holders. As Mr. Villard shared in its responsibility, he deemed it his duty to do all in his power to bring about the appointment of re-

ceivers whose character and experience offered a guarantee that the company would be extricated from its difficulties as early as possible; and in this he was successful. The importance of an immediate and effective organization of the majority of the bondholders in Germany under the guidance of the Bank was also perceived by him, and with the timely cabled notice to the institution of the inevitable default he sent an urgent appeal to lose no time in forming a strong and friendly committee, which should at once send a delegation with full power to this country, with a view to the formation of an American committtee willing to coöperate with the German. These recommendations were promptly acted on, and, in October, the delegation, headed by Dr. Georg Siemens, the principal director of the Bank, arrived in New York. The first thing Mr. Villard had to do was to demand a formal revocation of and an apology for an offensive circular issued by the Bank in hot haste to the bondholders, full of glaring misstatements, unjust criticism of the railroad management, and an evident attempt to make a scapegoat of himself. This was conceded, and the correction given even wider publicity in Germany than the circular. Mr. Villard informed the delegates, after he had fully posted them concerning the situation and the measures it called for, and initiated the organization of an American committee, that, having done all that was possible for him to do in the interest of the bondholders, he should withdraw altogether from Northern Pacific affairs and go abroad for several years. The delegation was much taken aback by this announcement, protested against his purpose, and insisted that he must remain in the country and take an active part in the reorganization of the company. He replied, however, that, owing to his failure in 1883 and the present crisis, his usefulness as a financial adviser and leader was obviously entirely gone, and that it was his firm belief that, in view of the bitter attacks upon him which had already begun, it would positively injure the work of the committees if he played a leading part in it.

After some exciting scenes, his proposed course was approved, provided a proper substitute for him could be found who would serve as chairman of the American committee of bondholders, and constitute the connecting link between the latter and the German committee and also act as confidential adviser to the Bank. He recommended Edward D. Adams, and, after some delay, the delegates voted to authorize him to offer the position to the man of his choice. Mr. Adams hesitated at first, but was finally persuaded to accept. The main share which he had in the extraordinary success of the reorganization of the company made a splendid record for him, and the managers of the Bank subsequently expressed to Mr. Villard at Berlin their great sense of obligation to him for having recommended Mr. Adams. The outcome of the reorganization was such that none of the holders of the company's securities, who held on to them, lost anything in the end. This result compensated Mr. Villard for the personal annoyances which, as he had foreseen, grew out of the Northern Pacific collapse. As men with similar experiences necessarily do, he made a number of bitter enemies, who then saw their opportunity for revenge. He and his associates in the formation of the Chicago & Northern Pacific Railroad (Terminal) Company were charged in the press with having made millions for themselves out of it, and a small stockholder was even procured to bring suit for the recovery of these alleged ill-gotten gains. In his answer to the bill of complaint, Mr. Villard made an absolute denial of every one of the charges, and so completely that no further move was ever made in the case.

He sailed with his family, except the elder son, in November, 1893, direct for Gibraltar. The party first travelled in Spain and then passed over to northern Africa. They visited Melilla, Oran, Blida, Algiers, Philippeville, Constantine, Biskra, the famous oasis in the Sahara; and reached Tunis by the middle of January, 1894. Thence they crossed to Sicily, and, at the end of the month, took

steamer at Naples for Egypt, where they spent two months, during which they made the usual tour of the Nile. From Egypt they went to Greece and thence to Constantinople. In April, they reached Vienna, where their stay was somewhat protracted. The summer was spent in the Austrian Tyrol, on Lake Constance, and in Central Switzerland and on Lake Geneva. In October, the rest of the family went to Italy over the Mont Cenis, and visited the principal places from Turin to Naples. While in Florence, in the first week in December, Mr. Villard received a letter from his associate in the Northern Pacific management, Thomas F. Oakes, one of the three receivers, advising him of his arrival in Paris and his desire for a meeting with him. It was decided that Mr. Villard should proceed thither.

Since Mr. Villard's departure, developments had taken place in Northern Pacific affairs which affected him personally, and regarding which it was very desirable he should learn more details than he had received while travelling. Control of the Northern Pacific had been obtained, at the annual election held after the appointment of receivers, by parties bitterly hostile to the former management. They brought about the filing, early in 1894 in the United States Circuit Court, which had appointed the receivers, of a series of charges against Mr. Oakes and Mr. Villard, accusing them of having derived large personal profits out of the construction of certain branch lines, and moved for an investigation. This the court granted, without giving Mr. Villard an opportunity to be heard, and appointed a master to take testimony.

Mr. Villard heard of this only after arriving in Vienna, and he immediately by cable and by letter asked to be summoned by the master, but no summons ever reached him. Instead of the naturally expected report against further proceedings, to Mr. Villard's great surprise and indignation he learned in Switzerland that the master had exonerated Mr. Oakes, but recommended that the court order a suit to be brought against Mr. Villard for the recovery

of alleged illegitimate profits in connection with the building of the Northern Pacific & Manitoba branch line to Winnipeg. It was assumed that the court would order the suit, and it was regarding this trouble that he wished to confer with Mr. Oakes.

He rejoined his family at Munich on his return from Switzerland on December 17. His sister and her husband resided there, together with several other relatives and a large circle of old personal friends. Mr. Villard had caused the receivers to be informed that he was ready to return and respond at any time to any summons in any suit against him, and in answer had received official information that they had been ordered to bring suit, but thought it proper to call on him first for certain explanations. He concluded to respond to this in person, and was able to notify the receivers early in May, 1895, that he was back and held himself at their disposal. Some correspondence with the receivers followed, but nothing further was done in the case until the following winter, when the court renewed its order to bring suit, which was then commenced. But the suit never passed beyond the first stage—that is, the filing of the complaint and the defendant's answer. The case remained there until after the completion of the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Company and the discharge of the receivers. Mr. Villard received then the fullest possible vindication by a dismissal of the suit without his solicitation, and a certification from the principal conductors of the reorganization, E. D. Adams, Francis Lynde Stetson and C. H. Coster, that no evidence whatever had been found to sustain the charges against him. This is the place in which to mention also that it was proved, through a most searching investigation of the Northern Pacific accounts made by order of the court, that not a dollar of the corporate funds had ever been improperly used.

When Mr. Villard announced his settled determination before his departure for Europe in 1893 to withdraw from

all business pursuits, most of his friends did not believe that a man accustomed to such extraordinary activity could be content to live in retirement. These sceptics expected him to resume his rôle in Wall Street upon his return in 1895. But they did not know the man. Although he kept a small office in the financial quarter, and retained his interests as a security-holder in the North American Company and some other corporations in which he had been interested for years, he resolutely declined to become again responsible for their management as director or officer. He was always found ready, however, to help them with money and advice. He had three reasons for this retirement: one was his growing deafness, and a second one his unwillingness, in the light of past lessons of ingratitude from others, ever again to be responsible for the use of other people's money, directly or indirectly. The third reason was the sacrifices he had made as a consequence of his practice, out of kindness and generosity, to assist inexperienced relatives and friends of both sexes in their investments. He always looked upon advice given to such as involving a moral obligation, and never shrank from the personal consequences of this view, as is proved by the fact that he made good losses to numerous sufferers from his counsel, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, especially from losses in Northern Pacific bonds.

He was rendered proof against Wall Street temptations by another fact. In spite of his all-absorbing material occupations for so long a period, he had never lost his preference for a life devoted to what he considered higher and nobler objects, such as he had followed before he became a business man. With the attainment of freedom from all obligations to others, this feeling grew stronger, and he not only never had a moment's regret because of the obscurity which he had deliberately sought, but he rendered thanks every day for the abundance of leisure it had secured him for extensive reading, literary labor, reform work, and the

philosophic contemplation of the momentous events following each other so rapidly in our time.

He had chosen two fields for literary occupation. One he had entered upon long before his withdrawal from business life. Nearly twenty years before, during periods of rest, he began to write his personal memoirs. As soon as he had command of his time, from the summer of 1895 till the winter of 1899–1900, when his health began to be seriously affected, he devoted himself steadily to their preparation. As a means of reviving and fixing his recollections as a war correspondent, he made a careful study of the Official War Records so far as they related to the campaigns of the Civil War on land and sea which he had witnessed. This work proved very fascinating to him, as the Government publications contained the documentary history of the operations not only of the Northern but also of the Confederate armies. It revealed to him for the first time the whole, instead of but one side, of the bloody pictures of the battle-fields of the great struggle. He found it most absorbing work to test the accuracy of the statements of the loyal commanders by those made by their antagonists, and to unite their separate accounts into one complete, consistent, and comprehensible description. The flood of new light radiating from this double source led him to enlarge the scope of the narrative of his own observations of the great collisions of the war into full battle descriptions. He was untiring in the collation, sifting, and testing of his material from all available sources, and took the greatest pains to be impartial and accurate. It required many months to bring some of his battle stories into a shape that satisfied him. When he was obliged to stop work, he had got no further than the second day's fighting at Chattanooga. The next subjects would have been Grant's battles in the Wilderness and the siege of Petersburg. He was very anxious to describe these later episodes, and had revisited both scenes in 1897, going over the ground carefully with the Official Records and accounts of war historians in hand.

His other literary scheme was to write a history of the Franco-German war of 1870–71. He had for some years employed two young German historians, trained by Professor von Sybel, to collect material for him, but gave up the project on finding that the French material procurable was altogether too scanty for as full and accurate a history of the part played by the vanquished as the abundant German sources permitted to be written of the part of the victors.

Although he was no longer a working participant in current affairs, it was not in his nature to be simply an indifferent observer of passing events. His sympathies were moved as quickly and deeply as ever by all good causes, and his indignation stirred as readily by public and private wrongs. It remained a standing grief to him, as a free-trader, that the prospect of tariff reform had grown so apparently hopeless in these latter years. The thought that, through his instrumentality, it was rendered possible to wage an incessant war against public abuses of every kind through the *Evening Post's* relentless championship of political reform, was a source of just pride to him; but it did not surprise him that praise of this championship was followed by denunciation when the *Evening Post* had to oppose popular delusions, as in the case of the unjust war against Spain. That national frenzy roused his strongest antagonism, for he clearly foresaw all the moral decadence, all the blighting effect upon all reformatory movements, which that fatal aberration was certain to bring in its train. He and his wife could not stand the war-racket which broke out in the spring of 1898, and went to Europe, not returning until after the conclusion of peace.

With the exception of this absence, Mr. Villard passed his winters with his family in their apartment in New York, and his summers at their beautiful country-seat at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, until the summer of 1899, when he made what he felt to be his last tour over the Northern Pacific system. The journey was extended to

Alaska, which, though the Oregon Steamship Company had opened commercial intercourse with it under his original administration, he had never found time to visit. As he had not been over the road for eight years, he was prepared to be, if not forgotten, at least only slightly remembered. It was therefore an agreeable revelation to him to find that he and his work were well remembered all the way from the Lakes to the Pacific Northwest. He was heartily welcomed everywhere and by all classes, and met a great number of old acquaintances. The most pleasing reception given to him was at Eugene City at the State University of Oregon, of which he had been a benefactor. It interested him, of course, very much to compare what Oregon and Washington were when he first made his advent on the coast twenty-five years before, with their present stage of development. The two Territories in 1874 had together a population of only 100,000; now each of the two States claimed about half a million. Portland's had risen from 15,000 to 90,000, Tacoma's from 5,000 to 45,000, Seattle's from 6,000 to 65,000, and Spokane's from a few hundred to 40,000. Marvellous changes in one-third the length of a human life!

Mr. Villard was of such a fine physique that he was generally supposed to enjoy perfect health, which was not, however, the case. He had been for more than thirty years troubled with rheumatism and gout, and had passed through several dangerous diseases. After 1896, he had some attacks of heart disease and a slight apoplectic stroke. His real decline began in 1899.[1]

No American citizen of foreign birth could have had a higher appreciation than Mr. Villard of the privileges of American citizenship, and of the incomparable advantages arising from the free play of the human faculties enjoyed in this country. He never forgot that he was himself a living illustration of the benefits of these conditions, and never failed to acknowledge his indebtedness to them. Yet,

[1] Mr. Villard died at Thorwood, November 12, 1900.

with all his faithfulness and gratitude to his adopted country, he also remained loyal to the land of his birth. Notwithstanding his residence of nearly half a century in the United States and all the American infiltration and engrafting he underwent in that long time, he always remained and was proud to be a true German. He sought to have his native language acquired by all the members of his family, and to make them personally acquainted with his relatives and friends in the Fatherland. The family altogether lived nearly twelve years at different times in Germany, and Mr. Villard visited his native province on an average every two years. He considered it a sacred duty to do all he could for the welfare of his countrymen in America, and for the promotion of close friendly relations between the two countries. He enjoyed the personal friendship and confidence of all the diplomatic representatives of Germany in the United States from the days of Lincoln, and was ever ready to give them the benefit of his long and varied experience and wide acquaintance on this side of the water. He always believed that the two countries ought to know more of each other's special characteristics, and this induced him to provide for sending thirty-three young German artisans, artists, and literati to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. The same motives led him to entertain at Thorwood the officers of the German squadron that was ordered over to join in the international naval review in the spring of that year.

END OF SECOND AND LAST VOLUME.

INDEX

INDEX

(This does not profess to be complete, but probably will be found adequate.)

Adams, Charles Francis, Jr., 2: 328, 329, 335.

Adams, Edward D., 2: 369, 371.

Advertiser, Boston daily, V. writes for, 2: 269.

Advocate, Racine (Wis.) daily, V. writes for, 1: 68.

Ainsworth, J. C., 2: 287.

Alaska, V.'s visit to, 2: 375.

Allebach, Peter H., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 373, 374.

American Social Science Association, 2: 269.

Anderson, Robert, in command of Fort Sumter, 1: 139; mission to Kentucky and Virginia, 203; headquarters at Louisville, 207; relinquishes command, 209.

Andrew, John A., 1: 164.

Arthur, Chester A., attitude towards Northern Pacific, 2: 302; at opening of the road, 310.

Baird, Absalom, roughly handled at Chickamauga, 2: 115, 122, 133, but stands, 136; again hit, 161.

Balatka, Hans, 1: 49.

Baltimore, cut off from Washington, 1: 169–170.

Bamberger, Ludwig, 2: 345.

Bandelier, Adolph F., 2: 340.

Beatty, John, at Chickamauga, 2: 131–133; in attack on Missionary Ridge, 252.

Beauregard, Pierre G. T., commands rebel troops at Manassas Junction, 1: 181, 190, 191; illness, 261; at Corinth, 235; plan to annihilate Grant's army, 234; explains his failure, 260; report better than Grant's, 262; asks for reinforcements, 267; force at Corinth, 268; evacuates, 277; retreat, 279; in command at Charleston, 2: 18.

Bennett, James Gordon, attacks Greeley about gold-mining, 1: 126; summons V. to New York, 161; puts *Herald* on Union side, and wants favor for his son, 162.

Bickham, W. D., 2: 67.

Bigelow, John, 1: 79.

Billings, Frederick, declines cooperation with V., 2: 296; will not admit him to Northern Pacific Board, nor sell out to him, but compromises, 300; at opening of the road, 311.

Birney, David B., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 362, 380.

Bismarck, Otto von, seen by V. at Nikolsburg, 2: 268; V.'s article on him in *North American Review*, 345; visit from V., 346–356; praise of Carl Schurz, 354; idol of Hamburg, 356.

Blaine, James G., 2: 334.

Blair, Francis P., 1: 173.

Blair, Francis P., Jr., 1: 173; at Chattanooga, 2: 243–245, 252.

Blair, Montgomery, characterized, 1: 172; talk with V., 339.

Blenker, Louis, German revolutionist, 1: 36; New York truck farmer, 37; colonel in Civil War, 174; at Bull Run, 295.

Blind Pool, 2: 298.

Bragg, Braxton, in the Shiloh campaign, 1: 254, 256; on rebel demoralization, 261; supersedes Beauregard and directs flanking movement against Buell, 292; at Chattanooga, 293, 296; takes Murfreesville, 303; retires upon Kirby Smith, 304, 312; sets up rebel government at Frankfort, 313; initiates fight at Perryville, 313, 314, 323; retreats, 326, 330; threatens Nashville, 2: 60; attacks Rosecrans at Stone's River, 62; retreats, 63; position on Duck River, 72; forced out of Middle Tennessee to Chattanooga, 78; learns of Rosecrans's advance, 84; forced out of Chattanooga, 88; prepares ambush for Rosecrans, 92; first move in Chickamauga fight, 92; orders

to Hindman, 94, 95, 99; to Polk, 99; general order of battle, 102; does not wait for Longstreet, 109; orders night attack on first day, 121; results of first day, 124; night council and plan, 127; second disappointment in Polk, 128, 130, 160; ignorant of victory, 163; abstains from following the Federals, 164; congratulates troops, 169; comparison with Rosecrans, 170; forces before Chattanooga, 180; decides to invest Chattanooga, 182; opposition of his lieutenants, 193–198; relieves Polk and Hindman for disobedience, 194; prefers charges, 197, but eats humble pie, 198; chagrin at Washington defeat, 207; detaches Longstreet to crush Burnside, 238, 246; calls for reinforcements, 254; feigns attack on Chattanooga, 249; meets Sherman's attack, 254; retreats from Hooker's, 262.

Brannan, John M., opens Chickamauga fight, 2: 113; overborne, 115, but checks the enemy, 116; first to be attacked on second day, 139; joins Wood in defence of Horseshoe, 150, 151; censure of Negley, 291, 292.

Breckinridge, John C., movements about Nashville, 2: 60; in battle of Stone's River, 62; attack at Chickamauga, 130; defeat, 134; seeks Bragg's removal, 295.

Brookfield, William, 2: 360.

Brown, B. Gratz, 1: 138.

Browne, Junius H., with V. at Cairo, 1: 263; at Memphis, 283.

Brownlow, William G., 1: 233.

Buckner, Simon B., invades Kentucky, 1: 206, 208; reinforces Fort Donelson, 222; captured there, 229; leads cabal against Bragg, 2: 295; controversy with him, 298.

Buell, Don Carlos, succeeds Gen. Sherman in Kentucky, 1: 213; slow to move, 214–216; prodded by McClellan, 214, 216, and Lincoln, 215; his forces and commanders, 219, 220; plan of campaign, 220; follows up Grant's victory at Forts Henry and Donelson, 222; enters Nashville, 229, 238; advance under Halleck's command, 256; in touch with Grant, 240; at Savannah, 241; at Pittsburg Landing, 243–245; in pursuit of rebels after Corinth, 279; northern campaign with Army of Ohio, 280–305; differences with Halleck, 288; mistakes Bragg's intentions, 293, 297; races him to Louisville, 302; officers incurred by rebel invasion of Kentucky, 307; ordered relieved, but saved by Gen. Thomas, 308; reorganizes army, 310; disabled on eve of Perryville, 313; tardily sends succor to Gen. A. McD. McCook, 322, 325; inquiry as to Gen. Gilbert's rank, 324; pursuit of Bragg, 326; succeeded by Rosecrans, 331, 2: 59; military qualities, 1: 331, 332; discussed by Lincoln, 340; reluctance to move into East Tennessee justified, 2: 60.

Buell, George P., 2: 141.

Buffalo herds on the Plains, 1: 110, 111; extinct, 2: 279.

Bull Run, Federal advance on, 1: 183; first shots, 184; the rout, 190–198.

Burnside, Ambrose E., in rout at Bull Run, 1: 197; North Carolina campaign, 337; succeeds McClellan, 335; plan against Lee, 342, 343; recognizes army, 346; camp at Falmouth, 347; conference with Lincoln, 347; plan of attack on Fredericksburg, 353; orders to Franklin, 377, 382; famous resolve to renew attack on Lee, 384, 2: 3; responsibility for disaster, 1: 393; commands Department of the Ohio and arrests Vallandigham, 2: 59, 62; occupies East Tennessee, 62; does not assist Rosecrans, 108; abortive attack from Longstreet, 238, 239.

Butler, Benjamin F., 1: 182.

Butterfield, Daniel, early life, 1: 349; in Fredericksburg campaign, 346, 349, 369, 370, 372.

Cameron, Simon, characterized, 1: 170; rewards political followers with military office, 177; interview with Gen. Sherman at Louisville, 211; doubts his sanity, 229; succeeded by Stanton, 339.

Caprivi, Georg Leo von, requests interview with V., 2: 343–345.

Carlin, William P., 1: 302, 303.

Carrieres, Moritz, 2: 7.

Case, Zephar, 1: 36–42.

Central Pacific R. R., negotiations with V., 2: 284.

Charleston forts, Dupont's attack on, 2: 26–32.

Chase & Higginson, 2: 302, 303.

Chase, Salmon P., Secretary of the Treasury, 1: 160; characterization, 172; his daughter marries Gov. Sprague, 172; offers V. a captaincy, 177; gets Major McDowell promoted to brigadier, 179; friction with President, 340; organizes freedmen at Port

Monroe, 2: 8; letters of introduction to V., 22.
Chatrian, Alexandre, 1: 6.
Chattanooga, siege of, 2: 180-263.
Cheatham, Benjamin F., attack at Chickamauga, 2: 117, 118; before Chattanooga, 246.
Cherry Creek (Denver and Aurora), gold-mining settlement, 1: 204-236.
Chicago & Northern Pacific R. R., founded by V., 2: 337; suit against V., 369.
Chickamauga, battle, preliminaries, 2: 92-111; opposing forces, 109-111; first day, 113-125; second day, hour of opening, 129, contest, 126-173; casualties, 171; merits of Bragg and Rosecrans, 170; V. collects material for an account of it, 284.
Cleburne, Patrick R., in Chickamauga fight, 2: 92; leads night attack, 121; second day's attack, 230; defeat, 235; recalled from accompanying Longstreet to Knoxville, 246, 249; defends Missionary Ridge, 254.
Cleveland, Grover, V.'s efforts to renominate, 2: 361, 369; gives dinner to him after election, 382, and urges calling extra session of Congress to repeal Sherman Act, 383; help from him in getting money to entertain foreign World's Fair guests, 386.
Coffin, Charles C., 1: 386, 387.
Colburn, Richard T., 1: 263.
Columbian World's Fair, reception of foreign guests arranged for in N. Y. by V., 2: 365; Fair visited by him, 367, and visit of German artisans provided for, 376.
Commercial, Cincinnati, employs V. as legislative reporter, 1: 58; as Pike's Peak correspondent, 99; as Lincoln campaign correspondent, 138; as Washington correspondent, 153, 154; Rosecrans's organ, 2: 67.
Conkling, Roscoe, 2: 302.
Cooke, Jay & Co., invest in Oregon Steam Navigation Co., 2: 286; failure, 287.
Corinth, Miss., rebel advance from, 1: 298; Halleck's advance against, 268-273; evacuation, 273; occupation, 276.
Custer, C. H., 2: 306.
Crittenden, Thomas L., under Buell in Perryville campaign, 1: 289, 292, 302, 320, 326; under Rosecrans, 2: 62; in advance on Chattanooga, 90; confronted by Polk, 100, 102; position on the Chickamauga, 103, 104; leads aid to Gen. Thomas, 126; position on second day, 126; cut off from his command, 143; follows Rosecrans to Chattanooga, 247, 248, 265; returns to field, 268; holds left at Chattanooga, 268, 282; under public censure, 286, 287; relieved of command, 287-289; vindicated by court of inquiry, 290.
Crook, George, 2: 209-216.

Dana, Charles A., V.'s first meeting with, 1: 72, 72; sends V. to Minnesota, 74; Secretary Stanton's emissary to Western armies, 2: 166; misreports first day's fight at Chickamauga, 166; corrects it, 167; part in punishing McCook and Crittenden, 288, and in removal of Rosecrans, 211; his reports to Secretary Stanton, 189, 202, 220; meets Grant at Nashville, 209; returns to front, 220; useful to V., 226; watches advance on Missionary Ridge, 249; letter to Gen. Thomas, 253.
Davis, Jefferson, at Bull Run, 1: 250; petitioned for Bragg's removal, 2: 194-196; visits Bragg's army, 253-258; sustains him, but spares Polk and Hindman, 257.
Davis, Jefferson C., kills Gen. Nelson, 1: 308, 309; in Rosecrans's campaign, 2: 60; at Chattanooga, 242, 243, 252, 254.
Decker, Howell & Co., 2: 343.
Denver, mining siege, 1: 213-233; in 1876, 2: 279.
Deutsche Bank, director, Georg Siemens, 2: 320; builds railroad in Anatolia, 320; makes V. its N. Y. representative, 320; markets Northern Pacific and Oregon R. R. & Navigation Co. bonds, 329, 334, 367; censure of V., and apology, 368.
Dickinson, Don M., 2: 360-364.
Dillon, Sidney, 2: 282, 284, 332.
Douglas, Stephen A., visited by V., in Washington, 1: 54, in Chicago, 92; Senatorial campaign and debate with Lincoln, 92-96; at Freeport, 92; his wife, 92.
Draper, Simeon, 1: 58, 59.
Drexel, Francis M., 1: 56.
Dupont, Samuel F., gathers fleet at Hampton Roads, 2: 5; V.'s introduction to him, 20; orders attack on Fort McAllister, 25; shares attack on Charleston forts, 39-52; censured by press for failure, 49-52.

Edison General Electric Co., founded by V., 2: 326.
Electric light, power, and traction, V. a pioneer in, 2: 323-327.

Eliot, Charles, jr., 1: 285, 286.
Endicott, William, jr., 2: 291, 293, 313.
Engelmann, Adolf, son of Friedrich, 1: 31.
Engelmann, Friedrich (son of Theodor Erasmus), head forester, 1: 27; removes to Belleville, Illinois, 31; farm and family 31; daughters, Mrs. Decker, Mrs. Scheel, 27, Mrs. Koerner, 33; son, Theodor, 32, 33, 36.
Engelmann, Georg, son of Julius and grandson of Theodor Erasmus, 1: 12.
Engelmann, Theodor, son of Friedrich, 1: 32; career, 33, 36.
Engelmann, Theodor Adolf, brother of Friedrich and of Margarete, second wife of Georg Friedrich Hilgard, 1: 11.
Engelmann, Theodor Erasmus, father of Friedrich, 1: 1.
Evarts, William M., 2: 311.
Evening Post, N. Y., V.'s approaches to, 1: 79; bought by him, 2: 338, 374.

Forrest, Nathan B., raids Buell's communications, 1: 230, 250, 253; 2: 61; repulse and successes, 69; at opening of Chickamauga fight, 113, 115; on second day, 151.
Fort Donelson, taken by Grant, 1: 226; viewed by V., 224.
Fort McAllister, naval attacks on, 2: 17, 18, 23.
Foster, John G., arrives at Port Royal, 2: 29; disputes seniority with Hunter, 30.
Fox, Gustavus V., characterized, 1: 172, 173; introduction of V. to Admiral Dupont, 2: 12.
Fox, J. M., 1: 113, 119, 218.
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, V. writes for, 1: 73.
Franklin, William B., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 346, 360, 368, 370, 377, 382; controversy over his conduct, 382, 383.
Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 342–393.
Freedmen of Sea Islands, 2: 15–17, 19, 22–24.
Frémont, John C., surrenders in New York, 1: 59; Presidential campaign, 2: 52; in command in Missouri, 1: 207; arbitrary and extravagant, 211; superseded by Halleck, 220.
French, William H., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 339, 362; at the front, 363.
Fry, James B., McDowell's chief of staff, 1: 181; at Bull Run, 195, 199; assistant adjutant-general to Gen. Anderson at Louisville, 207; chief of staff to Gen. Buell, 213, 226, 306; at Pittsburg Landing, 243.
Fuchs, John P., 1: 30.

Gage, Frances D., 2: 15.
Gamage, Quartermaster to Gen. McCook's division, 1: 264, 287.
Garfield, James A., Rosecrans's chief of staff, 2: 66; character, 68; favors advance on Bragg, 70; courtesy to V., 73; retires to Chattanooga with Rosecrans during Chickamauga fight, 149, 157; returns to field, 236; hopeful of issue, 238, 265, 267; tries to induce Rosecrans to return, 267; welcomes V., 279, 284; confidences to him, 285, 286, 302; not responsible for punishment of McCook and Crittenden, 288; elected to Congress, 286, 302; retires from army, 302; assassination, 302.
Garrison, Fanny (Helen Frances), future wife of V., 2: 535; marriage, 268.
Garrison, Francis Jackson, 2: 33, 34.
Garrison, George Thompson, 2: 34.
Garrison, Helen Eliza, 2: 33.
Garrison, William Lloyd, abolitionist, 2: 32; appearance, 533; feted in England, 269.
Garrison, William Lloyd, jr., 2: 32, 33.
Gay, Sydney H., directs V. to Boston, 2: 52; recalls him for Rosecrans's campaign, 54.
Geary, John W., part in battle of Wauhatchie, 2: 202–208, 232; in attack on Lookout Mt., 237–260.
Gerbel, Emanuel von, 1: 3.
Gibbon, John, in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 378–380.
Gilbert, Charles C., original appointment, 1: 324; division commander under Buell, 310; in Perryville fight, 319–320; incompetence, 320, 326, 329; removal, 325.
Gillmore, Quincy A., 2: 7.
Godkin, Edwin Lawrence, 2: 338.
Gold Fever in Colorado, 1: 99–136; history of discovery on Cherry Creek, and founding of Denver, 104, 105.
Goll, Hermann, 1: 69.
Gould, Jay, contest with V. and Kansas Pacific, 2: 281; dislodges V. from K. & P. receivership, 282; gives up fight, 283; approves V.'s plan of extension of Union Pacific to the Columbia, 284.
Granger, Gordon, position at Chicka-

manga, 2: 127; joins in defense of Horseshoe, 151; praise from Rosecrans, 151; opposes abandonment of Lookout Mt., 201; takes over McCook's and Crittenden's corps, 287; in advance on Missionary Ridge, 247–251.

Grant, Ulysses S., takes Forts Henry, 1: 221, and Donelson, 222; moves on Nashville, 224, 231; calls on Mrs. Polk, 231; reprimanded by Halleck, 232; army dangerously misplaced at Pittsburg Landing, 235; at Savannah, on Tennessee River, 235, 258; under Halleck's command, 236; at Pittsburg Landing, 237; hears from Buell, 240; unsuspicious of attack, 240, 257; joins his engaged army, 241; appeals for help, 240; poor report of battle, 262; sharp instructions from Halleck, 264; relieved of command of Army of Tennessee, 266; headquarters under a cloud, 270; V.'s impressions of him, 273; besieges Vicksburg, 2: 67; accident at New Orleans, 209; sends aid to Rosecrans, 277; put in command of Department of Mississippi, comes North, 209; at Chattanooga in command, 217; opposed to Gen. Palmer's promotion, 247; doubts as to holding out, 231; orders up Sherman, 232; plan to seize Missionary Ridge, 233; joined by Sherman, 236; indulgent of his delay, 240; directs attack on Missionary Ridge, 254, 263; at opening of Northern Pacific R. R., 320.

Greeley, Horace, visits Denver and Gregory Gulch, 1: 129–126; attacked by buffaloes, 123; adventures in Denver House, 124, 125; upset in Clear Creek, 123; reports accident to V., 126; certifies to goldmining, 126; for peaceful separation of Union, 133; for "On to Richmond," 280; praise of V. for Charleston report, 2: 49.

Gregory, John H., mining pioneer, 1: 118, 119, 121.

Gregory's Gulch and Mine, 1: 118, visited by V., 119–122, with Greeley and Richardson, 125.

Halleck, Henry W., succeeds Fremont, 1: 220; lets Grant and Foote attack Fort Henry, 221; reprimands Grant for absence, 232; commands Buell and Grant's armies, 236, in person, 264; orders Grant to reorganize command, 264; strengthens his army, 265; makes Grant second in command, 266; asks for reinforcements, Lincoln remonstrates, 267, 268; overestimates enemy, 268; distrust of newspaper correspondents, 269; deceived before Corinth, 275; misled by Pope's reports, 279–281; difference with Buell, 288, with Burnside, 342; confutes Rosecrans's arguments for inaction, 2: 68; orders him forward, 70; still urges, 80; final order, 82; dilatory as to rebel movements before Chickamauga, 108; orders Grant to send aid to Rosecrans, 177; abused by Rosecrans, 184.

Halpine, Charles G., 2: 4, 10.

Halstead, Murat, news editor Cincinnati *Commercial*, 1: 98; employs V. as reporter and correspondent, 96, 99; misses his private letter about Gen. Sherman, 212.

Hancock, Winfield S., soldierly appearance, 1: 348, 352; in battle of Fredericksburg, 339, 362, 366, 367.

Harker, Charles G., at Chickamauga, first day, 2: 120; second day, 140, 149.

Harvard Law School, V.'s benefactions to, 2: 340.

Hay, John, Lincoln's biographer, 1: 142; accompanies him to Washington, 150.

Hazen, William B., in expedition to Brown's Ferry, 2: 218–220; part in battle of Wauhatchie, 222, 223; in attack on Missionary Ridge, 250.

Hecker, Friedrich Karl Franz, leader of Badenese Revolution of 1848, 1: 4; farmer in Illinois, 35.

Heintzelman, Samuel P., division commander under McDowell, 1: 280; at Bull Run, 287, 290, 292, 297.

Herald, N. Y., V.'s first approaches to, 1: 72, 92; accepts his articles, 140, and makes him correspondent at Springfield, Ill., 140, and Washington, 153, 154, 163; flatters Seward, 172; sends V. to Kentucky, 220.

Hexamer, Dr., 1: 57, 58.

Higginson, Thomas W., colonel of 1st S. C. colored regiment, 2: 9; at review, 16; expedition, 19, 21.

Hilgard family and connection, 1: 2–5; colony at Belleville, Ill., 29–35.

Hilgard, Anna, 2: 268.

Hilgard, Ferdinand Heinrich Gustav. See Henry Villard.

Hilgard, Georg Friedrich, 1: 1, 2.

Hilgard, Gerhard Samuel, 1: 1.

Hilgard, Gustav Leonhard, father of Henry Villard, 1: 1; education, 2; marriage, 3; legal functions, 4, 5; disaffected toward Revolution, 4, 5; a strict parent, 4.

5, 7, 8; support for V. in America, 35, 39; death, 2: 269.
Hilgard, Jacob, 1: 1, 2.
Hilgard, Robert C. (1850–), son of Friedrich by second marriage, at Frankfort, 1: 4; seeks V. out in Chicago, and takes him to Belleville, 25–27.
Hilgard, Theodor (1818–72), second son of Friedrich and brother of Gustav, 1: 2; farm at Belleville, Ill., 28–32.
Hilgard, Theodor Erasmus (1792–1873), son of Jacob, removes to Belleville, Ill., 1: 41; aids his grandnephew, Henry Villard, 26; revisits Germany, 33.
Hill, Adams S., newspaper correspondent with V., 1: 339; 2: 267.
Hill, Daniel H., misunderstanding with Polk at Chickamauga, 2: 126–130.
Hill, James J., railroad rival of Northern Pacific, 2: 308; party with Union Pacific to control Oregon & Transcontinental, 330; refuses to sell St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba to Northern Pacific, 335, 336.
Hindman, Thomas C., in Chickamauga fight, 2: 90–93; charged with disobedience by Bragg, 99; in second day's fight, 123, 124; relieved of command, 193, 197; charges preferred, overruled by Davis, 197.
Hitt, R. R., 1: 95, 142.
Holladay, Ben, controls Oregon & California R. R. Co., 2: 272; first meeting with V., 273; again in Oregon, 274; fails to execute contract, 275; dishonesty to creditors of Oregon S. S. Co., 276; accedes to V.'s compromise, 276.
Hood, John B., brings division to Bragg, 2: 118; replaces Buckrod Johnson at Chickamauga, 124; last order to Johnson, 140; loses leg, 143.
Hooker, Joseph, first meeting with V., character, 1: 171; in Fredericksburg campaign, 367, 380, 388–390, 374, 375; failure at Chancellorsville, 2: 136; sent to Chattanooga, 177; leaves Cincinnati with V., 178; checks Wheeler's raid, 203; operations in opening up Tennessee River, 207–208; finds fault with Gen. Sherman, 208–208; fares before the attack on Lookout Mt., 244; attacks, 235–263; exults in victory, 262.
Hooper, Edward W., 2: 25.
House, Edward H., 1: 285, 295.
Howard, Oliver O., at Fredericksburg, 1: 358, 360, 367, 370; sent to Chattanooga, 2: 177; just in battle of Wauhatchie, 220, 231; under Thomas, 253, 270.
Hudson, Frederic, V.'s first meeting with, 1: 71, 72; kind services from, 140, 163.
Humphreys, Andrew A., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 373–375.
Hunter, David, with Lincoln from Springfield to Washington, 1: 150; at Bull Run, 180, 187, 188, 190; wounded, 191; at Port Royal, 2: 4, 7; Emancipation Proclamation overruled, 7, 8; first recruits freedmen as soldiers, 8, 9; reviews 1st S. C. Volunteers, 15, 16; seniority disputed by Gen. Foster, 20; address to his command, 27; confers with Dupont, 30.
Huribut, Stephen A., at Shiloh, 1: 257–259; cordiality to V., 270.

Jackson, James S., in Perryville campaign, 1: 311; in battle, 315, 319, 323; killed, 326.
Jacobus, Thomas A., 2: 270.
Johnson, Andrew, pleads for East Tennessee loyalists, 1: 214; military governor of Tennessee, 253.
Johnson, Buckrod, relieved by Hood at Chickamauga, 2: 124; action in battle, 118, 120, 142; route Van Cleve, 142; hot pursuit of Federals, 146; attacks Rossville, 153; recalled from Longstreet's expedition to Knoxville, 206, 247.
Johnson, Richard W., 2: 73–75.
Johnson, Samuel, 2: 32, 53.
Johnston, Albert S., confronts Buell, 1: 220; falls back on Nashville, 221, and evacuates it, 229; concentrates at Corinth, 235; joins Beauregard in attack on Grant, 237; in command, 254, 256; killed, 262.
Johnston, Joseph E., commands rebel troops at Harper's Ferry, 1: 181; at Bull Run, 190–192; at Vicksburg, 2: 67, 70.

Kaiserslautern, V.'s benefactions to, 2: 328.
Kansas emigration societies, 1: 52–59; consequent settlements along the Missouri, 100–103.
Kansas Pacific R. R. Co., default, 2: 273; a second time, V. made a receiver, 278; contest with Jay Gould and Union Pacific, 282; makes a fortune for Gould, 283.
Kapp, Friedrich, German Republican lawyer in New York, 1: 37, 38; death, 2: 329.
Kearney, Denis, 2: 280.
Kelley, William D., kindness to V., 1: 54, 55.

Kershaw, Joseph B., attack on Hazzards at Chickamauga, 2: 235, 236.
Knox, Thomas W., with V. at Cairo, 1: 263; at Memphis, 283.
Koerner, Richard, agent of German bondholders, 2: 273; conflict with Ben Holladay, 275.
Koerner, Gustav, career, 1: 321; aid to V., 42, 44.

Lamon, Ward Hill, biographer of Lincoln, 1: 97, 150; accompanies him to Washington, 150.
Lane, Gardiner M., 2: 309.
Lebanon County [Pa.] Courier, V. writes for, 1: 85.
Lee, Robert E., defeats Pope, 1: 336, and Burnside, 391; surrender, 2: 268.
Lewis, Dioclesian, 2: 52.
Lincoln, Abraham, his biographers, 1: 97, 141, 156; Senatorial contest and debate with S. A. Douglas, 91-96; at Freeport, 93; first meeting with V., 93; his oratory, 93; his broad humor, 94, 143, 144, 149; his ambition, 96; freight-car interview with V., 96; defeated by Douglas, 97; meets V. on the prairie near St. Joseph, 134; nomination at Chicago, 137; election, 138; friendly reception of V. at Springfield, 141; receptions and trials, 142-148; his wife's weakness, 148, 157; reticent about his policy, 145; prey of office-seekers, 146, 156; journey eastward and to Washington, 148-152; farewell to Springfield, 149; disappoints the crowds, 150; prepares his inaugural, 156-158; for holding Forts Sumter and Pickens, 159; call for volunteers, 161; anxiety at isolation of capital, 170; his wife's visits to camps about Washington, 173; interest in East Tennessee loyalists, 214; prods Gen. Buell, 215; welcomes Parson Brownlow, 254; expostulates with Halleck, 267; relieves Buell and reinstates him, 308; talk with V. about Buell, 340; prods McClellan, 341; discredits Burnside, 342, 347; receives V.'s report of Fredericksburg defeat, 350, 351; directs naval expedition against Charleston, 2: 5; overrules Gen. Hunter's Emancipation Proclamation, 7, 8; his own circulated by colored troops in Sea Islands, 13; censure of Rosecrans, 72; puts aside his suggestion of economy, 110; partiality for Gen. Palmer, 247; assassination, 268.
Longstreet, James, at Fredericksburg, 2: 350; at Chickamauga, 2: 227; forms his line, 236; attacks Federals while shifting their line, 239; praises Kershaw, 235; his own laurels, 272; holds left at siege of Chattanooga, 282; opposes the siege and calls for Bragg's removal, 294, 296; attacks Hooker's advance at Wauhatchie, 297-298; sent against Burnside in East Tennessee, 298, 299, 306.
Loudoun Mountain, battle of, 2: 255-263.
Louisville, Ky., at opening of war, 1: 205.
Lytle, William H., in Perryville fight, 2: 326, 327; made prisoner, 330, 331.

McClellan, George B., recommends Gen. Buell, 1: 213; urges him forward, 214, 216; prodded by Lincoln, 341; removed from Army of Potomac, 335, 336; opposed to Emancipation Proclamation, 337.
McClernand, John A., at Shiloh, 1: 257-259; cordiality to V., 270.
McCook, Alexander McD., division commander under Buell, 1: 219; accompanied by V. in advance against Johnston, 256; reaches front at Shiloh, 256; engaged, 257-259; at siege of Corinth, 274; claimed first entrance, 276; at Iuka, 288; march of his division to Louisville, 290-295; commands corps in Perryville campaign, 320; in fight, 323-325; new command, leads march to Nashville, 2: 60; his at headquarters, 65; in advance on Chattanooga, 92; encounters enemy in Chickamauga engagement, 96; roundabout joining with Thomas, 98, 105, 107; failure to hold Wood in line, 138, 139; follows Gen. Rosecrans to Chattanooga, 148, 165; returns to field, 268; commands right at Chattanooga, 268, 281; under public censure, 286, 287; relieved from duty, 287-289; court of inquiry's decision, 290.
McCook, Anson G., Union general, 1: 287.
McCook, Daniel, brother of A. McD. McCook, 1: 314; lawyer before the war, 308; at Perryville, 322, 330, 369; at Chickamauga, 2: 110, 113, 232; killed in Atlanta campaign, 2: 309.
McCook, David, 1: 310.
McCook, Edward M., brother of A. G. McCook, 1: 287; scouting, 298-301, 309; in pursuit of Bragg, 309, 320; with Rosecrans's advance on Chattanooga, 2: 87; checks Wheeler's raid, 102, 103.
McCook, John J., brother of A. McD. McCook, 1: 310; 2: 268.

McCook, Robert L., colonel of the 9th Ohio, in fight at Mill Springs, 1: 219; death, 300.
McCullough, David, 1: 45.
McDowell, Irvin, in command of troops defending Washington, 1: 179; characteristics, 179, 180; plan of attack, 181; distrust of it, 182; at Bull Run, 186–190; defeat, 190, 195.
Manning & Merriman, 1: 44, 45, 50.
Marshall, Humphrey, 1: 306.
Meade, George G., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 363, 378.
Meagher, Thomas Francis, swell colonel, 1: 173; on the road to Bull Run, 183; in Fredericksburg campaign, 331, 366; retreat, 372.
Meigs, Montgomery, 1: 179; 2: 218, 249.
Memphis, taken by Federal fleet and army, 1: 284–286.
Menzel, Friedrich, 2: 340.
Miles, Nelson A., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 366.
Mill, John Stuart, visited by V., 2: 269.
Miller, Silas, Kentucky loyalist, 1: 203; friendly to V., 224.
Missouri Democrat, St. Louis, employs V. as correspondent, 1: 158.
Mitchel, Ormsby M., 1: 291.
Modoc War, 2: 280.
Morgan, John, aids Buell's communications, 1: 290, 294, 309; 2: 62; Ohio raid, 76; captured, 77.
Motley, John Lothrop, 2: 268.
Munich, V.'s studies at, 1: 7; benefactions to, 2: 318, 340.

Nashville, Tenn., abandoned by rebels, 1: 293, 297; panic, 290; Federal occupation, 293, 298.
Nation, New York weekly, bought by V. and consolidated with N. Y. *Evening Post*, 2: 339.
Negley, James S., in advance on Chattanooga, 2: 91; in Chickamauga engagement, retires before Hindman, 95; goes to Thomas's support, 122; in second day's fight, 132; supports Brannan instead of Baird, 137; retires with artillery to Rossville, 150; censured by Rosecrans, 185; curious punishment, 191, 192.
Nelson, William, naval officer, recruits for army in Kentucky, 1: 205; division commander under Buell, 219; at Fort Donelson, 224; at Nashville, 296; lands Duck River, 298; speeds to Grant's relief, 240, 241; stems the retreat at Pittsburg Landing, 244, 245, 299; orders gunboats to fire incessantly, 246; advance on second day, 247; dispute as to first entry in Corinth, 276; order to clear Kentucky of Morgan, 295, 307; defeat, 302, 307; killed by J. C. Davis, 308, 309.
Nesmith, James W., 2: 311.
News Bolt, New York weekly, V.'s correspondence with, 1: 63, 64, 68, 73.
New Ironsides, appearance, 2: 33; prepared for attack on Charleston forts, 35–40; under fire, 42; beyond control, 42, 43; damages, 44.
Nicolay, John G., Lincoln's secretary, 1: 141, and biographer, 142, accompanies him to Washington, 150.
North American Co., founded by V., 2: 342; his presidency, 342; success it, 343; collapse, 357; V. resigns from board, 369.
North American Review, V. writes for, 2: 269, 345.
Northern Pacific & Manitoba R. R., founded by V., 2: 307; suit in connection with it, 370, 371.
Northern Pacific R. R., threatens V.'s Oregon system, 2: 291; negotiations with, 291, 295; sells its first-mortgage bonds, 296; control acquired by V., who becomes president, 297–300; extension pushed, 300–306; cost underestimated, 307; stock above par, 308; commencing of completion, 309–311; V.'s History of the road, 309; second mortgage placed, stock falls, 313; V. resigns presidency, 327; reforms board, 324; competing roads, 327, 330; agreement sought with Union Pacific, 328, 329; V. chairman of board, 332; plans general mortgage, 333; failure to buy St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba of J. J. Hill, 335, 336; lease of Wisconsin Central, 337; conversion of short lines, 338; last inspection by V., 358; expensive branches, 359; collateral trust mortgage, 365; goes into hands of receivers, 367; V.'s last tour over road, 374.

Oakes, Thomas F., general manager Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., 2: 295; vice-president Northern Pacific, 300; used with V. in connection with N. P. short lines, 370.
Olcott, Frederick P., 2: 339.

Oregon & California R. R. Co., defaults, 2: 270; extension proposed by V., 277; V. becomes its president, 278; resigns, 293; bonds pass from German to English holders, V. president again, 294; extension, 301; leased to Oregon & Transcontinental Co., 309.
Oregon & Transcontinental Co., founded by V., 2: 299; leases Oregon & California lines, 303; rise in shares, 308; distress, 314, 315; V. resigns presidency, 326; leases Oregon system to Union Pacific, 327; rescued by V. from bankruptcy, 329; his new presidency, 329; holds control against Union Pacific and J. J. Hill, 330; absorption in North American Co., 342.
Oregon Central R. R., 2: 273, 276; proposed extension by V., 277, 281.
Oregon Improvement Co., founded by V., 2: 290.
Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., founded by V., 2: 288, 289; T. F. Oakes general manager, 295; V. resigns presidency, 325; leased to Union Pacific, 327; V. recovers it, 300, 303; injunction against it, 330; stock sold to Union Pacific, 330.
Oregon Steam Navigation Co., 2: 285, 286; sells out to V., 289.
Oregon Steamship Co., 2: 273; V. president, 276; creditors take possession, 281; sell out to V., 284; V. resigns presidency, 293.
Oregon University, succeed by V., 2: 304; last reception, 375.
Orr, James L., 1: 77.
Ottendorfer, Oswald, employs V. as canvasser, 1: 89.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co., 2: 293.
Palmer, John M., 2: 247.
Palmieri, Luigi, 2: 269.
Perryville, battle of, 1: 313–325.
Pfeiffer, Franz, grandfather of Henry Villard, 1: 3, 6.
Pfeiffer, Lisetta, marries Gustav Hilgard and becomes mother of Henry Villard, 1: 3; death, 2: 268.
Phillips, Wendell, 2: 54.
Pierce, Edward L., 2: 8, 9.
Pike's Peak, gold fever and settlements, 1: 99–136.
Pillow, Gideon J., invades Kentucky, 1: 206; reinforces Fort Donelson, 221.
Pittsburg Landing, after the rout of Grant's army, 1: 243–246; second day's fight, 247–251.
Polk, Leonidas, in the Shiloh campaign, 1: 234, 236; under Bragg in Perryville campaign, 313, 324; at Stone's River, 2: 62; at Chickamauga, disappoints Bragg, 98, 100; mistake on second day, 126–130; rebuke, 135; delayed advance, 160; holds right in investment of Chattanooga, 182; works for Bragg's removal, 236; suspended from command, 229, 230, 253, 257; charges preferred, overruled by Davis, 257.
Pope, John, with Lincoln from Springfield to Washington, 1: 230; operations on Mississippi, 264; ordered to join Halleck before Corinth, 265; commands Army of Mississippi, 266; renews acquaintance with V., 272; at siege of Corinth, 274; deceived by rebels, 275; awarded honor of first entering Corinth, 276; pursuit of Rebels, 278; misleading reports of success, 279–282; succeeds McClellan and fails, 336.
Potts, Joseph D., 2: 251.
Prentice, George D., 1: 103.
Prentiss, Benjamin M., at Shiloh, 1: 237–239.
Press, Philadelphia, V. writes for, 1: 92.
Preston, William, 2: 158.
Pullman, George M., 2: 251, 253.
Pumpelly, Raphael, 2: 305.

Rawlins, John A., 1: 270.
Raymond, Henry J., 1: 72.
Reid, Whitelaw, V.'s first acquaintance with, 1: 253; buys V.'s house, 2: 322.
Richardson, Albert D., accompanies Greeley to Denver, 1: 122, 126; army correspondent, meets V. again at Cairo, 263, and at Memphis, 283.
Roach, John, 2: 290.
Roddy, Philip D., 2: 208.
Rodgers, Christopher R. P., chief of staff to Admiral Dupont, 2: 22; in attack on Charleston forts, 49–52; defence of Dupont, commendation of V., 49–52.
Rosecrans, William S., V.'s first acquaintance with, 1: 270; pursuit of rebels after Corinth, 279; succeeds Buell, 332, 2: 59; reorganizes army, marches against Bragg, 60, 62; plan of battle at Stone's River, 62; shaken by losses incurred, 63; fortifies Murfreesboro', and will not budge, 64; receives V. cordially, 64; seeks to use him, 65; appearance and conversation, 66,

67; fails to hold Bragg together, 69; ordered to advance, 70, 72; censured by Lincoln, 72; strategy against Bragg, 72; forces him to Chattanooga, 78; pursues, 79; justifies delay at Murfreesboro', 80; forced to advance, 81; plan of campaign, 86; elation over forcing Bragg out of Chattanooga, 89; fancies him in retreat, 96; disillusion, 104; attempts to concentrate his army, 97; anxiety, 108; achievement on first day of Chickamauga engagement, 124; report, 125; night council, 126; sends help to Thomas, 131, 137; orders army right to retire behind left, 137; fatal order to Wood, 138, 139; cut off from army, flees to Rossville, 147, 165; allows Garfield to return, 157, but will not himself, 167; does not send McCook and Crittenden back, 165; report of second day, 166; fatal order to abandon Lookout Mt., 200; confidence restored, 168; empty proclamation, 169; comparison with Bragg, 170; proposes amnesty to Lincoln, 210; welcomes V., 179, 184; resentment at Washington authorities, 184; censures Wood, McCook, Crittenden, and Negley, 184, 185; not a party to their punishment, 188; favors to V., 213; vague plans, 185; scheme to open safe communications with down-river, 207, 217; relieved from command, 208; review of his downfall, 210–213.

Rousseau, Lovell H., lawyer before the war, 1: 328; recruits loyal Kentuckians, 205; division commander under Buell, 220; at Shiloh, 247–249; in Perryville campaign, 311, 315–323; cheered by 1st Wisconsin, 317; inquires into Gilbert's appointment, 324; denounces him, 328; military qualities and appearance, 328; under Rosecrans, 2: 61, 168.

Russell, Majors & Waddell, stage line to Cherry Creek, 1: 206, 215, 230.

St. Paul & Northern Pacific Co., founded by V., 2: 306.

Saxton, Rufus, in charge of Sea Island freedmen, 2: 9; character and appearance, 14; administration, 22.

Schael, Johann, brother-in law of Theodor A. Engelmann, 1: 11; forester and register of deeds, 27; kindness to V., 42.

Schoepf, Albin, German Hungarian soldier, 1: 296; in Perryville fight, 320.

Schurz, Carl, in Lincoln campaign, 1: 138; takes his division to Bridgeport, 2: 178; in battle of Wauhatchie, 229–238; vilified by Hooker, 226–228; in attack on Missionary Ridge, 251; editor of N. Y. *Evening Post*, 338; praised by Bismarck, 354.

Schweninger, Ernst, arranges visit to Bismarck from V., 2: 346; care of Bismarck, 350, 352, 355.

Scott, Winfield, safeguards Lincoln's inauguration, 1: 158; for abandoning Forts Sumter and Pickens, 159; decrepitude, 168, 178; failure to get military intelligence, 169; shelved, 179; against offensive movement, 180, 181.

Severance, Theodoric C., collector at Port Royal, 2: 11; his family in Boston, 52.

Seward, William H., loses nomination for Presidency, 1: 137; belief in peaceful solution of rebellion, 160; flattered by N. Y. *Herald*, 171; talk with V., 339.

Shaw, Robert Gould, 2: 54.

Sheridan, Philip H., appearance, 1: 329; in Perryville fight, 314, 320–322; talk with V., 329; command under Rosecrans, 2: 61; at Chickamauga, 120; engages Hindman, 144; rejoins Thomas, 145, 146; in advance on Missionary Ridge, 248.

Sherman Silver Act, causes stringent money market, 2: 342; catastrophe predicted by V., 359; his efforts to repeal the act, 360, 363.

Sherman, William Tecumseh, V.'s first talk with, 1: 183; at Bull Run, 183, 188, 190, 195; under Gen. Anderson in Kentucky, 207, 208; succeeds him, 209; aversion to newspaper correspondents, 209; habit as a talker, 210; forecast of magnitude of conflict, 210, 211; interview with Secretary Cameron, 211; mind reported unbalanced, 211, 212; relieved of command, 213; at Shiloh, not suspecting attack, 257; position, 257; driven back and wounded, 250, 251; in the pursuit to Corinth, 252, 272; gruff to V., 272; at siege of Corinth, 274, 278; press-censorship at Memphis, 2: 238; ordered to Chattanooga, 232; movement north from Vicksburg, 234–236; joins Grant, 236; bold river trip to Bridgeport, 237; delayed in getting 15th Corps to mouth of Chickamauga, 240; advance on Missionary Ridge, 251–254.

Shields, James F., 1: 77.

Shiloh, rebel preparations for battle, 1: 254, 255–257; attack, 258; Federal rout, 243–246; second day's victory, 247–251;

aspect of battle-field, 252; casualties, 262.
Sickles, Daniel E., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 362, 381.
Siemens, Georg, director of the Deutsche Bank, 2: 310, 368.
Siemens, Werner, 2: 325.
Sill, Joshua W., 1: 311, 327, 329.
Sitting Bull, 2: 311.
Small, Robert, 2: 13.
Smalley, Eugene V., 2: 309.
Smalley, George W., N. Y. *Tribune* correspondent and editor, 1: 335, 345, 348; succeeded at Washington by V., 335; defends Admiral Dupont, 2: 49; letter from Capt. Rodgers, 50; introduces V. to Wendell Phillips, 53; *Tribune's* correspondent for Prusso-Austrian war, 268.
Smith, Edmund Kirby, invades Kentucky, 1: 306; routs Nelson, 307; in Perryville fight, 313, 314.
Smith, Elijah, 2: 323.
Smith, William F., in Fredericksburg campaign, 1: 347, 381, 383; chief of engineers to Rosecrans, 2: 207; helpful to V., 216; opens way to Brown's Ferry, 217–221; praise from Thomas, 231; fortifies Chattanooga, 231.
Speyer, birthplace of V., 1: 1; schooling there, 6; his benefactions to it, 2: 318; gives him freedom of the city, 319, 340.
Sprague, William, 1: 275.
Staats-Zeitung, N. Y., V.'s first connection with, 1: 72, 73, 85; canvasser for, 90; reports Lincoln-Douglas campaign for, 91.
Stanton, Edwin M., succeeds Cameron as Secretary of War, 1: 339; misled by Pope's despatches, 279, 280; prods Rosecrans, 2: 80; uses C. A. Dana as emissary to Western armies, 166; abused by Rosecrans, 184; praise of Thomas, 186; meets Grant at Louisville, 209.
Staples & Sims, 1: 50, 52.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 1: 285, 295.
Steedman, James B., with Gen. Granger at Chickamauga, 2: 151; defends Horseshoe, 155.
Stewart, Alexander P., successes at Chickamauga, 2: 116; opens second day's fighting, 139; occupies Reynolds's breastworks, 162.
Straus, Oscar, 2: 320.
Sumner, Edwin V., with Lincoln from Springfield to Washington, 1: 150; plan of crossing the Rappahannock, 343; in Fredericksburg campaign, 345, 368, 369; reception of V., 348; dissuades Burnside from second attack on Lee, 384.
Swinton, William, 2: 47, 48.
Sybel, Heinrich von, 2: 340, 374.

Thayer, James B., 2: 273.
Thomas, Anthony J., 2: 300.
Thomas, George H., serves under Gen. Anderson, 1: 207, 208; defeats Zollicoffer at Mill Springs, 218; division commander under Buell, 219; commands Army of Tennessee under Halleck, 265; centre commander under Rosecrans, 2: 62; in advance on Chattanooga, 91; position on the Chickamauga, 105; shifted to Crittenden's left, 107; position at Kelly's Farms, 112; opens battle, 113; position on second day, 126; calls for reinforcements, 131, 132; holds his own, 136; directs the afternoon fight, 149; joined by Garfield, 156; ordered to retire to Rossville, 157; begins movement, 160; advises concentrating at Chattanooga, 168; holds centre there, 168, 181; succeeds Rosecrans, 208; praises Hooker's command, 231; complains of garbling of his report on Chickamauga, 213; his character, 213.
Thomas, Samuel, 2: 331, 335.
Tittmann, Rosa, Clara, and Theresa, 1: 34.
Tribune, Chicago, makes V. Washington correspondent, 2: 268, and special at Paris Exposition of 1867, 269.
Tribune, N. Y., V.'s first approaches to, 1: 71; first commission from, 74; employment in Lincoln campaign, 136; as Washington correspondent, 153, 154; in Perryville campaign, 329, 331; to succeed G. W. Smalley, 335; to review campaigns of Army of Ohio, 335; to correspond in Burnside's campaign, 339, in Rosecrans's, 2: 54, in Prusso-Austrian campaign, 268.
Trumbull, George, 1: 42, 43, 54.
Trumbull, Lyman, his brother, 1: 42, 54; U. S. Senator, visited by V., 54.
Turchin, John B., in expedition to Brown's Ferry, 2: 218–220.
Tyler, Daniel, part in Bull Run, 1: 188–189.
Tyler, Robert C., 1: 374.
Tyndale, Hector, 2: 205, 206.
Tyndale, Sharon, 1: 33.

Uhl, Mrs. (afterwards Mrs. Ottendorfer), owner of *Staats-Zeitung*, kind reception of

V., 1: 72; employment as canvasser and correspondent, 90, 91.
Union Pacific R. R., contest with V. and Kansas Pacific, 2: 281; negotiations with him for Columbia River connection, 284; assent, 302; leases Oregon system, 327; futile negotiations with Northern Pacific, 328, 329; contest for Oregon & Transcontinental, 330; buys stock of Oregon R. R. & Navigation Co., 332.
Utassy, Colonel d', 1: 174.

Vallandigham, Clement L., 2: 59, 202.
Vaughan, John C., 1: 103.
Villard, Henry (1835–1900), Birth and baptismal name, 1: 1; ancestry, 1–3; boyhood home, 3; effect of Revolution on his education, 4, 5; schooling at Phalsbourg, 6; university studies, 7; runs away to America, 8 (1853) — Lands in New York, 11; starts West, 16; experiences in Philadelphia, 17; in Pittsburg, 19; in Cincinnati, 20–22; in Indiana, 22, 23; in Chicago, 23–26; in St. Louis, 26, 27; reaches Belleville, Ill., 27; sojourns there with relatives, 28–35 (1854–55) — Lawyer's clerk at Carlyle, Ill., 37–41; reads law in Belleville, 42, 43, and in Peoria, Ill., 44–47; writes for the Belleville *Zeitung*, 46 (1855) — Book canvasser in Milwaukee, 47–50; real-estate salesman in Chicago, 50–52; interest in local election, 51; scheme for German free-soil colony in Kansas, Eastern mission, 52–59; interviews with Senators Trumbull and Douglas in Washington, 54, 55; with W. D. Kelley and Francis M. Drexel in Philadelphia, 55, 56; acquaintance with Col. Blenker, Dr. Hexamer, and Friedrich Kapp in New York, 56, 58; meets John C. Frémont, 59; edits Republicanized *Volksblatt* in Racine, Wis., 59–67; organizes German Republican club and speaks in Presidential campaign, 63; becomes Western political correspondent of N. Y. *Neue Zeit*, 63, 64, 68, 73; assumes ownership of *Volksblatt*, 65; fails, 66 (1856–57) — Writes for Racine *Daily Advocate*, 68; obtains new land charter at Madison, 69; makes acquaintance, in New York, of Dana, Raymond, and Hudson, 71, and of Mrs. Uhl of the *Staats-Zeitung*, 72; writes for that paper and for *Frank Leslie's*, 73; Western mission for *Tribune*, with aid from Thurlow Weed, 73–78; pleasure journeys in Minnesota, 76, 77, and visit to Senator Shields, 77; district teacher in Jonestown, Pa., 80–89 (1857–58) — Western subscription canvasser for *Staats-Zeitung*, 89–91, and correspondent in Lincoln-Douglas campaign, 91–98; interview with Douglas, 92; introduction to Lincoln, 93; acquaintance with Horace White and R. R. Hitt, 95; freight-car talk with Lincoln, 96 (1858) — Legislative reporter for Cincinnati *Commercial*, 98; expelled from floor of Indiana Legislature, 99; special Pike's Peak gold-fields reporter for *Commercial*, 99–132; by first stage from Leavenworth to Cherry Creek, 106–114; excursion to Fort Scott, 107; encounters buffalo herds, 110; cannibal emigrants, 112; at Cherry Creek (Denver), 115–133; visits Gregory Gulch, 119–122; joined at Denver by Horace Greeley and A. D. Richardson, 122, and accompanies them to Gregory Gulch, 125; witnesses growth of Denver, 128–132; journey eastward, 132–135; meets Lincoln on the prairie, 134; prepares Guide to Pike's Peak, 132, 135 (1859) — Reports Chicago Republican Convention for Cincinnati *Commercial*, 136–138; campaign reporter for it and for *Missouri Democrat* and N. Y. *Tribune*, 138; reporter near Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., for N. Y. *Herald*, 140–149 (1860–61) — With Presidential party journeying to New York, 149–152; meets Nicolay and Hay, 141; study of Lincoln, 142–148, 152; reports his farewell to Springfield, 149; reporter in Washington for Cincinnati *Commercial* and Chicago *Tribune*, 153, and telegraphic reporter for N. Y. *Herald*, 153; witnesses Lincoln's inauguration, 157; summoned to New York by James Gordon Bennett, 161–163; return to Washington obstructed by rebel bridge-burning in Maryland, 163–166; news-getting from Cabinet officers, 171–173; visits to the camps, 173–175; offered a military commission, 177; preparation for field correspondent, 178; interviews with Gen. Scott, 178; at McDowell's headquarters, Capt. Fry, 182; joins advance on Bull Run, 183; under fire with Stedman and House, 185; back to Centreville, 186, 192–196; in the rout to Washington, 196–198; sends first despatch of disaster to N. Y. *Herald*, 198, 199; sent to Kentucky by the *Herald*, 200; intercourse with Gen. W. T. Sherman, 209–212; private letter about him misused by Cincinnati *Commercial*, 212; obtains

supply of Southern papers, 217 (1861)—With Nelson's command to Fort Donelson after surrender, 224; to Nashville, 225–228; first sight of Gen. Grant, 231, of Andrew Johnson and Parson Brownlow, 233; accompanies Gen. McCook in Shiloh campaign, 236; at Pittsburg Landing, 243; in second day's fight, 247–250; to Cairo with Whitelaw Reid, 253; meets A. D. Richardson, T. W. Knox, J. H. Browne, and R. T. Colburn, 263; return to Pittsburg Landing, 264; with the advance to Corinth, 269; a pass from Grant, 270, 271; favors from Gens. Lew Wallace, McClernand, Hurlbut, and Pope, 272; impressions of Grant, 273; enters Corinth, 276; from Corinth to Memphis, 283; back to Corinth, 287; in northward march to Iuka, 287, Florence, 289, Huntsville and Battle Creek, 291–293; up the Sequatchie, 296; scouting with Col. McCook, 298; at Murfreesboro', 300; to Nashville, 302; to Bowling Green, 303; to Louisville, 304; witnesses death of Gen. Nelson, 308; with Gen. McCook's advance to Chaplin River, 311; with Rousseau at battle of Perryville, 315–319, 325, 326; surveys the field, 327, 328, 331; accompanies Col. McCook again, 329; returns to Louisville, 330; to New York, 331; becomes N. Y. *Tribune* correspondent with Army of Potomac, 335; in Washington, 337, 339; reviews campaigns of Army of Ohio, 335, 339; talks with Secretary Chase and Lincoln, 340; to Falmouth, Va., via Acquia Creek, 344, 345; visits Burnside's headquarters, talk with Gen. Hooker, 347; received at Gen. Sumner's headquarters, relations with Gen. Butterfield, 349; meets Burnside, 350; views preparations for crossing river, 354–358; crosses with troops, 360; recrosses, 362; to the front with French, 363–371; shelled in Fredericksburg, 372; with Hooker, 372–375; recrosses river, 376; to Acquia Creek, 385–387; boards a steamer on the Potomac and reaches Washington, 388; reports Fredericksburg defeat to Senator Wilson, 389, and to President Lincoln, 390, 391 (1862)—To Port Royal on the *Arago*, 2: 4; at Hilton Head, 10; introduction to officers of fleet, 12; visit to Beaufort, 13; meets Gen. Saxton, 14; witnesses review of colored troops by Gen. Hunter, 15; visits Fort Pulaski, 17; visits the freedmen under Gen. Saxton, 22; with Gen. Ferry to North Edisto Harbor, 28; with the fleet to Charleston harbor, 33; sole newspaper correspondent on the *New-Ironsides*, 35; in the attack on the rebel forts, 41–45; praise from Capt. Rodgers, 49, 51; to Washington on the *Bibb*, 47; to Boston, 52; introduction to family of William Lloyd Garrison and to future wife, 52–55, and to Wendell Phillips, 53, 54; visits colored regiments at Readville, 54; to Cincinnati and Murfreesboro', 56; well received by Gen. Rosecrans, 64; estimate of this general, 212; joins Gen. McCook's family, 65; confidential relations with Rosecrans and Garfield, 66–68; joins Gen. Johnson in the advance against Bragg, 73–75; prostrated with fever and sent back to Murfreesboro', 75; Louisville and Cincinnati, 76; fresh prostration, 77; accompanies Gen. Hooker to Chattanooga, 178–180; witnesses the bombardment, 183; gathers material for an account of the battle of Chickamauga, 184–187, 213; intercourse with C. A. Dana, 188, 189, 216; privations of the siege, 200, 202, 215; joins Gen. Willich's mess, 215; accompanies Gen. W. F. Smith on Brown's Ferry expedition, 218–221, and Gen. Willich in the advance on Missionary Ridge, 248, 251 (1863)—Establishes news agency in Washington, represents it with Army of the Potomac, and witnesses the battles in the Wilderness and siege of Petersburg, visits his family in Germany, 267 (1864)—Returns to become Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, 268 (1865)—Marries Fanny Garrison, goes to Germany as the N. Y. *Tribune's* correspondent in Prusso-Austrian war, 268 (1866)—In Paris as Exposition correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, visit to John Stuart Mill at Avignon, 268; loses his father, 269 (1867)—Home with the Garrisons in Roxbury, Secretary of the American Social Science Association, 269 (1868–70)—To Germany, mortgage-bank plan, 270 (1870–72)—First railroad negotiations in Germany, 270 (1871–72)—Serious illness in Heidelberg, 272 (1872–73)—Joins committee of bondholders of Oregon & California R. R. Co., 272, and of Kansas Pacific R. R. Co., 275 (1873)—Delegate for both to U. S., first visit to California and Oregon, 273, 275; to Germany to report and return, 274; compromise with Ben Holladay, 275 (1874)—To Frankfort and Lon-

don for confirmation, 276; opens Oregon immigration bureau in New York, 277 (1875) — To Oregon, elected president of the Oregon & California R. R., and Oregon S.S. Co., appointed a receiver of the Kansas Pacific, 278; revisits Denver, 279 (1876) — To Colorado and California, 279; desperate illness in San Francisco, 280 (1877) — Contest with Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon over Kansas Pacific, 281; dislodged by Gould from his receivership, 282 (1878) — Triumphs over Gould, 283; negotiations with Union Pacific, 284; buys out creditors of Oregon S. S. Co., 285; conceives Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., 286; buys out Oregon Steam Navigation Co., 289; builds first steamship lighted with electricity, 290 (1879) — Negotiations for traffic division with Northern Pacific R. R., 291; builds feeders to his Oregon system, founds Oregon Improvement Co., 292; buys the two Oregon railroads, 293, 294; contract with Northern Pacific, 295 (1880) — Acquires New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*, 338; scheme to control Northern Pacific, 297; the blind pool, 298; founds Oregon & Transcontinental Co., 299; elected president of Northern Pacific, pushes its completion, 300 (1881) — Builds branch lines, 301 (1882-83) — Fast trip across the continent, 303; organizes Terminal Co. at Portland, Oregon, 303; builds "The Portland" hotel, supports and endows the State University, and saves the University of Washington Territory, 304; eastward overland journey, transcontinental scientific exploration under R. Pumpelly, 305; forms Terminal Co. at St. Paul, and organizes St. Paul & Northern Pacific Co., 306; builds branch line to Canadian boundary, learns of underestimates of N. P. engineers, 307; publishes history of the Northern Pacific, leads international excursion to witness completion of the road, 309; lays cornerstone of Capitol at Bismarck, Dakota, hammers down the last spike (September 3), 311; by the waters of the Pacific, 312; efforts to avert catastrophe of Northern Pacific, 313; hostile comments of the Street and the press, 314; losses from collapse of West Shore R. R., practical insolvency, 315; resigns presidency of Oregon & Transcontinental and Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. (December 16), 316, and of Northern Pacific, 317; nervous prostration, 317 (1883) — To Germany: ovations for former public benefactions, 318; residence in Berlin, 319 (1884) — Resigns presidency of Oregon & California R. R., 319; invitations to build railroads in Asia Minor and German East Africa, 319 (1885) — To New York as financial representative of the Deutsche Bank, 320; sells his New York home to Whitelaw Reid, 321; saves Oregon & Transcontinental Co., 322 (1886) — Reënters Northern Pacific board, 324; efforts towards understanding with Union Pacific R. R., 328, 329 (1887-88) — Founds Edison General Electric Co., 326; contest with Union Pacific for control of Oregon & Transcontinental, 330; final retirement from Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., takes chairmanship of finance committee of Northern Pacific, 332; effects consolidated mortgage, 333 (1889) — Fails to buy St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba R. R. of J. J. Hill, 335; effects lease of Wisconsin Central, 337; renewed benefactions abroad and at home, 340; founds North American Co. to absorb Oregon & Transcontinental, death of Hilgard Villard, to Germany, 341; trouble over danger to North American Co., 342, and his brokers' failure (Decker, Howell & Co.), 343; invitation to call on Chancellor Caprivi, 343; urged by L. Bamberger to visit Bismarck, 345, and by Dr. Schweninger, 346; the visit, 346-356; return to New York, 357 (1890) — To Germany: lays cornerstone in Zweibrücken of orphan asylum, memorial of Hilgard Villard, 358; last official tour of Northern Pacific, 358; warns the people against disaster from Sherman Act, 359 (1891) — Efforts for repeal of the Act and establishment of gold standard, 360, and for renomination of Cleveland, 361, and reelection, 362; dinner to the President-elect, 362; vain efforts to induce him to call an extra session of Congress, 363; conference of engineers looking to electric locomotion, 326 (1892) — Retires from Northern Pacific and North American boards, chairman of New York committee to receive nation's World's Fair guests, 365; visits World's Fair, 367, and sends over German artisans to visit it, 376; opposes postponing default of Northern Pacific, 367; designates receiver on behalf of Deutsche Bank (E. D. Adams), 369; family tour of the Mediterranean, 369

(1893) — In Africa, 369; summer in Europe, suit against him in connection with Northern Pacific, winters in Munich, 371 (1894) — To New York, suit dismissed, 372; reimburses losers by his financial advice, 372; literary occupations in retirement, 373, 374 (1895)—Study of Civil War and preparation of his memoirs, 373 (1895-1900) — To Europe during war with Spain, 374 (1898) — Last tour over Northern Pacific system, 374, and to Alaska, 375; declining health, 375 (1899)— Death (November 12), 375 (1900).

Villard, Henry Hilgard, at opening of Northern Pacific R. R., **2**: 309, 311; death, 341; memorial orphan asylum in Zweibrücken, 358.

Volksblatt, edited by V. at Racine, Wis., **1**: 59-67.

Wallace, Lew, Senator in Indiana, **1**: 271; position on eve of Shiloh, 257; in the fight, 260; in advance on Corinth, 270; cordiality to V., 272.

Walthall, E. C., defeat at Lookout Mt., **2**: 256-262.

Washington, cut off from rest of country, **1**: 166-170; first military aspect, 168-171; in 1862, 338.

Washington University, supported by V., **2**: 304; gratitude, 312.

Wauhatchie, battle of, **2**: 221-228.

Weber, Max, N. Y. hotel-keeper, **1**: 13; colonel in Civil War, 174.

Weed, Thurlow, befriends V., **1**: 74; for peaceful division of Union, 155.

Welles, Gideon, characterized, **1**: 172.

Wenzel, F., **1**: 46.

West Shore R. R., **2**: 315.

Wheeler, Joseph, raids Buell's communications, **2**: 61; repulsed, 69; raids Rosecrans's, 185, 203-206.

White, Horace, first acquaintance with V., **1**: 95; joins him in Washington news agency, **2**: 267; editor of Chicago *Tribune*, 268; becomes one of the editors of N. Y. *Evening Post*, 338.

Wikoff, Henry, **1**: 157.

Wilder, J. T., **2**: 145.

Wilkeson, Samuel, N. Y. *Tribune* correspondent, **1**: 211, 339; interview with Sherman, 211-213.

William, Prince of Prussia, suppresses Revolution in the Palatinate, **1**: 5.

Willich, August von, Prussian artillery officer, commands 32d Indiana, **1**: 237; at Shiloh, 248; at Liberty Gap, **2**: 74; bayonet charge at Chickamauga, 116; drills his troops under fire, 123; receives rebel night attack, 122; brilliant charges, 136, 161, 162; brings up rear, 163; takes V. into his mess, 215, and with him in advance on Missionary Ridge, 248, 251.

Wilson, Henry, **1**: 389.

Winser, Henry J., correspondent N. Y. *Times*, **2**: 11.

Wisconsin Central R. R. Co., **2**: 336.

Wood, Thomas J., at Chickamauga, **2**: 100, 120; fatal order from Rosecrans to support Reynolds, 138, 139; brigade suffers, 140; takes strong position on the Horseshoe, 150; censured by Rosecrans, 184; censure of him, 157, and of Negley, 191, 192.

Worden, John L., at Hilton Head, **2**: 12; attack on Fort McAllister, 17, 18; destroys *Nashville*, 24.

Xylander, Emil von, **2**: 310.

Xylander, Robert von, **2**: 310, 346.

Zeitung, Belleville (Ill.), V. writes for, 76.

Zollicoffer, Felix K., invades Kentucky, **1**: 207, 208; killed at Mill Springs, 218.

Zweibrücken, childhood home of V., **1**: 3; his benefactions to it, **2**: 318, 358; ovation there, 319.

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